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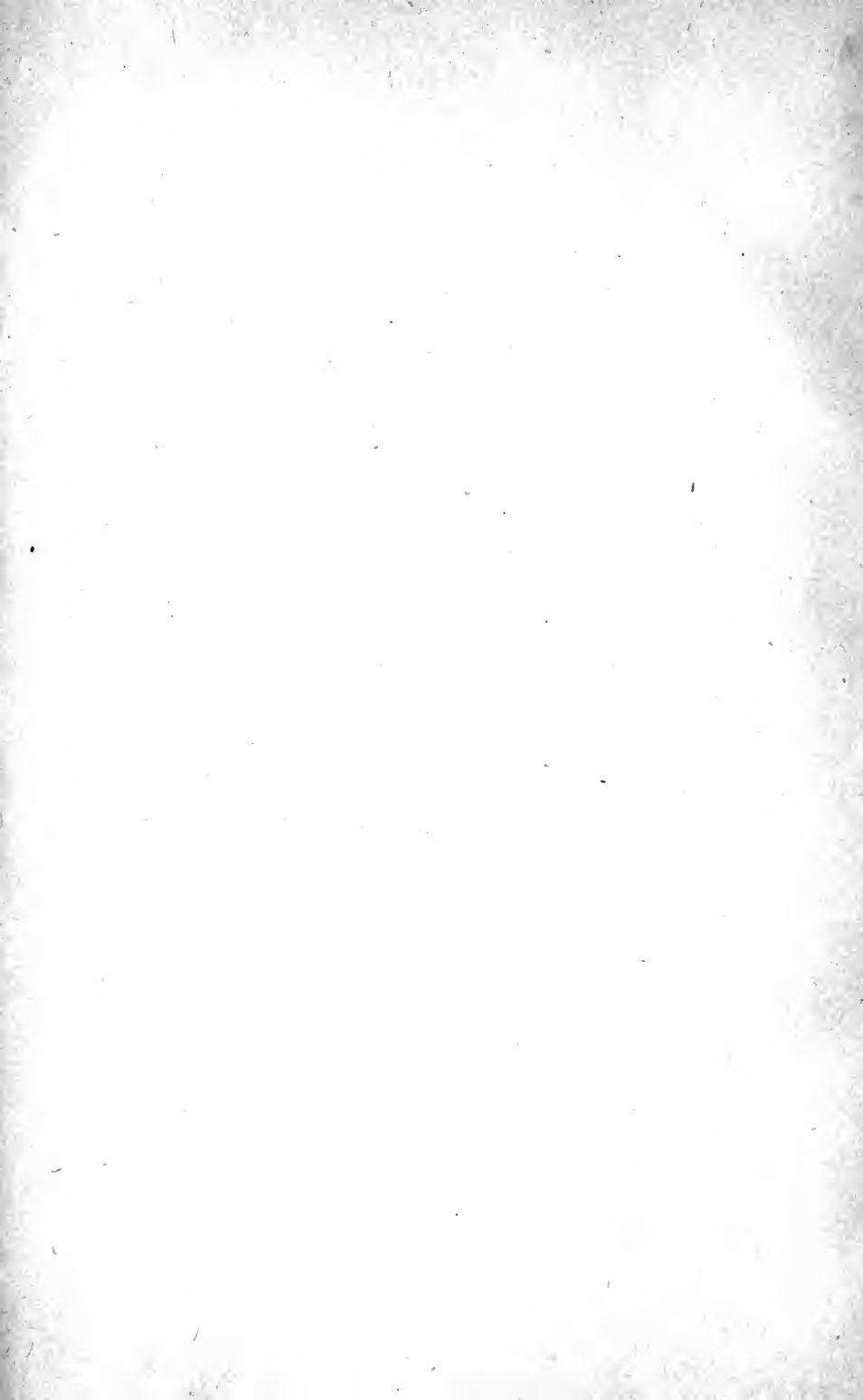


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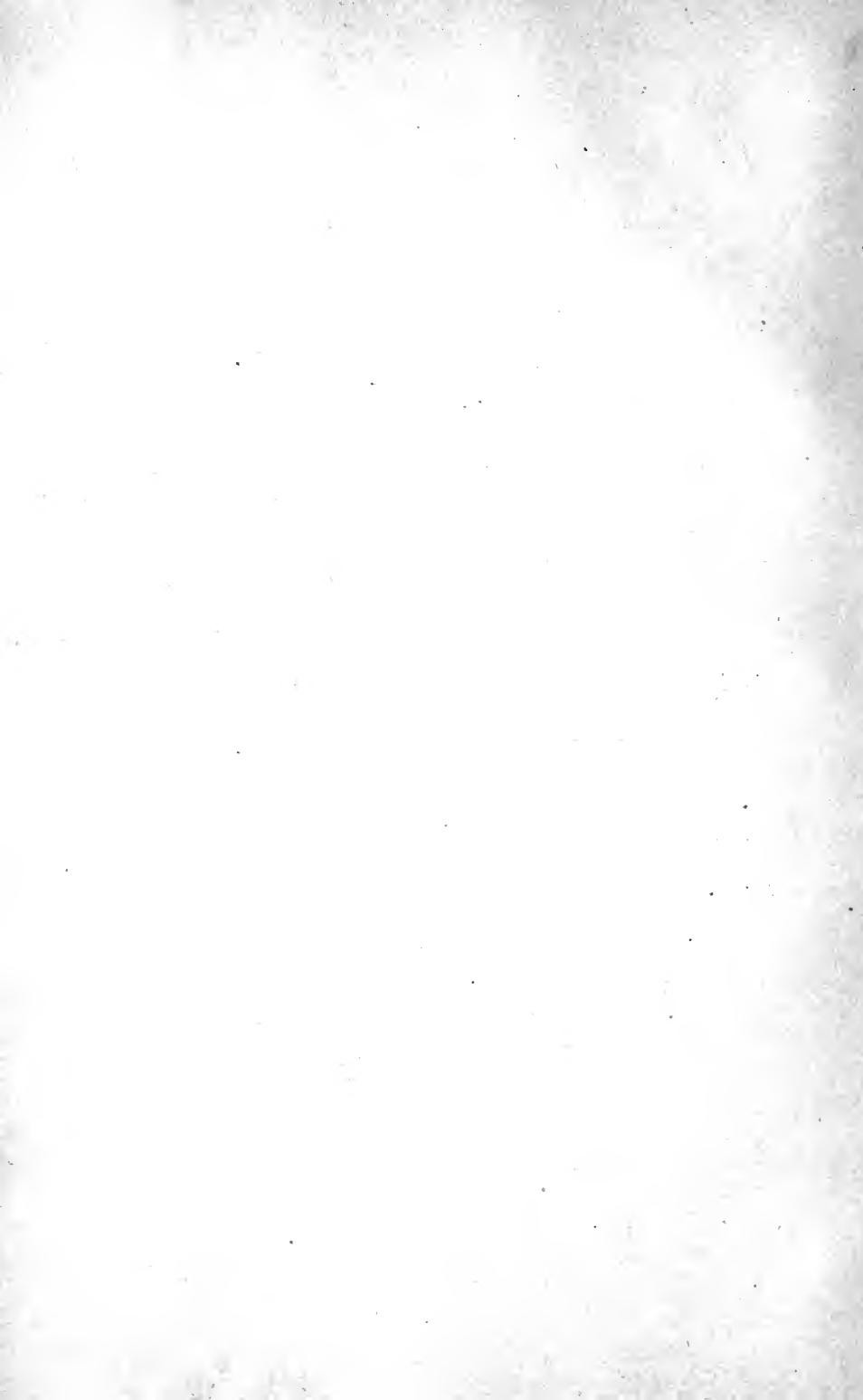
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MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN.

BACKSHEESH

A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS

BY

MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN

TRAVELS IN EUROPE, ASIA MINOR, EGYPT, SYRIA,
AND PALESTINE

With Forty-Six Illustrations



SAN FRANCISCO
THE WHITAKER AND RAY COMPANY
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1900

TO THE
AUTHOR

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Gift of author

For his patience during my absence,
his words of praise and kind encouragement,
I gratefully dedicate these sketches to

MY HUSBAND

and to a memory—the memory of
one whose wanderings are ended—

MY SAINTED MOTHER



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INTRODUCTION.

TO THE LOVER OF TRAVEL I tender this book. The title "Backsheesh," meaning a gift, is the one word no one who has traveled in the Orient can ever forget. It calls up more pictures and recollections than could any other word. It means Egypt and the Pyramids, and that strange mystery the Nile, upon whose banks repose the Sphinx. It means the Holy Land, the veiled women and turbaned men; the piteous lepers who sit in the dust by the wayside crying "Baksheesh," pleading for help even as they did "when mankind's Friend found every man his foe." It means the weary pilgrims toiling to the Jordan, and the wilderness where the King of kings wandered, fasting and faint, yet with strength sublime; as it speaks, also, from the desert where the silence rests—a silence that has hovered over it as a curse, since it heard the voice of the Eternal, broken now and then with the cry for human help—heard with the low pleadings from prostrate figures intoning "Allah Ackbar,"—"God is most mighty." It means the Orient as it does the Occident, for everywhere one travels it is heard, only under other names, a disturbing element, but one that must be endured with patience, for the poor and pitiful find life hard enough at its best.

I send forth this book, which consists of my ideas and descriptions of the countries I visited, and were written hastily while traveling from place to place. It is a record of my experiences and impressions of places while fresh, and consequently accurate, for it is all as I saw it in the following countries, enumerated in the order through which I journeyed: England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Asia Minor, Greece, and France.



BACKSHEESH;

A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS.

OFF FOR THE OLD WORLD.

"Not in a closed and bounded atmosphere
Does life put forth its noblest and its best."

A PALMIST read my hand one day, and said, "You will live to be one hundred years old. You will not die from drowning."

Thinking the prophecy over as I loitered up Market Street, in San Francisco, in the early spring of 1899, a friend accosted me, and asked me what weighty problem was racking my brain. Repeating what the palmist had told me, I said, "It is no puzzle, but a positive duty had been forced upon me to get ready for my centennial birthday. I was going to store up for future contingencies; to prepare for the time when I could do nothing but meditate. Consequently, I am going to travel to the Old World,—the Land of the Midnight Sun, Russia, Egypt, the Holy Land. I would see old Damascus, and look upon things so old, that, no matter to what age I might live, my years would count for nothing. I shall idle among ruins which were ruins before those sand-dunes lying out by the Golden Gate were. For a year or more, while walking is still a pleasure and traveling a delight, I shall wander. Will you go with me?"—"It has been the dream of my life," was the reply, "and I will go."

Preparations were few; a former trip had been of such benefit to me, that I knew the folly of overmuch luggage. Passports, letters of credit, our rooms engaged on the St. Paul, and, one balmy night in April, I bade good by, in Sacramento, to a host of friends, who deluged me with flowers, tears, and kisses. Boxes of dainty fruits and sweets, branches of orange trees laden with fruit and blossom, filled the drawing-room. Then we sped away over the level Sacramento Valley, through all the night. Awakened by the sound of running water, hurriedly dressing I went out on

the platform and breathed the sweet pine-scented air, watched the limpid, sparkling waters, enjoying to the fullest the fresh, balmy morning and the scenery along the tortuous road; on until dear old Shasta's peak, white as the foamy clouds hovering over them, was left in the distance. Thence on over the picturesque Siskiyou Mountains to Portland and Tacoma. Mount Rainier, looming up grandly like a huge frosted cake thousands of feet in the rosy light of the evening's sun, saluted us as we turned eastward,—the night—or was it something else?—that dimmed my vision as the last landmark of the Western coast faded away.

Some days later we found ourselves on the steamer leaving New York, with no friends or relatives to say good by. We watched others weep and sob at parting with loved ones, and were glad the ordeal was spared us. Our trip was uneventful. We two were good sailors, enjoying each day to the fullest, not thoroughly understanding our ex-President Benjamin Harrison when he remarked he did not "know why any one should follow the sea for a vocation or go for a vacation." We encountered no gales, icebergs or very rough weather, but were delighted when the rough Cornwall coast greeted our vision.

ENGLAND.

WE LANDED at Southampton late in the evening, passing the Needles and Isle of Wight when it was light enough to have a good view. Many of our passengers left for London in a heavy rain. We refused, and stayed until morning. We felt well repaid, after the gauntlet of the custom-house officials, who were as severe with some as they were careless with others, left us free to start for London.

We were soon in the stuffy, queer little cars that are like Tennyson's brook, in that they go on the same forever. Comfort, convenience, time, or enterprise touch not, change not. You are put in, locked in, and left to your fate. We sped away from the queer old city, with odd rows of houses looking so like Christmas toys, in lengthy, compact rows, veering, turning to

suit the streets, aggressively pushing up against the pavements, with no lawns in front, but each and every one possessing a tiny back yard walled in, where the owners may rest in security from curious eyes.

On we sped, over the beautiful Devonshire hills, the trees and grass dripping and gleaming with the last showers of rain. In the bloom and beauty of early spring, it was glorious to breathe the balmy winds, odorous from wayside hedges, with orchards one mass of blossom and beauty; to see the well-kept fields, sleek fat herds, no waste or neglect visible, but evidence everywhere of a careful tilling of soil and caring for herds and crops unknown in our country.

There were running brooks, broad uplands, forests, large estates, and small farms in rapid succession; something at every turn to please and delight the eye, making us glad indeed that we had chosen to wait until daylight to come to London, where we found ourselves after a two-hours' run.

Once again at Waterloo station, with my heart beating a little faster as the well-remembered towers of the House of Parliament greeted my eyes. Out from the turmoil of cabs, muddle, and confusion, with our baggage piled in and on a cab—there are no checks, transfer-wagons, or conveniences here for travelers; it is stand by your colors, or trunks, have your pennies ever ready, and some one will do the rest.

And so we crossed the Thames, and right into London town, we two among the countless thousands, yet caring as little for all the strangeness around and as unconcerned as if on our own streets.

We had planned a few days' rest; but how could one be quiet at home? There is so much of interest, that one cannot rest until fatigue overpowers, and we succumb. Regent Street, Oxford, the Strand, Hyde Park, St. James, the Mall, Trafalgar Square—every turn something historical.

Again in Westminster Abbey, I saw the innumerable niches, busts, statues, slabs in walls and pavement, showing England's appreciation of her illustrious dead—so many that the brain wearies, and we go from the Poets' Corner, from where Dickens rests, to the streets and ways he wrote of, which seem strangely familiar, like things seen in dreams.

And so we go on, in this great city, from one thing to another, —on the Embankment; to the old Tower, through the halls and corridors, teeming with relics and dust of ages; past the picturesque beef-eaters who guard the entrances; from the instruments of torture, the block, and rusty old ax, to the square where so many were beheaded. We saw the crown jewels, some real, others tawdry imitations.

Out of the dust and the gloom of the past we find ourselves on a modern boat, drifting down the busy Thames, with real joyous life about us, and the fresh air in our lungs, until we found ourselves at Greenwich, out in the park among the children and the tame deer, peaceful, happy, and content. The very atmosphere gave me a feeling of repose. I began to realize the freedom and joy of being away from all conventional rules and society's wearying rounds, — absolute freedom to wander at will wheresoever it pleased me — change, variety, something to divert, to entertain, to instruct. The planet Saturn was in evidence at my birth. Of such influences I am not prepared to discuss. I only know I dislike rings and circles, just as I do the monotony of long, straight roads or streets. Angles, abrupt turns, corners, a rugged, torn, indented wall, anything that relieves, that detracts from sameness, is restful and soothing to me. I did not wish to go around this Old World; but just to find the angles and scamper on the selvages of a goodly portion of the globe suits my mood now.

The irregularity of London was charming to me from the moment we entered the city. One's interest never flags in the swarms of people in the streets, endless lines of moving vehicles and horses swinging along at a rapid trot.

"Keep to the left" is not an unwritten law, for the signboards at the intersection of streets and all crowded thoroughfares say it in bold letters. In America, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," is one of infancy's first lessons. It is the reverse here. It struck me as rather peculiar at first, but, being left-handed myself, it came very easy, so I invariably walked on the odd side of the street, and never looked to the right, if I chanced to think of it in time. I enjoyed the irregularities of our left-handed cousins, whether walking or driving through the curious streets, which showed such unexpected turns and abrupt terminations.

There are no squares. Circuses and queer courts greet one. Glimpses of old churchyards, with a few yards of greensward, beneath which lie those who grew weary of it all, and are at rest now, while the active, buoyant life thrills above the few feet of earth covering the dead faces.

The Strand, Charing Cross, Oxford Circus, Waterloo Place, Ludgate Hill, Piccadilly, Cockspur Street,—why enumerate more? They are familiar to every one as are Madam Tussaud's wax-works or London Bridge.

Tram-cars are not allowed in the heart of London; so rapid transit is found only by the underground railway, but it is not pleasant,—dim, smoke-begrimed tunnels, with occasional gleams of light between stations, which are usually well lit. There is almost a constant whirr of passing trains flashing by like huge fireflies. The air is hard on lungs, but one must endure a goodly portion of discomforts in traveling; and this old town is so immense, that one must take advantage of the swiftest mode of conveyance.

Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, was scarcely as interesting to me as were the "eld Druid oaks" in the park.

In all the parks and gardens it was the same, for it was June, and the trees and flowers were at their best. Frequent showers of rain kept them fresh and free from dust. Fragrant and sweet were the buds and blossoms in Richmond Park, and the view from Richmond Hill, where "lived a lass," is seemingly unsurpassed by any in England. The scene is simply enchanting, looking down on the lofty elms and grand old forest trees growing in groups, detached, or crowding each other in miniature forests. Deep patches of shade, and glint of sunshine lie on tree, river, and slopes. I gaze through the blue mists enshrouding Twickenham. There stood the house of Pope. Strawberry Hill, the residence of Horace Walpole, is among the historic places. There are beautiful vistas, and in whatever direction the eyes turn there is no spot but has been written of, painted, or made interesting by the lives of great men.

The morning hours pass all too quickly. We cross the Thames, and in a short time we pass through the gates and are under the magnificent chestnut trees, now one mass of bloom,

loitering along the fragrant paths until we stop in front of Windsor's rival, Hampton Court. I shall not attempt a description; it is worth it. Its walls of red brick with stone ornaments, its old towers, battlements, and gateways,—the Anne Boleyn especially,—each and all seem to speak of the five centuries of existence; of Wolsey, Henry VIII, Mary and Elizabeth, Charles I, Cromwell, Catherine, and Anne of Denmark. There is so much at every angle of this historic building, in every room, that one gets bewildered and confused. These great men and women of the past, whose painted forms and faces line the galleries, live in history, and speak of a past that is full of interest. There is dignity and grace about the dear old place—battlements, tower, and roof crumbling with age. Greenish-gray mosses covering them tells of age and the destroyer Time. I go through rooms, halls, and galleries so ripe with memories of the illustrious dead, until, wearied, turn from them all, and wander through the grounds, far more alluring to me than the building, save from its associations with the past. The beautiful old trees planted in long, convergent avenues; great, breezy stretches of grass, where children and tame deer enjoy life, and frolic amid the daisies. The song of birds came from leafy retreats; the hum of bees among the chestnut blooms and fair, sweet blossoms that grew everywhere, was soothing and softening.

I had not the courage to dispute with the custodian of the famous grape-vine. He knew something about our beautiful vine at Santa Barbara. He claimed his vine the larger of the two, the average yield of fruit greater also; but truth compelled me to say he was mistaken, and if he were not, that theirs was only a hothouse plant, grown under glass, while ours grew in the open, warm, flower-scented air. Bud, blossom, and purple fruit grew in luscious sweetness under the sun and twinkling stars, with no covering but the sky's blue dome, while theirs is never exposed to the open air.

The sun was sinking as we reluctantly left the place, a drowsy hum was in the air, the birds twittered softly from hidden retreats, the droning sounds of insects filled the ears and the heart to overflowing, as the faint cadence came from the bells as "the lowing herds wind slowly o'er the léa." The fragrant winds waft the sounds sweetly, tenderly, to me as I

pause on the border of a quiet lake and watch the swans move silently among the water-lilies, see the gold-fish flashing beneath the surface, now and then causing a momentary ripple, as did those who once filled the cloisters and halls, who walked these beautiful paths ere death's silence claimed them. We leave the elm-shaded meads that border the Thames, glimpses of vine-wreathed tower and cottage flash and fade; but in memory's storehouse there are scenes that will not pass with the day, so filled with dreamy content.

After some days spent in London, the galleries, and museums, driving through Hyde Park, St. James, and Pall Mall, I was glad when Derby Day arrived. It was all that could be desired, — a beautiful, typical California spring day. The capricious climate could do no more for the "outing," which is the year's great event. Snowstorms and all sorts of bad weather have spoiled the day of days in years gone by, but this was perfect.

The Derby is not compulsory, as formerly, — that is, society, save for the "smart racing set," goes not down to the yearly Epsom festival, — yet the smile or frown of the small fraction known here as "society" seems to have no effect upon the attendance.

Prices on the coaches are rather high, being about fifteen dollars for a seat and luncheon, but we had to see the Derby, and Tod Sloan win or lose. So in the forenoon we started, amid the din of horns, out and away, whither thousands were going. It seemed as if we would never reach the country, there were such interminable miles of streets, thronged by myriads of human beings. Could it be possible, so many people were going, that so many would be left? Finally, we struck the more open ways — detached houses, green lanes lined with chestnuts in full bloom, as were the hawthorn hedges; past residences inclosed within high walls — the English are so fond of hiding within their own sacred precincts.

Suddenly we realized we were upon the Downs, and in every direction every road, path, and field was one mass of people. There were vehicles of every description in one continuous stream, and the wonder of it! no confusion, no yells, no whipping of beasts, yet every horse apparently doing his best, and having the strength to keep it up; and they do it mile after mile without urging.

I could find it in my heart to forgive all their shortcomings for the universal kindness shown to horses in all the multitudinous life here, where horses are in great demand, for in the center of London no trolley-cars are known, but miles of omnibuses, double-decked, are pulled by two horses, always at a swift trot, always fat, sleek, and strong, ready to do double the work our horses would ever be able to do. The secret seems to be the care taken. Everywhere, as we went along, vehicles were drawn up by the roadside, and in every instance the horses were eating. It was so after we had arrived at the races—the horses were fed all day long.

People do not go to races or picnics and feast, here, and let their horses starve. Every few miles the horses were given water well thickened with oatmeal. Going and coming, at half-way stations, the beasts were fed and rubbed down, and thus were ready and strong for the whole day.

I have seen crowds in many lands and places, but never anything approaching this. Fancy nearly one million people going to one particular spot, every road one continuous stream, every vehicle crowded to the limit—trains the same, many trudging footsore, but happy, under the glorious sun that rained freckles and sunburn on acres of faces, all uncaring for sun or distance, only knowing that they would be in time for the races.

At length we arrived, and our coach was allowed within the one-guinea limit. We found ourselves well placed—near the track, the grand stand, and the Prince of Wales and party. It seemed as if Tod Sloan and his odd way of riding (leaning low down on the horse's neck) were quite as much discussed as the horses. We, of course, wanted him to win, and he did in a race or two, but not in the Derby. The start was fine, and the beauty of it, as they came down the green turf—so odd to our unaccustomed eyes, that had never seen horses run on anything but a smooth track. I think the great throng did not breathe for a few seconds as they flew by, a flash of color, glorious in strength and activity, a vision of horseflesh, a live, intense straining, an eagerness for victory, men and beasts alike striving for mastery. On they dashed, seemingly to skim the earth, the graceful, beautiful horses so magnificent in motion, distended nostrils, every muscle strained to the utmost, and then, as we

saw Holocaust fall with a broken leg, and it was all over for him, while the crowd cheered the Duke of Westminster's horse. Thus fate willed the penultimate Derby of the century, one to be remembered with regret.

The Derby was over, and we turned, with regret from the poor horse, to see the life around us. Most picturesque were the numberless caravans of gypsies who had come from all parts of the kingdom for the day. They are up to all sorts of devices to gain a few coppers—honestly or not makes but little difference to them. The men were looking after the horses for a few pennies the coachmen gladly give; children were begging; women, old and young, telling fortunes.

The "go-as-you-please" attitude of the multitude was an instructive study, and I fain would have wandered longer among the booths and sideshows, where truth is stranger than fiction.

In all my knowledge of books I have never read or understood anything like a faithful picture of the English people out for a holiday. The foolishness, the imbecility of the great crowd, where the innocent and unsuspecting rub shoulders with the tramp, the thief, and the vagabond. Verily, it increases one's might of wonder at the means whereby the "other half" of the world lives—if you pause to think while you wander on the fringe of the Downs on Derby Day.

Slowly enough came the last race. It was over, and the tide turned homeward. I marvel even now how it was possible to escape from it all without accident. There was no confusion; a good-natured struggle, but orderly; horses good and honest as the drivers; no nervous excitement; no clash of tongues or whips; but out of the mob and home in the cool, evening breezes, past endless throngs lining the wayside, watching the home-coming; past thousands of children running after the coaches, crying, "Throw out your moldy coppers." It seemed as if the whole world of children had turned beggars. And so Dives scattered the crumbs by the wayside for good or ill,—who knows? The few who gain the crumbs are encouraged to ask again; those not favored are discontented.

We are glad to be home; glad to have seen, to know what the meaning of the day has brought for us. Of one thing we are certain: that for all absence of comfort or convenience, for any-

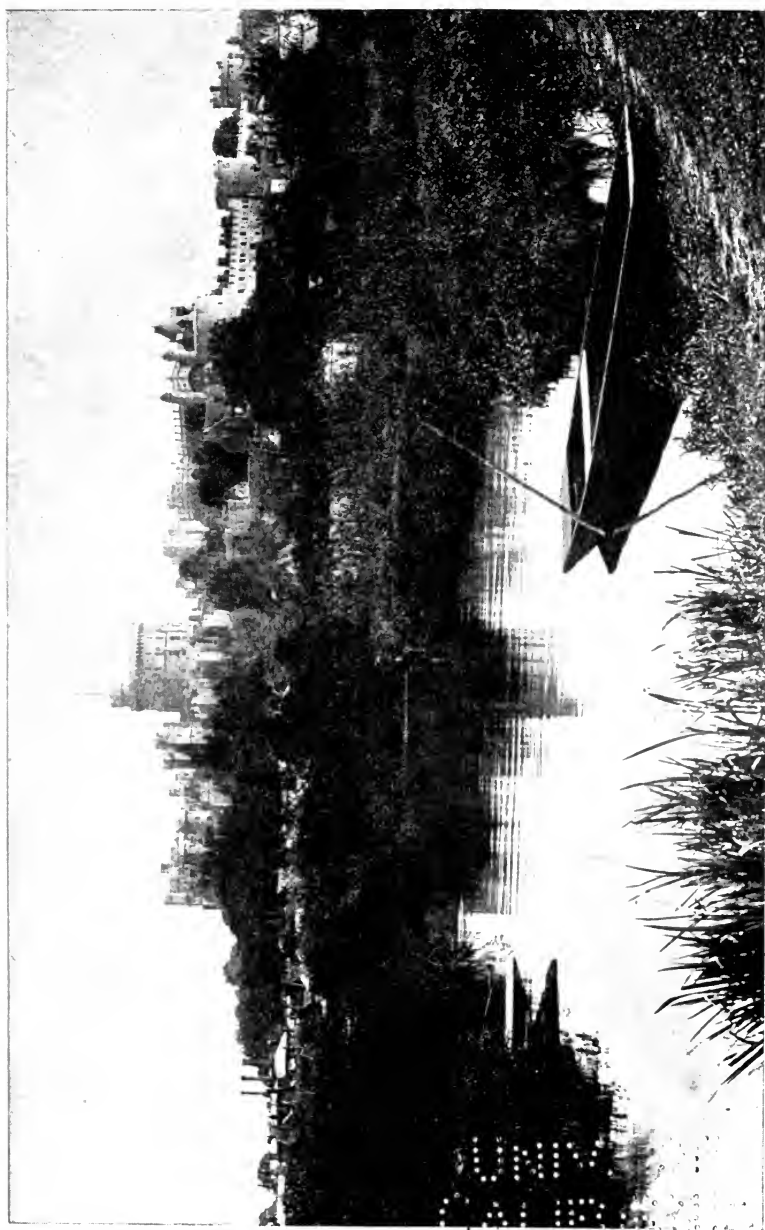
thing save blistering in a hot sun, eating luncheon from the top of coaches, drinking quantities of warm champagne, and enduring cheerfully all the discomforts of this day, exceeded any race-course I have ever known or heard of, I will with pleasure award the palm to these our cousins, take off my hat and say, "Enough; I have had my day, and am content."

It was not long before London tired me. Underground railways were bad. We wearied of dim, musty old crypts, where royalty lies under carved stone, where statues, busts, heroic emblems, words of praise count as nothing now, and were glad to get out, to fill our lungs with pure, fresh air, and be thankful we are living in the glorious present.

All the grand things one reads of seem to dwindle when one is on the scene of action. For example, we witnessed the trooping of the colors, whereat a number of the royal family presided. The Prince of Wales rode away through the dense crowd, and the few weak cheers that greeted him were all the more noticeable for the hearty greeting given the Princess as she followed him. The people love her, and it pleases me to hear the hearty greetings. They know and appreciate her truth and purity.

One is soon disillusioned in going through places for which London has long been famous. The Crystal Palace is a sort of catchpenny affair, and does not pay for the going.

It will be long before I forget the afternoon spent with some California friends after the drive and parade, where hospitality, good cheer, wit, and wisdom were well mixed and well seasoned. The evening was far advanced when I started in a hansom, alone, for my hotel. The driver was filled with something besides mere joy at the prospect of a fare, for, after driving me through various intricate streets, he stopped at a corner and said "Get out." I knew he was not at the number given him, and said so; but he insisted it was in the middle of the block. I looked around when I alighted, and knew he was not telling the truth. I refused to pay him unless he took me to my hotel. A crowd gathered in a moment,—a yelling, seething mass of men, boys, and women. "Pay the man his fare"; "Want to cheat a poor cabby?" In vain I appealed to a policeman; he either was in the same condition as cabby, or else would not trouble himself with an American. So I was forced to pay



WINDSOR CASTLE.

the fare; then a greater cry arose because I had not given the expected "tip." Then the spirit of my forefathers arose, and I said I would be sorry to break up a friendly feeling between two nations, or institute a stay of proceedings regarding international marriages, but I would stand by my convictions, that he would never force a penny more out of my purse. I walked on, with a mob howling at my heels, at ten o'clock at night, not knowing in the least where I was, or what the end might be, but ready to do and dare anything rather than give in. It was pity that saved me, for out of the crowd came a little girl, who ran up to me, saying, "Lady, I heard you say where you wanted to go; I will show you."—"But I can find a sober policeman," I said. "O, please let me; I won't let them hurt you." Rather than show lack of confidence, I assented, thinking I would soon find my way, or some one to tell me the street I wanted. A sudden turn, and I knew where I was, so let the little barefooted girl go to the door, and gave her cabby's "tip," and enough beside to make her never regret her brave act.

I saw, among the many singers in London, Patti, who sang in the Royal Albert Hall to an audience of eight thousand people. It seems to me her voice is as sweet and clear as it was years ago. We saw Bernhardt, also. It is wonderful to see and hear these two women. The years seem to touch them lightly, indeed; they seem destined never to grow old. We saw so much that was good,—music, drama, etc.,—that it is needless to dwell on it longer.

The trip to Windsor is lovely, and the old palace grand, but the state apartments have not been renovated in ages; the hangings in many rooms are worn threadbare, and so faded that the custodians who show them seem called upon to apologize, telling us they looked much better when filled with flowers and decorated for receptions. The view from the tower is unsurpassed; the park, wooded hills, the river winding through it, are all one could desire. So is St. George's Chapel, famous for weddings, christenings, etc., that it is needless to dwell thereon.

More than Windsor did we enjoy the drive to Eton and on to Stoke Poges, through green lanes, on a dusky afternoon, in a carriage with horse and driver in strict accord with the dreamy

old place. Near the old church is the home of William Penn, but, save the location in a lovely old park, we cared not.

But what tender memories surged up as we stood beneath the old "yew's shade," and by the tomb where rests one the civilized world loves. Gray's *Elegy* and the writer will be remembered in all the ages to come. "The curfew tolls the knell" as we stood in the old church he loved so well, which fills one's idea of infinite peace and rest. It is changed but little since he lived, loved, and wrote of it. The very atmosphere breathes of content, of worship. In strong contrast to all, there, where life's vanities and vexations seem to enter not, from the peace and rest, where kindness and good-fellowship abound. I turn to another scene.

I recall crowds of church people as I saw them on Sunday at Hyde Park,—gay promenaders, who make "church parade" such an event that thousands go to view the folks as they meet here after divine service, passing and repassing in countless numbers, vieing with each other in gorgeous raiment. Ladies gowned as if for swell functions, and save for the fact the shoulders are covered, there is little difference between church gowns and the opera. They talk, chat, and flirt in picturesque places, under the great trees, among the flowers, and it is all very sweet, very pretty; pleasant to look at, also, but we wonder if this is done in the spirit of true religion. Perhaps it is all right, but for the weary soul longing for something better, for something the world cannot give, it seems to me the quiet old church at Stoke Poges would be the one to seek.

At Stoke Poges we are reveling in green fields, filled with herds, whiling away hours, feeding the tame deer, and playing with the little fawns, scarcely larger than the rabbits among them. We frighten grouse, and rest beside the hawthorn hedges, now one mass of pink and white flowers; loiter by swift, limpid streams, see the fish leaping up, and I long for a line,—I might catch a "h'eel," as one fellow said he would do, but, though I waited patiently, I did not see an eel.

We have seen many lovely homes, and know something of the typical English life not to be found in cities. The road from Stoke Poges to Stratford-on-Avon is ideal in its sweetness,—a succession of stone walls, green hedges, trees that meet over-

head,—what a lesson our people might learn from it. Every road is lined with trees; all over the fields they are carefully preserved. If a tree dies, one is immediately put beside it, and surely it is worth while.

At Stratford, we were in the old house where Shakespeare was born, and we wandered through woods and fields he loved so well. At every turn we find something interesting. We are housed in the quaintest of quaint inns; the rooms furnished in the style of a century ago. Each has a story and a name; one is labeled "Love's Labor Lost"; another, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; but each and all bespeak comfort, rest, and such dreams as fragrant summer nights might bring.

We have all sorts of experiences. They seem to think here that two women traveling alone have no right to the earth, or the things in it, or on it, unless we plaster it with gold. We feel, however, that we have been equal to emergencies, going about with the blissful thought that there are two Americans who have the desire to do what is right—and draw the line at that.

In regard to giving certain tips, a fellow said to me, "Two of your countrymen treated me very well last year," and added, "It is customary to give accordin' to yer means." I replied, "My custom is, for value received and services rendered, give according to your sense and judgment, then stop at that."

Whatever the cause I know not, but England will soon outdo Italy in beggars. The bone and sinew of the country do not hesitate to accept a pittance, and not for any real service rendered—only it is customary, they say. The poorest of our laborers would scorn to take such gratuities; if they did, they would lose their manhood and self-respect.

We have visited Warwick Castle and many other places in this vicinity, finding in each something interesting and well worth the time; finding, also, this the first place where we could rest and recuperate from the fatigue of traveling since leaving home.

We purposely left Kenilworth for the last. It was on such an afternoon as Ossian describes, when the sun went down in dusky red behind a dim, blue mist that hung over the distant hills, fields, and woods, that we entered the gray, crumbling old ruins

whose marvelous beauty cannot be described. Its history is too well known to be repeated ; but the grandeur of it, the charm of the meadows as seen from the crumbling towers, pass description. The mind goes back to the fifteenth century, to the splendors of years long gone. All is quiet and peaceful now, except the noise from a flock of rooks gathering in the evening, seeking shelter among the ivy branches clinging so lovingly to the old walls. In a quadrangle a peacock's shrill note causes us to look at him, spreading his bright plumage against the dull-gray background—a flash of color and brightness, just a little reminder of past glory. We sat there, wrapped in thought, the solemnity stealing into the soul, steeping the senses, until our driver, weary of waiting, and wanting his evening meal, doubtless, aroused us to the fact that night was around us, and, still in dreamland, as it seemed, we left; and in dreams that followed, Kenilworth and the past and present were mixed and interwoven until another day, and real life, came back to us.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

IRELAND.

FROM Holyhead to Ireland we went across on the steamer *Banshee*, making the trip in about three hours. The sea was without a ripple, blue and misty, as was the sky overhead. Such a blending of sky and sea that it hardly seemed real until we entered the harbor of Dublin, and knew, without the telling, we were in the Liffey. Shades of departed ages, what can compare with the smells of this old river! For the sake of generations to come, we were glad to learn later the system of sewerage is being changed, and in the near future the Liffey will be what it should have been years ago—a beautiful stream.

I fain would describe the novelty of seeing Dublin on a jaunting-car. One day's experience was worth something, but the wrenches and aches following the ride were not so pleasant. Being urged to go again on the following day, I was informed, as if to settle the matter at once, that the nobility of England



BLARNEY CASTLE.

had ridden in such cars. "And, sure, mum, you 're looking heartier than any of them," made me feel it was useless to demur. So we drove through Sackville Street, past Nelson's Monument, Bank of Ireland, and Trinity College. Stephens Green and Phoenix Park we saw afterwards, at our leisure.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, among the things I recall are two marble slabs which cover the quiet earth where rest Dean Swift and she who was the "Stella" of his poetry. Looking upon the slab, I wondered why he affirmed that happiness here on earth consisted in "being well deceived." Was it speculation? or was he so well deceived, that deception made him happy and content?

We stood in the cemetery at Glasnevin, and saw where lies Parnell, without stone or granite column, but there are flowers there, and evidence of loving remembrance. The shaft in memory of O'Connell is very imposing, such as I am sure will be put up before long over Parnell.

In old Dublin we saw much of poverty and sorrow that we gladly would have missed, only our driver was conscientious, and insisted that we had the right to see both sides of the picture.

A day that was like a dream was spent in County Wicklow, driving through green lanes, lovely dells, and cool, sweet Dargle. I recall the Lover's Leap, and the lazy old beggar seated on a moss-covered boulder, evoking plaintive, quavering notes from a shaky old violin, which were in harmony with the faint sounds that came up from the silvery-threaded Vartry, which sang on its way, every rod a liquid poem, far below where we sat and reveled in the delicious coolness of the wind-swept jutting rocks. The few pennies bestowed upon the mossy old minstrel made his heart glad, and the blessings poured upon the heads of the "fair ladies" were no hindrance to our day's enjoyment.

The village of Kilkenny, with its odd thatched roofs, the children, pigs, and goats living together in peace, if not in plenty, was charming to see. The happy, good-natured people, the pleasant smiles, and hearty assistance that is given with no thought of reward, constitute one of the greatest charms of Ireland and her people.

We were overtired with cities, and soon left for Bray, remaining ten days, for rest and sea-bathing. This delightful little watering-place is beautifully located, and it was hard for us to leave. The walks, drives, and boating are matchless. I recall an afternoon spent on the slopes of Bray's Head, which is a poem in itself, lying listless among the tall grasses and red-topped clover, with the hum of bees about me, sweet odors from countless flowers, breezes blown from hedges gleaming with wild roses and honeysuckle, all mixed and interwoven with songs from the birds, while away up and overhead a frivolous lilting air, that went to the heart as an intoxicant goes to the head, came the clear, joyous notes of the skylark. The winds caught the melody and carried it floating and wavering away, like the downy, feathery ball that is blown from the dandelion, while, as a sort of accompaniment from the dim, misty sea far below, came the muffled sound of waters dashing on the rock-girt shores.

Out and over the sea, that spread without break or wave, lay the Hill of Howth and lighthouse, where we spent one beautiful day. Nearer was Kingstown, with Dublin harbor between. I turned from it to the western hills. A broad shaft of sunlight struck on the blue peaks, while the eastern sky was green and opal; below, the long lines of gray stone houses, with slate roofs, blending so beautifully with the varied foliage of forests in the background—a faint rosy mist—a confusion of gold and orange hovered over the sea, so, with eyes filled with the glamour of the sunset, and, perhaps, something else, as the sun went Pacificward—I came down the path lined with gray stone walls, under cliffs overhanging the sea, looking at the ships dotting the water, listening to the puffing of the tiny toy-like engines pulling the equally small cars over a roadbed unequalled for smoothness and solidity. I wonder why our roads are so inferior to these, when our cars are such marvels of comfort compared to the best here.

Down on the Esplanade, as we sat in the twilight, a poor woman stopped near us, and in a thin, quavering voice that, despite its weakness, was full of pathos and melody, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." We gave her some coins and asked her to tell us why she sang for the pennies, which, to judge from

her appearance, were piteously few. She said her husband was ill; that she had thirteen children, the eldest of whom was married, with two babes and a worthless husband adding to the mother's burden. "I can do no less," she said, "than share my last potato with her."

And so the story could go on. From the hills it is so beautiful, one can scarcely imagine aught of sorrow or distress in the world down among the crowds, where children swarm like bees.

We saw the crowded streets, the boatloads of men and boys from all over Ireland, crossing to England for the harvesting, — nothing for idle hands to do here, — so many, many people, so little land to cultivate. The immense holdings, like those of Powerscourt, Meath, and others, the vast estates wherein are deer, herds of cattle, rabbits, and birds, all well cared for; sleek, fat, sheltered from all harm and danger, while all over the beautiful country is heard the cry from the starving, helpless throngs! I wonder if there will ever be an accounting or reckoning in this land, where the gentry, as they call them, own the land, keeping it for uses above mentioned, and force people into cities, where poverty and pauperism run riot.

So many inquire eagerly about America. One girl, who works in a hotel, harder than any slave in the old days, not knowing what it is to have a day off, or evening either, for that matter, gets a dollar and a quarter per week! Everywhere it is the same, — so many people, so little to do. I think it would be well if Church and State would make it a crime for a child to be born of poor parents for the next hundred years. I am sure Heaven would approve the law.

The visit to the Vale of Avoca was one that lingers with me like a strain of sweet music. An emerald valley nestling among green hills breathes of poetry and romance. There, under a magnificent oak, Moore wrote "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet," and just at that point the Avonmore and Avonbeg unite and ripple joyously along, and, though the vale is small and the twin rivers scarcely more than a mere brook, the effect is all one could wish. Size, rush, and roar are not all that is desirable in rivers.

We went to Glendalough and Seven Churches. We sat in the wishing-chair of St. Kevins, and were assured by the guide

that we would never have headache, backache, or any other ill. We paid for it all, and took the unleavened truth without salt, just as we do our butter, and went on thinking the larks very wise birds for refusing to sing in Glendalough, preferring, like ourselves, the uplands, fields, and meadows.

We drove four miles through a beautiful country to visit Melleray, a Trappist monastery. They live a very secluded life, have some eight hundred acres of fine land, make what they wear, and raise what they eat. They arise at two in the morning. In speaking to one of the brothers, I said I should not mind it so much in summer. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it is far better in winter. It is so cold then, one does not feel sleepy, as during the warm days." That is the whole of it—to suffer, to endure; and why? I can never believe that an all-wise Providence intended that flesh and blood should so suffer. They do so much good, help the poor, educate them, care for them, and that of itself is meritorious.

From there we went back to Cappoquin, thence by boat down the Blackwater, or "Irish Rhine," to Youghal. It was a beautiful trip, and interesting. As I stood by the captain's side, hearing stories of feudal times, looking at the mossy, ivy-covered remains of old castles and towers, the bright light lay upon the mottled surface of ancient walls, and the winds blew fresh from the small patches of new-mown hay. There were still bits of water where swans floated among white water-lilies, followed by their fuzzy little ones. There were the lovely roads, the very acme of comfort for cyclists, pleasant wooded paths, and cool nooks for anglers. There were fishermen in boats, with nets for salmon-fishing, each man or family paying for the pleasant pastime seventy dollars, for the season, to the Duke of Devonshire, who owns the river, as well as the land, it appears.

In Youghal we visited the house of Sir Walter Raleigh and the old cathedral, one of the first of Ireland's Franciscan abbeys. The old custodian was delighted when we told him we were from California. He had been in San Francisco in '52. His white, weird face seemed bathed in a sort of moonlight, a reflection of his surroundings, possibly, with the yearnings of a whole lifetime in his eyes. He said, "You are to

be envied; why do you travel? I would rather be 'lynched' or hanged in California than die here." Strange contrariety of human nature! His life seemed so peaceful, there among the trees and flowers blooming over the dead, the majesty of the old abbey and gray mottled, vine-wreathed walls, a dear little house, and sweet old wife to care for him—still, that longing to be by sundown seas! We had a cup of tea with them, and left the two by their cheery peat fire.

From Youghal to Cork, a short distance by rail, from the Blackwater, and old feudal castles, and lawless feudal times, to the bustle of a modern town, electric cars, lights, bright cheery houses, and, best of all, a good hotel, I rest, and am glad.

The days that followed were bright, the weather perfect. We went to Queenstown, and were surprised to see so beautiful a place; the harbor is fine, and a miniature Golden Gate greeted us with strangely familiar points. We heard the famous bells of Shandon, and, as in duty bound, went to Blarney Castle, and at no small risk of life and an utter disregard of the spinal column, kissed the Blarney stone—foolish, probably, but they who would be shy of foolish and inane frolics should not go there.

Our visit to Killarney was not all we desired. From Glenariff to the lakes, a distance of forty miles, we drove through a rainstorm that meant business a great portion of the way. Our storm-coats did good service, but were not altogether proof against the rain. Umbrellas were torn and rendered useless; but it was warm, so it did not matter greatly. There were fourteen of us in an open coach. All fared alike, and there was no grumbling. Occasionally there was a lifting of the curtain that enveloped the hills; then the clouds would break away. The sun, at intervals, gave us beautiful rainbow effects, as well as glimpses of purple mountains and deep ravines, as we drove on, past the vast peat-beds, and the immense heaps of queer little brick-shaped pieces drying (which, by the way, I may add, is not used by the poorer classes alone, but is quite the fad in select London homes).

There seemed but little effort in an agricultural way along the whole route; mostly grazing lands, each little patch surrounded by stone fences, and while the herbage was not very



THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

abundant, the goats and Kerry cows looked in far better condition than the people.

Our driver told us many quaint stories while pointing out the historical and local points of interest over the mountains. One, I remember, was of an old lady who lived in the vicinity of the Blackwater, who, at the age of one hundred and forty, climbed a cherry-tree in search of her favorite fruit, fell from the tree, and so cut short a life doubtless well spent. I find they have their cherry-tree stories here also; this heroine was lucky, however, in finding a tree, for I have seen no orchards whatever in all of Ireland. I heard of some apple trees near Cappoquin, and was promised some cider, but had only the promise.

The day following the storm was pleasant, and we enjoyed the lakes greatly. They are well worth the trouble experienced in getting to them, but I could not, in all conscience, grow wild over "crags that lift to clouds their scraggy heads," all of which reads well, but I doubt very much if Moore had traveled extensively—or, if he had, he was given a bit to exaggeration.

After Alaska and our own mountain scenery, they seem tame enough, though there is no doubt about the clouds wreathing their scraggy heads; they drift so low, the trees are high enough for that purpose. It is not the height, however, that gives beauty; they are not grand nor majestic, but there is a loveliness hard to describe.

From the higher peaks to the lower levels the air was fresh and pure, the sun sparkled on the gleaming waters, dotted with such dear little islands, clothed in trees and verdure to the very water's edge. Then the wealth and beauty of a foliage and undergrowth we know nothing of at home. The larches and beech trees were lovely and the music of the birds, ever around us, clear and sweet; the thrushes sang from swaying boughs, the saucy robins chirruped everywhere, the blackbird's flute-like notes came from the marsh-lands, tiny warblers piping from the dense holly trees, making the whole perfect as to melody, song, and rural beauty.

Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, and the drives in and around Killarney cannot be forgotten—especially a trip through the

Kenmare estate, where we drove through avenues of magnificent lime trees, miles of greensward, with deer, rabbits, herds of cattle, and the hum of insects in our ears—the very fullness of summer life in evidence everywhere, a blending and commingling of all the sweet, strange sounds one hears in the woods.

We were quite pleased with Limerick, it being the first place that looked like one of our own cities. The streets are broad and clean, save in some portions. We were most interested in the old “treaty stone,” which every son of Erin, at least, remembers. I cannot recommend Limerick for a long stay, however. We were forced to remain over Sunday, because no trains enter or leave on that day, which is well enough—only on Monday, at the station, it took three men and a boy half an hour looking over time-tables, books, and statistics to tell us how we could get to Belfast, and then they neglected to mention we had to change in half an hour after leaving Limerick. We know by this time to be on the alert, and trust no man, especially if he is an official. He may, if very bright, know something about the road to the next station—beyond that it is not safe to trust him.

In a run of ten hours that day, we had five minutes to get a cup of tea and a stale bun, in cars noted for being uncomfortable, with no accommodations whatever; yet the fares are more than double what ours are at home.

It was a pleasure to travel in the north of Ireland, the country was so fertile and prosperous. The scenery through the valley of the Boyne was interesting, well wooded, richly cultivated. Here was the battle-ground of James II. and the Prince of Orange. I saw Drogheda, and a thought of stern old Cromwell's merciless campaign comes to me. Dundalk, wherein was crowned the last of Ireland's kings, Edward Bruce, who was killed near here, not many months after, by the British.

Manufactories were everywhere, for here are where the beautiful linens are made; well-tilled fields, houses, and cottages giving evidence of thrift and enterprise; no desolate homes or forsaken patches left by tenants,—whether by misfortune or indolence we know not, but making the south of Ireland in many places a pitiful spectacle.

Belfast is a beautiful city, and very prosperous. We visited many factories, and the people seemed cheerful and happy; the

linens and laces tempted us greatly, but a wave of patriotic feeling, or a fear of duties on such when we got to New York, made us leave them with sighs of regret.

In a neat, well-kept park I saw a castle, whose owner once said, "he would not exchange for a seat in heaven." How these people love their homes; and this one, surely, was beautiful enough to make the old man thoroughly satisfied with his earthly surroundings, but some one else now enjoys the home he once loved so well.

The factory people do not seem to be so downtrodden and burdened with work that they cannot enjoy life. One evening a picnic party headed by a band returned as the factory crowds were pouring into a square in front of my hotel. The musicians struck up a lively air, and instantly hundreds were seen dancing, young and old, in the very ecstasy of delight, and, too, as though it were the easiest thing in the world to cut capers on those hard, stony streets,—nearly every soul barefooted, but enjoying the jig in the fullest measure.

I saw Londonderry, and lovely Loch Foyle, and the Giant's Causeway. This marvelous basaltic promontory extending quite a distance out into the sea, composed of huge piles of prismatic columns, which range from triangular to nonagon, are quite compact.

The old round towers, cliffs, and ruined castles, crumbling old vine-wreathed churches, scenes of pastoral loveliness, I leave with regret. We unfurl our flag to the breeze, for this is the Fourth of July. A part of the day is spent in Ireland. Late in the afternoon we embark at Larne, crossing over to Stranraer.

SCOTLAND.

SCARCELY had we left the harbor before the dim outlines of Scotland appeared above the stretch of water that lay smooth and sparkling between the two countries. The trip across was ideal in its loveliness. Erin's shores, her little patches of farmlands, a regular network of stone fences and green hedges, were scarcely out of sight ere we landed, and the exquisite scenery of the land of heath and broom charmed our eyes, as we sped on in the glory of sunset and a twilight marvelous in splendor and clearness. The sun disappeared at 8:45, but when we stopped at Glasgow at 11, there was still a broad, vivid streak in the west.

I saw the parks that skirt the river Clyde, Catlin Hill, the place where Mary Queen of Scots witnessed the defeat of her forces, and the old cathedral. Also, the statue of John Knox, whose memory the Scots love and revere, is in the necropolis, and towers above the tombs of many of earth's great men.

The river is filled with shipping of all kinds; there are deafening sounds from places where there are in process of construction ships in every stage of advancement. It was in Glasgow that Watt first demonstrated that steam could be used as a motive power, and here the first steamer in Europe was launched.

The trip from Glasgow to Oban, through the Crinan canal, to the islands of Staffa and Iona, was delightful; the weather, so often capricious, was charming; islands, lochs, bays, and inlets were at every turn, rugged, bleak, lofty, soft, and fair.

Staffa is a conglomeration of basaltic columns like the Giant's Causeway. Here I saw the noted cave of Fingal, richly tinted by the light pouring in, glorifying the columns in gorgeous tints; the moaning of spent waves rolling in, ever and forever, over the low pillars are awe-inspiring, and are strangely disturbing. There were strange, echoing sounds, as of harps, among the rocks; the hum of songs in the woods, moans and sighs. Was it Fingal's song of mourning over Moina? Odd bits and sentences from Ossian came to me: "My soul melted away in the sounds"; "The white waves tremble upon the rocks"; "There is a murmur in the heath"; "Like the last



BEN NEVIS.

THE
FEDERAL
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INVESTIGATION
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DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

sound of the wind, when it forsakes the wood." The place is alluring, but I must not tarry.

After this we went to the island of Iona, a few miles farther on. This was formerly the burial-place of Scottish kings. Macbeth and his victim, Duncan I, were interred here, and in St. Mary's Cathedral were buried many Lords of the Isles.

At Ayr I stood upon the "twa brigs" made immortal by Burns. I saw the small, two-roomed cottage, and the bed in a curtained recess, where he was born. I idled along the banks of the bonnie Doon. I saw the "auld brig" of Tam O'Shanter, and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," where Burns's parents rest 'neath the sod. There is so much to see and enjoy. A grateful people show their regard for the man who "made the language of his country classical." In this vicinity Burns wrote of his "sweet Highland Mary," and elevated the calling of the dairymaid forever after in the region—

"Where the Doon runs wimplin' clear."

From Glasgow we went through the Trosachs and made a tour of the lakes. These, like Killarney, have been so sung in song and story that it were useless for me to attempt a description. I think everything was at its best; never was a day so perfect. The sparkle of the waters, the rugged grandeur of the mountain slopes, pleasant stretches of woodland scenery, the varied greens of larches, silver birches, fir, and oaks, and the heath was in the glory of bloom. Loch Katrine, Ben Lomond, Ellen's Isle, and the thousand points that spring up in bewildering array until the eyes tire and the senses are numbed. Our route was varied; boats on the lakes, carriage-drives between them, ending at Aberfoyle, where we took the railroad for Edinburgh.

During the latter part of the drive we were told to look at the little square blocks of thin board hung on the telegraph wires. The driver said it was to protect the grouse, as they flew and were killed by the wires, unless the little reminders were there to show them they were to be avoided. I felt inclined to say something, so remarked, "They are very humane people here; they protect the birds from the wires, so they may have the pleasure of shooting them." A man in front turned, and the look I received was calculated to reduce my avoirdupois many pounds

per second. I caught my breath, and added, "I never heard, though, that a Scotchman could hit anything unless it was stationary." Of course I did not know he was a mighty hunter of birds when I spoke, but could not wither away in a minute, so had to resume my air of cheerfulness. I for the moment had forgotten I was in a country where jokes were not appreciated, but one must have something besides scenery. I simply had to be entertained in some way.

It was near sunset when we arrived at Stirling. The sun, which was dull and red in a misty west at 8:45, dyed the magnificent old castle so far above us on seemingly inaccessible bluffs.

We next arrived in Edinburgh, and saw the old castle,—

"Where, watching high the least alarms,
Thy bold, rude fortress gleams afar."

The old castle—the date of the laying of the corner-stone is unknown—is one of the most interesting in all Europe. It teems with romance, and historically is equally interesting. A deep, rocky ravine divides the city; this, now, is converted into a lovely park, where the people throng far below the rush and rumble of the noisy streets above. At the head of this ravine, perched upon the summit of a precipice, stands the old castle, from whose walls the magnificent city shows to good advantage. On a former visit I saw Queen Victoria, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. The city was in gala attire, of course. This time the Prince of Wales honored the city, and again there was joy in the "Modern Athens," though the old city is beautiful enough in every-day attire.

I went through the historic old castle, where is kept the regalia of Scotland,—crown, scepter, and sword of state. Many of the jewels are rough and uncut, but the loyal people are satisfied, for the crown encircled the heads of Robert Bruce, Queen Mary, and her son, James I.

I saw the small room where James was born,—wainscoted and ceiled with oak. A small eight-by-eight room is not our idea of a queen's bed-chamber,—but that was so long ago. I looked down into the dizzy depths where the child was lowered and taken to safer quarters.

I left the heights, going to the palace of Holyrood, grimmed

and marred with age. The main objects of interest here, also, center in the rooms occupied by the unfortunate Mary. Her bedchamber, kept as she left it, is as is the old castle, devoid of comfort and convenience. I saw upon the floor the blood-stains where Rizzio was murdered, and the roofless choir where, before the altar, Mary and Darnley were united.

And then I am back in the old St. Giles Cathedral, near the spot where John Knox is buried. See the inscription above the door of his house: "Lufe God abuf all, and ye nychtbor as yu'self." I wonder if the great reformer ever thought of the countless throngs who would read that with loving, tender remembrances of him.

From the top of Calton Hill I had one of the finest views of the surroundings. On one side is the Firth of Forth, on the other is Arthur's Seat, and in the distance are the Grampian Mountains. There were long piers, graceful ships, green valleys, heather-crowned hills, fields of barley and rye, with blue and red corn flowers. The whole effect was charming, making this, without doubt, one of the most beautiful places in all of Scotland. I enjoyed the town, the country, and the people—rugged, hale, and hearty.

I talked with an old lady one day; she was ninety-seven years old, does her work, washes and irons her clothes. No one could suit her, she said. "We are not so clever as you are, but we are content to have less and live longer," she told me, and surely she was the very picture of placid old age.

We spent one day at Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. It would take pages to describe this Caledonian Eden,—the house and grounds Scott loved so well,—or the famous old Melrose Abbey. Every window, door, archway, every angle of this exquisite example of Gothic architecture, is well worth a careful survey. It is fast crumbling, and soon there will be little left. A gray stone marks the spot where is the heart of Bruce. In an opening in the old wall above it a little bird had made its nest, and above the dry grasses and twisted branches three little heads lifted up, and with tender twitterings welcomed the mother as she hushed them with her outspread wings. Life and hope above the dead—a promise of rest—so we quietly left the mother bird, the old abbey, and found our way home, with the night around us.

HOLLAND.

A DAY'S fatiguing journey by rail, a night on a steamer fully as uncomfortable as the cars, and the strip of water between Harwich and the Hook of Holland is passed. Then we find ourselves in Holland, the quaint, the picturesque, the curious, the land of windmills and storks, the sacred sentry of the country! How shall I tell of its canals, shaded by the lindens, or the natural beauty of woods, meadows, and winding rivers, of peaked gables and turrets—of its buried cities? It is bewildering, and I can only single a few things from the kaleidoscopic array.

First of all come the hotels, which we selected as representing best the life of the Hollanders. We did not care to find inns filled with the rushing tourists, but the solid, comfortable quarters the natives seek. One in Amsterdam we were charmed with. The landlady, a veritable "Tant Sannie," rolling in her wealth and weight, both the accumulation of years, seemed delighted to honor us, showing us her treasures. The beautiful delft wares and rare old bits of furniture were as unexpected as they were priceless. Our rooms were marvels for comfort and rest. The dinners were the best since we left New York, but the breakfast was novel, if no more. There were several courses of raw meat—ham, bacon, smoked meat—but not any cooked nor to be had. We desired to see life in their way, so we must accept it. We had eggs cooked, however; the coffee was delicious, the bread and butter also, so there was no need of complaining.

Amsterdam, like Venice, is built on forests of piles. Its population of three hundred thousand people, its busy streets, and busier canals and waters, are astonishing. All kinds of shipping are carried on, from the immense ocean liners to barges and pleasure-boats in every canal, and there is one every two blocks, teeming with life and activity. Boats are everywhere, all loaded with something or other, towed up and down, some by dogs, women, or men. The men are mentioned last, for they usually seem to shirk most. It is a marvel what

loads the dogs pull. They are not kept for the music of their voices here.

Here, too, is the dear old world of painting and sculpture,—a strange commingling of the past with the present. In the galleries we see the past as Teniers, Jan Steen, and Rembrandt saw it; the busy, active, bustling life on the streets tell another story.

We went to the Isle of Marken, up the canals and locks, scarcely knowing we were being raised so many feet at each one, until we found we were on the Zuyder Zee. Then we realized, as we looked back at the canals, how low the lands are we have passed coming up, and understand the need of windmills. There lie the rich pasture-lands, once the bottom of lakes.

We turn our eyes across the sea, and note the soft, grayish blue of the water and the sky; see the wonderful blending of both. There is no perceptible line, but earth and sky and the skies and seas seem blended together, and we know why we see so much in painting; why the softer blues are in all their works. It is here forever before them, and they love to portray it.

The meadows present a busy sight now; the reapers are everywhere, in voluminous knickerbockers and wooden shoes. The men cut the hay with scythes. I saw not one single mower in all of Holland or that part of Germany we passed through. Women and children work with the men in the fields, tossing and turning the hay and drying it before stacking.

We went in raptures over the fields, where the gorgeous crimson poppies show a vivid red among the green grasses; the smell of red-topped clover drying in the fields, and the comfort-loving herds of Holsteins browsing contentedly on the same—each little herd satisfied with its strip, outlined by a shallow canal, but each little Dutch Holstein knowing its patch is as green, sweet, and luscious as that across the silvery streak; so there is no envying, no encroachment, nor longing for other pastures, but all is so peaceful, so restful, in the utter contentment in evidence, one wonders if animals imbibe the spirit of their owners. It may be so.

We saw at Marken more of the queer old costumes than anywhere else. This quaint village consists of fishermen and their

families, seemingly belonging to another century, so different are they from the people in Amsterdam.

We were at Edam, also, and saw them making the celebrated cheese, which, by the way, was as costly almost as if bought in America.

We wondered at the great Dyke of Helder as we loitered on the broad path and saw the great, gray expanse of water surging up the sloping sides. Looking on the town and country behind and many feet below the water-level, we know what it all means; how the people have triumphed, and even when winter's storms bring the waters of the North Sea in fury against the granite walls, they rejoice in their triumph over this natural enemy.

All along the canals we noticed the women doing the work of horses. One, with her husband, harnessed, and walking tandem, she in front, leading a child, bent double with the burden, pulling a heavily laden barge, was a sight not to be forgotten. Were I a poet, the Woman and the Yoke might be a theme equally as pathetic as "The Man with the Hoe," but I am not Markham, nor a painter, else I might portray it as I saw it.

At The Hague we were surprised at the busy, up-to-date life of the sweet, clean, pretty city. It seems as if everything is fresh and charming; freshly painted doors and windows, rows and rows of the neatest of little bricks. How they love and honor their young ruler, Wilhelmina!

In this gay little city we saw the latest fashions from Paris; better-dressed women than in London. Upon the streets, in more quiet places, we saw women in queer white-lace head-gear, often topped with a little dress-bonnet of the present day. They cannot all at once get rid of the old style, but are keeping along the line of progression by putting on a bonnet. It is a pity; soon there will be but little of the old picturesque loveliness left of Holland.

We saw the beauty of the tree-lined canals; the stately houses, with flowers everywhere, in windows and gardens, trailing over walls, a wealth of bloom running riot in the cool woods, with paths and seats every few yards, and people everywhere enjoying the outdoor life. How we watched the chubby children; they were so full of life and health, that it was a pleasure to see them.

From the new, busy life we turned to the galleries, wherein we saw some of the finest specimens of the Dutch school of painting, —the works of Jan Steen, Holland's Hogarth; his life of the carousals of the boers, the genius of the painstaking Dow, Vander Helst, and Rembrandt. We looked in vain for a painting by the latter, —his anatomical study, —but a custodian informed us we could not see it, as it had been removed for repairs. Whatever was wrong with the anatomical portion we know not. I trust it will be satisfactory to those who see it when it is renewed. Rembrandt will not know—so what does it matter?

We drove to the House in the Woods, the Queen's summer palace, and where the Peace Commission met. It has beautiful woods around it, and there are the omnipresent waterways, not overly sweet, for the waters move sluggishly, and they are full of water-lilies. The clouds are mirrored in the depths, and the trees bend lovingly overhead; the fishermen sit idly, holding their rods, or prop them up and nod in quiet unison with the lily leaves, swaying gently. No better place in all the world, I thought, for a meeting such as convened there. Will it be all for naught? I trust not.

We rode to Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place of The Hague, on an electric car, through an avenue that for six miles was lined with trees whose boughs met and formed a delightful shade.

A novel sight greeted us when we went to the beach,—long rows of neat little tents, furnished with chairs and tables for luncheons; the usual stalls for refreshments; countless hooded wicker chairs for people, who sit in them, well sheltered from wind and sun, chatting, sewing, reading, thoroughly enjoying life, as they know so well how to do over here.

There were numberless bathing-machines drawn up on the beach. One steps into a room, and, while disrobing, is drawn by a horse into the shallow water. The bather plunges in, and, when ready, steps into the little house on wheels, is pulled up to the dry sands, and soon emerges, having enjoyed a bath with almost as much privacy as if at home, and with no wear and tear of nerves from curious onlookers.

Leyden is so closely interwoven with the memorable siege that I will only mention it. Those who have read of the brave

burghers who heroically held out for four months, starving, yet stanch, dying by thousands, yet never faltering; not men only, but women and children, will think of them with tender memories, as we did; also, of the storm that saved these starving, plague-stricken people from the Spanish hosts. The same simple folk are seen in the half-deserted streets, and still they return thanks for deliverance, as did those after the memorable siege.



THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

DENMARK, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

AFTER leaving Holland we rested a few days in Hamburg, enjoying hours in the "Alten Weg," a lovely walk, shaded by linden trees, and driving in the city and suburbs. There were magnificent residences almost lost in a wilderness of trees, shrubs, and beautiful flowers. Going on the cars for a short distance, then Kiel was reached, and we were steaming out of the harbor, and away across the Baltic for Copenhagen.

Some guide-books had informed us we need not expect to find cab-drivers, porters, stewards, or waiters, after leaving Kiel, to understand a word of English, French, or German,—rather discouraging, but we were not to be frightened away from the Norseland. The system of serving *table d'hôte* dinners on boats and in hotels would insure immunity from starvation. If the exigencies demanded, we were two who could face an army of servants in any hotel, and would take chances on the breakfasts.

I knew there were two homesick wanderers, for an hour or more when the train stopped in Denmark's capital. A porter captured our luggage. We named the hotel; he bowed, and disappeared in the crowd. We tried to find him, in vain. The throng soon left the station; we were brave, and uncomplainingly set out to find the hotel, yet with troubled hearts, for we did not know if the pleasure of seeing our bags again would be ours. We found the hotel, and a *concièrge*, whose vocabulary, so far as we understood him, were about three words each of the three languages just mentioned. At any rate, we understood that dinner would be served soon, *à la carte*; that we must walk up to our rooms on the fourth floor; all of which consumed some time. When we entered, our luggage was in conspicuous places about the large room; two dainty beds, an equally dainty maid turning down the sheets, who insisted, by pantomime, in helping us unpack. Everything seemed easy after that, and we had many a laugh, later, over the lonely, lost sort of feelings which neither would acknowledge at the time. It is wonderful what may be accomplished by signs. I know we slept well in the hotel, which once had been a palace; which, too, was unlike any hotel I had ever seen, and that without guide or courier we traveled wheresoever

we wished, as indifferent, after that first experience, as if we were in our own country.

At the outset we had decided not to worry over anything that might seem to go wrong, to have an abiding faith in our own resources and each other. It proved a wonderful source of comfort. If we had the faintest doubt as to the result of any scheme



OLD NORWEGIAN CHURCH.

proposed, it was never mentioned until the mentioning was unnecessary.

We were surprised at the castles, palaces, and extensive parks and electric cars. I try now to recall some words in bold letters, such as "Kocsirendezökuel," "Vegallomasokon," and "Nicht-hinoresbengen," which might mean anything; but probably said,

"Do not spit upon the floor," and "Get off only when we choose to stop,"—this being the rule, invariably, east of the Atlantic. The cars have their stopping-places; neither conductors nor motormen become crossed-eyed looking out for passengers in the Old World. It is pretty hard on ignorant, footsore travelers to walk blocks in order to find a stopping-place to board a car, which goes by the desired place, perhaps one block away, if one does not know the town or street; or to be carried a number of blocks in another direction than the one desired. All these things astonish me, for in our country street-cars are supposed to run for the accommodation of the public; here the public gratefully contribute pennies for the pleasure of riding an extra block or two, though they know they must walk back.

Norway has been a succession of surprises from the beginning to the end. I was astonished to see the advanced state of civilization. We have heard of the Land of the Midnight Sun, the Land of Foss and Fell, of lovely valleys and fertile plains, and think mostly of these in reading of Norway. I was not quite prepared to see the telephones at every turn, and at less than half the price at home. I saw here the speaking and ear trumpet combined into one, attached to a long cord moved and used so much more easily than those we are accustomed to use. I saw a girl in a dainty pink gown, sitting leaning back in her chair with an instrument pressed to her ear, saying something at the other part of the curious apparatus. It was some time before I knew that it was the up-to-date "hello girl," away up here in the land of the vikings.

Their telegraphic system is perfect, and is universal all over the country, even throughout the less-frequented mountain regions. A message of ten words may be sent to any part of Norway for twelve and a half cents. Boys deliver messages on wheels. Automobile carts carry packages from firms to purchasers. I fancy there are no better cyclists in the world than those we saw through the country. The hills seem nothing to either men or women.

The hay and grain crops were being harvested in all the larger fields by American reapers,—very different from the slow style of cutting with a scythe, as they were in Holland. They have an odd way of drying the hay. They put up long lines of posts

with wires or poles attached. The hay is strung on the wires, much as clothes are on a line and left to dry in the sun.

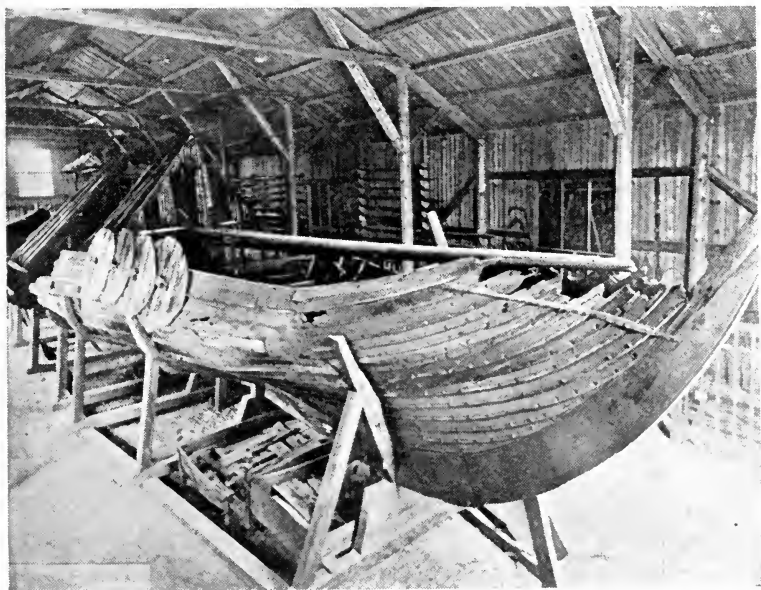
I wondered greatly, in going through the different fiords, at the number of wires strung from the high mountains down to the water's edge, until I found out that they were used to convey hay grown on the level plateaus above to the little valleys below, that it might dry and then be transported by boats at will. I could not understand how it was done, but two little boys at play near a landing gave me an idea. They tied a string to the top of a small boulder, attached it to the ground a few feet distant, tied up a few wisps of grass, fastened a wire to each, bent one end of the wire, put the hook over the string, and the boy on the top of the rock sent the grass to the boy in the valley. It was mimic play, yet real enough to understand. The herds are driven to the higher altitudes in summer, and the butter, milk, and cheese are sent down in the same manner,—an easy mode of transportation.

I want to do justice to each and every country of which I write, so I advise all who come up here, if they have a desire to travel by night, not to do it. I shall never forget my experience in the sleeping-cars this side of the Atlantic. It was between Copenhagen and Christiania. Besides, we were curious to know what they were like, and we were satisfied. There are no mattresses, and the seats have sheets and a blanket spread over them; you get a cushion for a pillow, and the bed is made. The whole train was thus prepared while we enjoyed a twenty-minute dinner. There is but one toilet-room to each car, possessing, as a rule, no water, towels, or mirrors,—nothing whatever for comfort; so there is no need of extra rooms.

The resources one is capable of can never be known until tested, but we survived, and arrived at Christiania, feeling well enough to enjoy our first glimpse of the city. It was so beautiful that we were captivated at once. As the train sped along the sloping hills surrounding a portion of the city, we had a magnificent view of the picturesque valley and the fiord,—a beautiful sheet of water, dotted everywhere by islands. The water is crisp, bright, and sparkling, with a smell of the salt seas, sixty miles distant, mingling with the odors of the pine and spruce trees. We enjoyed our stay, as there was much of interest at every turn. We

visited some of the old churches and cottages representing the old Norwegian life from the viking period.

From Hølemskollen, a resort some seventeen hundred feet above the city and reached by electric cars, we found out much in regard to the way people enjoy themselves. The wealthy class build cozy summer homes on the sloping sides of the mountains, and revel in the delightful air. The cities and bathing-resorts found everywhere about the lake are easily reached



THE OLD VIKING SHIP.

by the cars. The people literally live out of doors. There are restaurants everywhere. The popular bathing-hours are from six to eight in the evening. The waters are warm, the air balmy and mild, and the people seem to stay up all night. Their summer is short, so they try to enjoy every moment. Countless boats constantly ply the waters, filled with people. Bands of music are numerous. Roads and woods are alive with pleasure-seekers, whole families enjoying life to the fullest. It was a peaceful,

happy, restful time, and, though we were strangers, and alone, we felt the influence, and it did us good.

We visited the King's villa, prettily situated on a wooded knoll, and were allowed, with many others, to wander at will through the rooms, filled with articles of marble, bronze, china, paintings, etc. Surely the people are to be trusted. Nothing was locked. A request not to handle was obeyed to the letter. When the swarms of relic-hunters come here, I wonder if the law of order and decency will be so well observed.

We visited the old viking ship, the model of which I saw at the Chicago Exposition. It was so torn and old, it must have been a task to reproduce it. We saw the bones of the old chief found in it, and thought it a pity, even though in the interest of science, the remains could not have been left as they were found. My mind wandered back to that grand burial scene a thousand years ago, of the voyages the chief had made in this boat. Perhaps he was one of the discoverers of America. He may have known and found it long before Columbus rediscovered it. At least, in his wanderings, he had brought back a peacock, then unknown here, and though horses and dogs were slain and buried with him with precious stuffs, the bird alone was placed in the ship and sealed up with him in the sepulcher. There is something so beautiful and touching in the thought of his desire to be buried in the stanch old oaken ship, his oars and chieftain's chair with him, and the prow pointing seaward, all in readiness for Odin's call to sail out and away on the beautiful sea. A wave of infinite regret thrilled me that it was all for naught. An old shed holds the boat, the museum the bones, and so the restless world moves, for it is all done in the interest of science. Who shall gain say it?

We went by rail from Christiania to Skein, choosing this route that we might go up the locks, the grandest, the most stupendous, we were told, in Europe. There were sixteen in number, I think. I only know we took the steamer and sailed on peacefully for a time until we came to them, and, looking up the hills at a series of steps could not believe our boat had to go that way. It was only after being raised from one to another, a distance of one hundred and seventy-eight feet, that I could realize something of the undertaking. They are blasted out of solid rock and faced

with heavy stone. It looked frightful to see the terrific rush of waters, as we passed from one to the other. One could not help but shudder while the raging blue-green water of the Vrangfös, confined deep within the narrow gorge, dashed with tremendous force against the gates. Many got off the boat and walked up the steep pathway. We stood by the captain and the ship, saw all the wonderful mechanism, and are alive to tell the story.



BANDAK CANAL AND VRANGFÖS.

After the locks, we went on all the rest of the day, winding through lakes, through narrow passes where the steamer barely had room to turn. There were islands everywhere, clothed in verdure to the very water's brim.

About ten o'clock in the evening we stopped at a freight station. I wondered why the moon had not shown up. Some one spoke, and I turned and saw above the hills a part of the big round globe peering through the dusky trees crowning the heights. A few rays of silvery light gleamed on the lake. The darkness

was mellowed off into soft shades. A dreamy silence hung about us as we looked and waited in utter astonishment. Something was wrong with the moon that night. For a minute or two we saw her peep through the forest, then sink back while we waited vainly for the reappearance; but no, so low she hung in the heavens, that, veering westward, the hills shut her from view, and we went on in the stillness of night, feeling that a sight of the midnight sun could not have impressed us as did that solemn moment when day and night were wedded.

An opaline light that had the radiance of early dawn, with the deeper shades of night mixed and intermingled into such wonderful beauty resting on the mountain tops, touched my soul, dimming my eyes, like some tender, wailing notes that had come to me away off here, in this strange Norseland, from the heart of an organ in an old church, a day or so previous. Some one had strayed into the quiet place, and the music that made the heart-strings quiver was the sweetest, yet most pathetic, a wanderer in far-away places could ever hear—the sobbing melody of “Home, Sweet Home.”

Then, as now, words were inadequate to describe the loveliness, as we sail on in silence until we arrive at Dalen, near midnight, which was no night. Even though the moon failed to reappear, it was not needed, for the evening's light shone through the drawn curtains ere sleep stole my weary senses, but the recollections and strangeness of those hours will not forsake me.

We had taken circular tickets through the Telemarken district from Christiania, but after arriving at Dalen found we would have to retrace our journey through the locks. Going backward or retracing steps was not to our liking when so much unseen was beckoning us on. Therefore, we decided on the chances of getting a rebate on our tickets, and in half an hour's time had completed all arrangements for a three days' drive over the Haukelid Mountains and on to the Hardranger Fiord. We secured a native vehicle—the Stolskjaerre, a horse and Skydsgut, meaning the driver—and were ready for unknown regions. The idea of starting with one horse alarmed me somewhat, but the proprietor said, “You have one of the best horses we have.” As we had made up our minds to go after every one else, and all the vehicles but this was engaged and gone, we were not to be de-

tered, so we started, with our driver seated behind, the lines between us. It was the very queerest outfit we had ever seen. The brakes, instead of being in front of the wheels, were at the rear. There were no traces, the vehicle being pulled by the shafts. I should have to know more about harness, as planned



VIEW ON ROAD NEAR TOKKA RIVER.

and built in Norway, to say more. Our driver was a lad of eighteen years, perhaps, who knew two words we could understand. He knew more before the journey was finished.

We left Dalen for Odde, with no knowledge of what we were to undergo. There must have been something in the air. The spirit of the old vikings inspired us, perhaps, and the end justi-

fied the undertaking. There could never have been more perfect days, or days of wonder and delight. We had heard it was safe to travel and well worth all the trouble, and so we found it.

Immediately after leaving Dalen, we entered the gorge of the Tokka River and began the ascent of the mountains. All of that day we went onward and upward, a succession of most magnificent views unfolding at every turn. There were abrupt declivities, awe-inspiring precipices, the great river pent up in narrow, rocky channels, one mass of foam spanned with rainbows, or falling from tremendous height one solid sheet of pure, bright water. Then it would be lost in some deep, blue lake, only to reappear as we went on, vigorous and headstrong as ever. Where could all this vast water come from? We knew later on. Our sturdy, stocky horse went on easily over high grades on a road that was a dream as it went zigzagging over the hills, following the river, a smooth white line, no dust, no stones or ruts. It was more like a sanded floor than a mountain road. The driver paused on a steep grade and made his speech. "Valkin? Oh, yaas!" The intonations were so musical, pleading, and full of pathos, looking from us to the beast. It would have put new life in the legs of a centenarian. So we obeyed cheerfully when asked, — in fact, often got out and walked for the pleasure of it when not necessary.

Our start was made so late in the day, that it was four o'clock before we reached Börte for luncheon. We were upon the verge of starvation. A piece of bread and an egg was not a very hearty breakfast. Our driver walked nearly the whole distance and gathered wild strawberries, which rather increased the pangs of hunger. He culled sweet wayside flowers for us and did all in his power to make the day one of pleasure.

Now and then we passed a few Norwegian huts which attracted our attention. They were built of logs, the roofs covered with sod, which is placed upon pieces of birch-bark. Small trees grow on some, and grass and waving grain covered them all; truly roof-gardening in nature's own way.

I tried to make the lad understand that starvation's pangs assailed me, endeavored to have him go and ask for "brod," but he would not hear, always and ever the word "Börte" came; whether the unknown place was at the end of the one hundred

miles, or if we had been brought up there to perish from hunger, I knew not. At last, as hope died away, a house or two at the upper end of a long lake we were skirting blessed our eyes. "Börte," with a glad wave of his hand. "Brod?" I gasped. "Yaas." And never was a meal more thoroughly enjoyed.

After a rest we resumed our journey along the pretty Börtevand lakes for some distance, then up steeper grades, until nine o'clock in the evening we stopped at Grungedal. We dined and retired, but the sun was still shining.

All of the following day, as we went on, the scenery became more wild and rugged, the snow nearer; but the road was always the same—in the whole of the one hundred and seventeen miles there was not one rod of it bad or rough—and this road, that cost millions of dollars, is used for about two months in the year, and all for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers.

We soon found we were beyond the timber line, and in the region of eternal snow. The mountains seem crumbling to pieces. I never saw such masses of rock tossed and tumbled in great heaps. All along the road we could see fresh, yellow spots where the great flakes had recently broken from the cliffs and were piled up beside the road. At times it seemed as if a jar would send others down, and we would look up in shuddering terror.

The first patch of snow near the road inspired me with the desire for a snowball, but as it was not the time for "valkin," I was not permitted to walk. The driver pointed on, so I humored him. Why not? We saw he had a big knife belted on under his coat, so were quite obedient. A few miles on, and we understood, for the snow lay in banks fifteen and twenty feet high on either side of the road. There were immense fields of it, with rivers gushing from tunnels underneath them, looking as if they were ready to slide down and engulf us.

We went on for hours in this desolate region of perpetual snow, no tree or shrub in sight, but a sort of turf and green grass showing in warm nooks. Bleak, wind-swept cliffs, and still, deep waters, where great cakes of ice and snow had broken off and floated like miniature icebergs; there were waterfalls coming down with tremendous force everywhere, but always a bridge, tunnel, or culvert was made in that marvelous road for

the streams. There was no washing away or wet spots, save in one place the embryo glacier had encroached upon the roadbed, and we walked for half a mile on smooth, beaten 'snow and ice.

We loitered by the gushing streams, and were not interfered with, had battles with snowballs and frolicked to our hearts' content, until the driver conceived the idea we must take the lead. We demurred, but to no use. He took us forcibly by the arms, put us in front of the horse and said his one word again. So we went on. There was an awful-looking field of snow above us. I had seen it for some time, also the loose rocks and earth, showing a landslide on the surface from the frowning cliffs overhead. I said to my companion, "He is either afraid and wants us to try it first, or fears something might happen us if left behind. He could not leave the horse to come back, so let us go on." A sudden turn in the road, and a wall of snow and ice barred the way. A path dimly outlined lay over it; to the left, a deep ravine; to the right, a hole leading in and under the snow. There was no way to go save in that dreadful, dark tunnel. We knew then what the boy meant. Had we been left behind we would never have tried it. He placed our hands on the back of the vehicle, said something to the horse, and in we went. It was terrible for a little while. Utter darkness prevailed. Water streamed down upon us and splashed underfoot. The opening was so low we could not have had room to sit upright on the seat. That was why we had to walk, or trot, rather, to keep up, for we dared not loosen our grip on that bar. Very soon light appeared and we emerged breathless out of that dreadful place. There were two women who were glad, our laughter rather forced for a while, for it was desolate and terrifying in the extreme. We were glad to go out in the warm sunshine—to have the driver once again in his seat chirrup to the horse, to feel the summit had been reached and passed. Napoleon crossing the Alps! What was that compared to our experience? He had a whole army to back him; we were alone.

We reached Röldal that night, going from the wild Dyrskar Pass in an incredibly short time. The descent was steeper than the Shasta route, winding back and forth much like it, only the road is more tortuous, winding around knolls in loops.

We looked upward as we neared the valley and counted seven distinct roads. We could hardly believe it was only the curves in the road we were on. The driver stood upon the brake-bar all the way down, while the horse flew down that grade at a pace I should not care to see again or experience. Never were hotel, dinner, and bed more welcome than those we found at the end of the day's journey.



TUNNEL ON DYRSKAR PASS.

Soon after breakfast the next morning we were on the road again, leaving the valley after a mile or two, going up a steep grade until we were once again among snow-patches on a high plateau. We saw a large herd of reindeer, showing clearly in the morning light. The views were magnificent.

Soon the Folgefond Glacier appeared in sight. All day it was the same, amid scenery of the grandest, wildest character, through narrow gorges and valleys looking more like gigantic clefts, so high were the mountains on either side. Those same peaks seemed crumbling and ready to fall. I would not attempt to say how often we held our breath as we went under some overhanging rocks ready to tumble. Hamlet said something about rottenness in Denmark. He would have made it certain if he had said Norway, and referred to the mountains. They seem literally crumbling to pieces.

I feel the poverty of words in trying to describe the remainder of the day's journey as we went by seething torrents and lakes, where the road had been blasted out of sheer walls, where workmen had to be suspended by ropes before there was a foothold to begin the work. The rush and roar of waterfalls were ever in our ears. Wherever the eye turned they poured from those vast peaks and chasms, rivaling Yosemite in height, exceeding it in volume of water. More than a hundred which would shame Vernal and Nevada Falls. I only know we were surfeited with the grandeur. Words failed us. The immensity of it all, those powerful, rushing streams, coming from miles and miles of snow lying on the mountain ranges.

Nature claims kindred with the deeper mysteries of our souls; sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thought, are touched at times, and the resources of expression fail me. I know the pleasure of those three days will never fade from memory. The grand changes of light and shade flowing, melting into each other, over those cloud-fringed towers and snowy fields, these, with the scent of flowers, odorous waysides lined with feathery birch and pine trees that came to us with the night—the night that brought rest and gladness, glad the journey was ended over the Haukelid range, that we had passed it in safety, and, more than all, glad we had the courage to undertake and come through unscathed what very few, if any, situated as we were would have dared to undertake.

One of our countrymen was thrown from a vehicle like ours, and came in with a broken arm; one carriage we passed was detained by a sick horse. In fact, we passed all the people who had left Dalen early on the day we started. Our stanch sure-

footed pony had brought us over in safety. We petted and blessed the beast, bade good by to the faithful boy, who was grateful to the verge of tears for the little present he so richly deserved; for we knew that, whether he had a passenger on the return trip or not, he would have to walk most of the way; they work so hard and wages are light.

Just how we missed the showers which came almost any hour, how the whole journey, for which we were unprepared, was made without an hour's discomfort from Christiania to Odde, can only be accounted for by a blessed providence taking care of two who were faithful in this, that we took no heed of the morrow. Sufficient unto the day was the day itself.

From Odde we went to Bergen via the Hardranger Fiord. The Norwegians never tire of the name. Its glories are the theme of poet and subject of painter, and surely it is well worth all that may be said of it. In wildness and boldness it cannot be compared to other portions we saw, but its beauties are pleasing; doubly so, after crossing the mountain ranges, to lean back in a comfortable armchair on the deck of a steamer. Mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, still, deep, solemn waters at one turn; at another, bright, cheery, sparkling little valleys and villages along the route; boats and boating parties everywhere. They almost live on the water in the warm months.

We were glad to arrive in Bergen at the end of the long day, and rest from our journey among the mountains and fiords. Bergen has her seven hills, which almost surround the town, dotted with lovely homes, covered with forests, and are very beautiful. From the summit of any one, delightful views of distant ranges of snow-clad mountains, lakes, and rivers may be had. We found the town very interesting. At the museum were relics of the Hanseatic League, which for some two hundred years monopolized the commerce of northern Europe. We walked along the quay, the oldest part of the town, where, in the Middle Ages, these Hanseatic Germans held their own in defiance of Scandinavian kings or people. There is much of its antique character left, with long lines of wooden-gable warehouses and quaint-looking sailing-boats.

We saw a pretty custom at the hotel. The small tables were prettily decorated with flowers and small flags of different

nations. A waiter came as soon as we were seated, and triumphantly placed the British flag at our table. I arose to a man—and he was the man—and said, “If you value your life, take it away. I believe in expansion, certainly. Bring the dinner, and quickly, but not with that emblem.” He probably did not understand one word in ten, but his intuitions were right. He had that flag hid, and the Stars and Stripes on my table, before I could catch my breath. So, in order to set things right, I placed the Norwegian flag beside ours. He was delighted with it and his fee. The dinner was all that was needed, so peace reigned in Bergen.

It was easy and pleasant enough going to Bergen, but getting away was different. We found there were no railroads from there to Christiania. One can scarcely go a mile in that region without encountering a lake, river, or mountain. I read somewhere that Norway consists of one huge mass of mountains cut through in all directions by valleys, gorges, passes, water, and glaciers. Surely it is true, especially when it refers to the water. There seems enough to supply the world, and still have a surplus.

The easiest route for us was a coasting-steamer, so we started, being informed it would take forty-eight hours, and that they kept within the barriers of islands the greater part of the way, so that we need not apprehend seasickness. We had a fairly good night and breakfast the next morning. Soon afterwards they put to sea, or perhaps the islands had given out, for all the rocking and plunging I had ever known were as nothing compared to this. The boat's prow was in the water, and the propeller in the air, or *vice versa*, half the time. Sick! well, it was more than that. Talk of responsive chords, and deep answering unto deep! That was bad enough, but to have a stewardess, who knew no language but her own—the Norwegians are not quick to learn languages—who brought what she considered a delicacy, a dish of fish, when we ordered a lemonade, and a glass of their favorite ale, when we wanted tea. Between paroxysms of heartrending upheavals we two would console each other, and consolation was needed. Our downy beds were simply the cushioned seats of red plush; a safeguard against falling out was a thin strip of cloth placed in front and held by a cord. The most horrible of all insect-powders, moth-balls, had been used



THE ZIGZAG ROAD ON RÖLDAL.

lavishly. The odor would kill almost anything save the moths themselves. Ye gods! Seasickness and moth-balls! A future life, anything that might be my reward after dissolution, which I rather yearned for, had no terrors for me then. Wherever the place might be, it was an "even break" that I would have company, for the limp creature on the other side of the stateroom was ready to stop at the same station. We were not anxious about the temperature. Conditions could be no worse. If there was no water, there would be no waves. Thus I consoled her.

Then we would laugh at it, or try to, but usually made a flat failure. In an interim of quiet while at a stopping-place we dressed and went on deck, determined to stay in the fresh air if possible. Scarcely had they left the wharf before the rough water was reached, and the boat rolled so that every one had to cling to something not movable. We held on to a heavy railing. A sudden lurch, and the boat went over on her side. I was thrown to the outer railing, striking against the seat so forcibly that I was fearfully bruised and barely escaped having a broken ankle. My companion was badly shaken up, also, but helped me down to our stateroom. Two sorrowful women for the next two days clung desperately to their berths until Christiania was reached, firmly resolved that they would never again believe what a ticket agent or guide-book asserted was the best or only way, but realizing what portions of the North Sea and the Skager Rack could be when they chose to be ugly.

The trip by rail from Christiania to Stockholm was pleasant; it was good to see the country from car windows once more.

I must mention a custom these "Northmen" have. At the eating stations there are no waiters to serve the food. A long table is in the center of the room, containing the food, plates, etc. Each must help himself as he pleases, sitting at small tables lining the sides of the rooms, or standing if preferred. There is a man, however, at times, to serve beer or wine, but as a rule the bottles are placed upon the tables and it is left to the conscience of those who drink to say how much he takes. The quantity of food is unquestioned, and it was strange to see the amount some people ate in a short time. The food was always good, well cooked, and cheaper than we found elsewhere. They must save something by letting people serve themselves. There

were vegetables, salads, meats in huge platters prettily garnished with wreaths of grape leaves, sprays of flowers, and maple leaves. Coffee could be had at a side-table, great dishes of wild strawberries or raspberries with pitchers of whipped cream—a novelty at eating stations, certainly, and in no place did we find the price to exceed fifty cents in our money.

I scarcely know how to describe Stockholm, the situation is so beautiful. It is well understood that for beauty of scenery and unique situation the capital of Sweden stands unrivaled. Some old ruler, several hundred years ago, realizing what a splendid location for a fortified city, said, "Since the Lord has made a gate at this spot, I will put a lock on it." So he proceeded to build and fortify the town. He was a wise man, and the lovely city sits enthroned on the everlasting hills.

The wide expanse of water surrounds it and separates it so picturesquely into islands, forming bays, inlets, and caves on all sides. One sees all manner of craft, from the large steamers to the small ferries, steam-launches, and pleasure-boats of every imaginable description.

The large lake of Malar, stretching for nearly eighty miles westward, empties into the Baltic. A short, rapid river runs through the heart of the city, keeps it sweet and clean, for it is a clean city, this capital of King Oscar. Here, as in Jerusalem of old, every man must sweep before his own door, and that by eight o'clock each morning. If he fails to keep his premises clean, the city does it cheerfully enough, but he must pay for it.

We went through the palace, and saw, besides the state apartments, what one is unaccustomed to be shown, the private apartments of the King and Queen. Once a week the King receives informally, at his palace, any and all of his subjects. They love and honor him, and seem a contented, happy people.

One of the most charming features of Stockholm are the parks and tree-lined streets throughout the city. Wherever space will permit, a stretch of green grass, flowers, and shrubs is to be seen, with seats placed at convenient distances, where one sees women knitting, caring for children, reading, or idling, as suits them best.

There are public playgrounds for children, also, where all sorts of devices are placed for their amusement, everything to make life pleasant for those who cannot afford a summer vacation.

There are free bathing-places, also, for boys and girls, on certain days. So much is done for the poorer classes and at so little expense.

In regard to the educational system, it is so good that only six per cent of the inhabitants of Sweden are unable to read, while in England there are fourteen per cent who cannot read.

We enjoyed our week in Stockholm greatly. The excursions to the different watering-places were no less delightful than the baths, finding beautiful hotels and all sorts of eating-places in unexpected places, giving evidence of patronage that makes them a success, even though many miles from the city. But there are swift means of transportation by boat, steam or electric cars.

Another Swedish institution I must speak of is called "The Smorgasbrod"—bread and butter table—which was of interest to us. At hotels and restaurants a special table is placed at one side, or in a room adjoining the dining-room. On this table are bread and butter and all manner of sliced cold meats, preserves, and pickled fish. The natives and others who travel and wish to try it take a plate, select what they wish and eat, walking or standing about the table until satisfied. But the novelty to us was, that while we thought they preferred luncheon to dinner this was only a preliminary proceeding—an appetizer—for they would seat themselves at the dining-table and eat as though they had not tasted food all day.

We went several times to the Operakallaren, the swell *café* in the opera-house, for dinner, not only because the dinners were the best we could get, but to observe the custom among the better classes, and to try it also. For myself, I could not be induced to try it often, if I cared for my meals. Why should one eat cold or pickled fish before soup, or bread, butter, cheese, salad, or omelette before beginning the real dinner? I noticed the men took something from faucets, in queer-looking silver tankards. I thought they drank their water from rather small glasses, until I learned it was Swedish corn-brandy. However, it was fun to see them crowd around the table, men and women seeming to enjoy the strange custom, trying to get up an appetite, but never a one, if I am a judge, needed it.

But more than the eating, or seeing the Smorgasbrod dainty eaters, did I enjoy the view from the beautiful frescoed dining-

room. Across the river was the Royal Palace, and the harbor filled with boats from all parts of the world, terraces of brick and stone rising to great height from the water to high cliffs on the south side. Enjoying the glorious twilight of the Northland, the combined beauties of nature and art, the varying throngs passing by, the splash of fountains, the tramp of soldiers, music from bands in the Kingsstradgarden—that was all the appetizer I needed, but custom makes all the difference.

We feel thoroughly satisfied with our visit in the Norse region, wondering at the advanced state of civilization, admiring the picturesque costumes of the peasants, a constant intermingling of the old and the new, but always something of interest, something to learn, to remember. We have interviewed the American and Russian consuls, our passports have been viséd, and we are now ready to sail for Finland and Russia, the land of steppes, nihilists, and wolves. May we escape Siberia and live to tell of our experience.

FINLAND.

WE SAILED from Stockholm late one afternoon. The city looked very beautiful as we went on past the palaces, towers, and fortifications, winding in and out among islands so thickly dotting the waters that navigation must be a serious matter in bad weather, and perhaps at all times, judging from the number of submerged hulks and wrecks we saw in passing. Many of the islands have costly residences, ranging down to villas, toy-like houses, and camps.

People swarm here in summer, and surely it must be pleasant. The waters were alive with boats of every description, filled with people visiting from one little green dot to another—or floating idly on the smooth waters. It was dreamland—wonderland—for it seemed unreal in the misty light as the sun set. The ruddy light gleamed bright on the still, blue water and across the radiant bars were silhouetted the myriads of islands, some palpitating with life, glowing in one mass of flowers, lights, and all that go to surround an ideal home; other

islands lay in the beauty of wildness and solitude, stretching on in bewildering beauty and countless thousands.

Far as the eye could see, it was the same, ever varying, ever new. We remained on the deck, entranced with the beauty of the evening, watching the colors fading from the sky, from vivid hues to dusky yellows; then through a curious pall of mist and smoke to only dull gray. There were small boats coming from the banks; at each prow a dim light like a glow-worm shone, a strange sound filled the air, a commingling of music, of winds among the trees, rippling waters, as the boat slowly glided past these little punctuation points of the Baltic Sea. There was a new moon to add to the beauty of it all, and made it seem as if Titania and all her forces were out, and it was more like dream-life as the night deepened and the slate-colored waves rolled away from the prow. The shadowy outlines of fortresses and old castles loomed overhead as we passed narrow channels whose perpendicular banks rose from the side of the steamer.

The trip across the Gulf of Bothnia to Finland was in charming contrast to that of the North Sea. We enjoyed every moment of it. There was not an hour of disagreeable weather. The sea was smooth, the air fresh and invigorating, and everybody felt well.

The amount of eating on that boat was astonishing. The odd way of serving the meals made it hard for a timid person, or one unacquainted with their ways, to get anything to eat. There was not a waiter on the boat who could speak one word of English or French, but the custom of helping one's self comes in nicely here. The first morning I was a little late, or early, I knew not which, for when I entered the dining-saloon there was no one but myself. However, I signified that I wanted something to eat, all of which was received with smiles of acquiescence, but no breakfast came. They were busy piling up food on a long table in the center of the room. Again and again I tried, but all in vain. I was getting desperate, so thought I would appeal to the captain, but just then a bell rang and people rushed in. They caught up plates and forks from that food-laden table, and such a scramble, pushing, and crowding each other to gain a desired morsel I had never seen outside

a place where troughs are required. The custom is much as the Smorgarsbord system at Stockholm, only here was added to the pickled meats hot dishes, such as eggs, omelettes, ham, etc. When each had eaten all he could, either standing or sitting at the table, a separate course of meat and vegetables was served, with whatever drink one desired. Beer seemed the favorite drink, though the natives prefer their brandy. Coffee they do not serve at breakfast, but hours either before or after, and that was why I had to wait. However, they instituted a new order of affairs, for I would not be comforted or consoled. I would, and did, have coffee with my breakfast. Fancy having people eating eggs, a cutlet, vegetables, with beer at nine o'clock in the morning! But they ate and drank at all hours. The Russians had their tea, Germans beer, Swedes and Finlanders coffee, tourists following their own customs, and other nationalities to their own liking. All meals were served in much the same style.

At dinner I saw the captain helping himself in the midst of the crowd, as eagerly desirous of a good portion as those who could not ask so easily for what was wanted. There was no favoritism, but it hardly seemed in keeping with his dignity and gilt buttons, scrambling in the throng around the help-yourself table.

We were quite pleased with Helsingfors. It is a fine, clean city, but contains nothing of particular interest to the traveler. We conversed with a native, a woman, who spoke such good English that I asked her where she learned it. "In Buffalo," she said, and added, with an intensity and fervor that astonished me, "I shall never be happy until I can go back to America." She had been there once for two years.

I learned much of their life and ways from her. She told me that the Finlanders had put on mourning when the edict went forth from Russia that they must change customs, money, etc. The Russian language is to be taught in the schools; their young men must go to Russia for a five years' training in the army. "Oh, it is barbarous," she said. "Our boys can never live there. They will all die. None can stand it five years." She said, that since the Czar had issued his edict, men and women had worn only black at theaters, all places of amusement, churches, etc.

It seemed strange to hear her talk of the sorrow and wretchedness caused by the Czar, while he figures before the whole world as a prime mover in and promoter of the Peace Commission, yet causing untold agony, unrest, and grave misapprehension among his own people. But then he is a Czar, and his ways, like providence, are past finding out. He evidently wants his subjects to thoroughly understand his laws and learn the language in school, for out of a population of two million there are but six thousand Finlanders who speak Russian.

RUSSIA.

FROM the Gulf of Finland to St. Petersburg! I recall the first view of that city, the river, and fleets at anchor, Kronstadt's granite forts, the domes, towers, and thousands of strange sights and scenes that quickened the pulses. We could only look while going slowly along, in silence; after landing, we waited until the grim officials passed judgment on our passports. Finally we were allowed to go, but soon as our hotel was reached our names were asked, our passports taken and handed over to the police. We felt we were under strict surveillance in this land of the Czar, but rather enjoyed it, and wondered if we were suspects or looked like nihilists.

We remembered some thrilling experiences in a certain book, hunted up an English library and asked for it. "Not allowed in Russia." Books or papers with anything in the slightest degree reflecting on customs or regulations do not cross the border. If a paper publishes anything derogatory to the government, however small, it is suppressed or the article blotted out. Well, we were not there to question, but to see and enjoy, and we did.

We took a drosky and drove over the city, up the Nevsky (the Broadway of St. Petersburg), past the great Kazan Church, palaces, squares, barracks, monuments, temples, and canals. From the huge golden dome of St. Isaac's the city seems to be floating like a bird in the immense body of water surrounding it.

We saw Basil Island and the great Nevsky, with barracks, etc., the Exchange, and Winter Palace, the swift, blue Neva,

spanned by innumerable bridges, many made of boats, which are removed with the first appearance of ice. On the left bank reside the court and nobility. To the right and lower down are villages of the laboring classes. What a medley we saw in the streets,—Jews, Poles, Cossacks, soldiers everywhere, gray-coated officials carrying bayonets and swords, etc.; booted and bonnetted villagers; robed priests with hats shaped like inverted brass kettles, a piece of black gauze attached to the cylindrical-formed caps hanging over the long, greasy hair braided in plaits.

While going through the church of St. Isaac's, gazing upon the wealth of porphyry, lapis lazuli, and malachite, I thought I would like to question a priest concerning some portions of the church. I could not remember the formula necessary to preface a question with. Afterwards I looked it up, and found if I wished to say "your reverence," I must use this simple word, "Vuisokopreosswaehrtshennaishi-Vladiko." As my time was limited in Russia, I was glad I did not have a day to spare for the next word.

The Hermitage and Winter Palace are simply beyond my power of description. I have seen the best, and all, of the European palaces, but nothing I have seen, nothing the imagination could picture, can compare with this in splendor and magnitude. Pictures, gold, precious stones, jewels—the richness, vastness, is inconceivable.

Then we go to the simple and plain little house of Peter the Great. We saw his boat, built by himself. From there we went to the fortress of Peter and Paul, wherein lie all the sovereigns of Russia since the founding of St. Petersburg. Innumerable sarcophagi inclose the remains. Golden crowns adorn them; candles are burning always. There are armed officials at every turn.

Then we go from the splendor of the cathedral and from the presence of those who ruled, lying now at rest, but still protected, watched, and guarded, out into the air, but still inside the walls, and we know, though we are not permitted to see, that a little farther on are the awful dungeons under the river, where so many have been tortured and died. What deaths! The horror of it. The terrible gloom makes us shudder, and we are glad

when the driver cuts viciously the tough little Cossack horse, that, answering with a vigorous kick and bound, took us quickly from the place.

The galleries, paintings, the beautiful bronzes, the churches gorgeous in gold, jewels, pillars and altars of lapis lazuli and malachite are exquisite and beyond all price, yet one thinks, in looking at all this magnificence, of Siberia, of the quarries, of the horror, the dread, the torture, and—well, perhaps the people forget, so kneel and kiss the tombs of the dead rulers as well and fervently as the feet of Christ. But I know I could not.

Other thoughts took possession of me in looking at those polished altars, those wonderful pillars which the books seem to gloat over. I think of a ruler of ninety millions of people who deems nothing of building a church that will cost several millions of dollars, yet will not spend a few thousands for a school. I know that wherever I have traveled through Russia I observed the squalid villages, and low thatched huts huddled together, but in no one of these country villages did I see a schoolhouse. I know we had a guide whose services bring him one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, who sends his boy to school. It costs him over eighty dollars a year. There are no free schools. This man, though living there, is a German, and believes in education, so must stint himself in every way to educate his son.

When the Czar went to Moscow last year to unveil the statue of Alexander II, he had eight hundred students locked up in their quarters for a week, lest harm might come to him through them, and yet, now and then, people wonder at nihilism.

We wonder why it was that the Russian baths seem to be well known all the world over, save in Russia, and why, in every instance, when we desired a bath, notice must be given two hours in advance, that they might heat up a stove with enough water to fill a tub. There is a great deal to astonish one here, but the baths and "grab-table" I described before were the most astonishing.

We had our passports returned, after paying the police something for keeping them in safety for us, and we were permitted to leave for Moscow. We liked this city Napoleon captured very much better than St. Petersburg. It spreads over a circumference of about thirty miles. There is such a pleasing negli-

gence and picturesque irregularity in its streets, its vast expanse of housetops of every conceivable style of architecture. The Moskva, rising in a morass in the province Smolenski, enters this city, to which it has given its name on the west; it flows under the Kremlin, issues again into the vast plain and unites with the Oka.

The Kremlin! I was so impatient to see the fortress, that we had been but a short time in the city ere we were within the walls. What memories clustered around this place. We climbed the tower of Ivan, where Napoleon stood with his marshals, looking over a city he thought was his, and a fairer sight is seldom vouchsafed any one. There are over four hundred churches (some say seven hundred) in this city, with their gilt and star-bespangled domes, towers, and minarets. There are domes everywhere—great golden globes, pale greens, colors of every hue and tint, with the deeper, intense indigo blue of the smaller domes always, or nearly so, covered with gold stars, but a blending and commingling of colors that, strangely enough, does not jar, but seems to harmonize.

Byzantine architecture borrowed from Constantinople is most prominent here, as all through Russia, and one marvels at the number of churches and the ingenuity displayed in their construction. Gilt chains swing from the domes, the crescent beneath the cross denoting the triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism.

The Church of our Saviour is not excelled in splendor by any in the world—a dream in cream tints looming against the blue skies. There are life-sized pictures incrusting with glittering jewels, pavements where one treads on beautiful marbles while gazing on walls that are made of jasper, alabaster, malachite, and other precious stones from Siberia, so rare and valuable that the cost is beyond imagining. No statues or figures are allowed within the Greek churches, but the people prostrate themselves before altars rich in paintings.

Then comes the Church of St. Basil with its gorgeous colorings and numerous domes representing fruits and vegetables, —a rather crazy idea of architecture, but suitable to the two idiots over whose graves the building was erected.

We saw the Cathedral of the Assumption gorgeously decorated.

This is where the Czars crown themselves, no one being deemed worthy but himself to perform the office. There were many churches gorgeous in gold and marble, the floors paved with jaspers, carnelians, and other beautiful stones.

The treasury, which is incomparable, has no display equal to it, except the Sultan's, at Constantinople. Radiant and resplendent were the robes, crowns, and scepters scintillating with jewels that greeted me in every imaginable form in this building.

The palaces, buildings, churches, etc., within the walls of the Kremlin, which occupies a radius of two miles, constitute the greatest charm of Moscow, though the city is full of interest, and is peculiar, but fascinating, never wearying.

Then there is the wonderful bell of Moscow, which weighed one hundred and ninety-three tons before the sliver of fourteen tons was broken from it.

I go for days, never tiring of its beauties, its old historical places—not so old, however. But who can think of Moscow only as it is now? Always the mind goes back to the invasion. I thought of it when we drove to the hills where Napoleon and his army first saw the city after the plains of Lithuania. It could not have been more beautiful than now. But one could well imagine the delirium of delight it must have brought them when the splendid city appeared to their longing eyes. I can well understand the feeling of the people who fired and burnt their loved homes. They have rebuilt it now, a more beautiful city than ever.

But the old Kremlin is still there, with its snowy walls, the building set in a rich frame of water and verdant foliage; above all, the famed tower, gorgeous churches, and the throngs who worship.

Such outward humility and devotion I have never seen as in these Greek churches. But again the question comes up, Is really a true devotional spirit, why this unrest and wickedness? or is it only a form, and a waiting? Will there be a millennium? and will it reach the Czar's realm?

Traveling with us a short distance through Russia was a beautiful, well-dressed young lady, who graciously gave us fruit and bonbons, then smilingly took out a jeweled case and offered us a cigarette. It was hard to refuse after the other dainties, but we did it as gently as possible. It was common to see the women

smoking in the streets, but we had not seen, until this time, ladies smoking in cars.

Coming from Warsaw with us were a party of Americans, herded by some one who tried to make them seem helpless as infants. At every station the globular gentleman was out, parading his generous proportions and evidence of knowledge in a blatant, pompous sort of way that, to one who was not paying for it, seemed ridiculous. He would point to a rye-field and assert that beyond doubt it was rye, clover, or oats, as the case might be. There were countless flocks of geese as we neared the frontier, and he announced that he had heard that they plucked the feathers from the breasts of the birds, but was not certain if they were kept for that purpose or for their eggs. Think of being brought across the ocean and illimitable plains of Russia to hear a statement of that sort.

The same man had told his party that he had a special dining-car put on for their exclusive use. It was hard on the poor man that we were not taken into his confidence, for at the first signal for dinner we were in the dining-car. The result was, that, though he had counted seats and there were enough to just fill it, he had forgotten that there were others, so he and one of the flock had to wait until we finished our dinner.

It really seems strange that bright, intelligent, wide-awake people come over here, allowing themselves to be taken hurriedly from place to place in a crowded state that cannot be comfortable or instructive; but, then, it saves a lot of thinking and planning, and many people are averse to both.

We were glad to have the last gray-coated official hand us our passports and bow us over the frontier. Much as we enjoyed some portions of Russia, we were glad to be away from the grimy drosky-drivers and others one must meet in traveling.

We are leaving the White Empire—her cities resplendent with all that wealth can bring, as well as from streets redolent with smells of cigarettes and cabbage-soup; away from the land of vodka, the bottled curse of the foolish—for foolishness and thirst are said to be found in the same head. It may be so with the natives, but no thirst could ever parch my lips sufficiently as to create a desire to assuage it with a second taste. I had asked a waiter for a glass of water, and as the pronunciation is similar,

he brought me a carafe of brandy. Few people ever drink plain water in Russia. He could not understand how any one should prefer nature's beverage to corn-brandy, so I lost caste in his eyes at once.

We saw in Russia no bleak plains or steppes, such as we had imagined, but well-timbered sections everywhere—for the government has wisely planted forests in every available space. They, however, are very primitive in agricultural notions. Men and women, mostly the latter, cut all the hay and grain with scythes, tying up the little wisps in small bundles—and how they do work all day in the hot sun, up to eight and nine o'clock in the evening. It was the same all through Poland, though soon after leaving Warsaw we noticed a change for the better. The people, crops, herds—all looked better and more content. We heard now and then a little conversation; no such sullenness as farther north. But that is all of the past. The appearance of windmills—the storks, following the women and children contentedly in the fields, or nodding approval from the housetops—the people, and costumes—bespeak the “Faderland.”

GERMANY.

WE took a good rest in Berlin, and enjoyed the shaded Unter den Linden, her beautiful streets, the gay life, which is more like Paris than any city we have seen. The streets were filled with stylish women and well-dressed men. *Cafés* and restaurants line the streets; the people seem to be eating and drinking all the time. The drives and walks are beautiful; such well-shaded paths and woods, well-swept and watered.

Everywhere women were seated at work; the everlasting knitting-needles endlessly clinking. Are there no knitting factories in Europe? I do not remember to have seen any woman reading a book.

The Thiergarten, Charlottenburg, the museums and galleries, are interesting, and the places so well known, also, that I need only mention them. Every one who has seen them knows how enjoyable they are, and I would not weary those who have not, with a lengthy description.

One of our most enjoyable days was spent at Potsdam, in the lovely grounds, and Sans Souci, which contains many relics of Frederick the Great, particularly the old windmill and other interesting objects dating from his residence there.

While in Berlin we had occasion to go to the post-office for a money-order. A few shillings had been unjustly extorted from us by some railway officials in Holland. We complained to the firm from whom we had purchased our tickets, and on our arrival in Berlin found the matter had been righted. We entered and presented the order at a window. An official with much gilt and buttons to match, took the paper and perused it at length. It was written in English. Then, although I am sure he could not read a word, he got even by pointing to another window, over which was written "post aurveisungen." There the same ceremony was repeated, and we were sent to another window, labeled "Briefausgabe"; to still another, over which was written, in bold letters, "Das rauchen ist verboten." The last, where we rested and refused "to play ball" for the remainder of the day, said "Geschlossen." At that moment an authoritative hand waved, and a voice said "Come." We went, got our money, and will never know if it was all entirely according to the Code, or if they had a gleam of humor and were having fun at our expense.

Dresden, the city on the Elbe, with her almost unrivaled collections of arts, claimed us after Berlin. We enjoyed the sweet, clean city, the miles and miles of streets, smooth as floors, washed perfectly clean, and the beautiful parks and houses. From every window, almost, gleam bright-hued flowers. The electric cars are quite numerous, as are the lights, almost superseding gas, and quite driving out here, as in most other places, the old idea of candles in one's rooms at hotels.

In the Royal Palace and Green Vault are stored the priceless treasures, jewels, and works of art dating from the Renaissance and Rococo eras, enamels, ivory carvings, and crystal cutting in bewildering array. There are statues and churches that take days to even glance at.

In the museum the pictures, wonderful in beauty and number, try one's strength and endurance. One tires of acres and neck-breaking sky-liners, however good. Some exceptions are

worth it all. Italian art, as represented in Raphael's grandly beautiful Sistine Madonna, along with many others of the golden period of Italian and Venetian art, cannot be forgotten, and pay for the otherwise weary routine.



HISTORICAL WINDMILL AT POTSDAM.

From Dresden through the Saxon Switzerland, along the Elbe past Konigstein and Lilienstine, the two fortresses which at the beginning of the Seven Years' War were compelled to surrender to the Prussian army under Frederick the Great, the scenery was magnificent, until we had crossed the Austrian frontier, where the road for the rest of the day, until we reached Vienna, lay through a rich agricultural country.

AUSTRIA.

HERE, as in every country visited, the crops were being cared for, and here, too, the greater number of harvesters were women, reaping, tying up the grain, tossing the hay about, that it might dry. Here, too, we saw women working in gravel-pits, on the railroads, mixing mortar and carrying brick for the erection of houses, walls, etc. It seemed dreadful, and somehow took away a great deal of the pleasure of the journey.

If hope is the swing in which we vibrate all our lives, I wonder if there is much of the vibration there — if in their poor lives there ever comes a gleam of something better. The cocoon feels, doubtless, the quivering of the wings that some day will unfold and the butterfly will be out free and fluttering in the warm, sweet air on those same painted wings — but is there a hope of rest in life, a feeling of aught else but stern necessity and unending labor for them this side of the grave? I think not. If the time ever existed when men worked and women merely wept, it did not find a stopping-place in these lands, where men click their spurs and swords on smooth pavements while the women — if they have time for a tear, it is dried in the blistering sun. Small matter it, or the dreadful burdens. Soldiers are needed in the army, and the army must be fed.

We were housed in a hotel under the shadow of the tall tower of St. Stephen's, in Vienna. From this old Gothic church with its curious carvings radiate a network of streets. A ring or belt of splendid boulevards marks the line of ancient fortifications, and an electric tramway takes one the entire circle, past magnificent buildings and avenues of trees, giving splendid views of charming suburbs.

In the Church of the Capuchins, which contains the burial-vault of the imperial family, we saw among the dark, dust-covered coffins the new silver caskets of the Empress and her son.

Here the picture-galleries are too large and tiresome, save only for a hasty survey, unless one has time to waste. The two new twin museums are exactly alike, save the interior decorations. The magnificence of the marbles and different polished stones are beyond description.

The Viennese love outdoor life, as well as the Berliners. The volksgarten is always crowded. It is the lordly Prater, Vienna's great park, which extends nearly four miles down the Donau Canal, a branch of the Danube. There are many buildings left since the exposition years ago, and it is still used for annual exhibitions, concerts, etc. They have wisely left it much as it was at that time, so restaurants line the well-shaded drives. There is a constant throng of people, walking, driving, riding, cycling, or sitting listening to the bands in the *café* gardens. The lilt of the lute, the whirl of the Strauss waltzes, animation, life in all its phases, may be seen in their wild and enjoyable Prater.

The grounds and gardens at Shoenbrun, the summer palace of the Emperor, are as well patronized as are the parks. What crowds of people we saw there, wandering along the countless paths, where the great trees, from forty to fifty feet in height, were trimmed into hedgerows, and as even as if only a foot in height. Then so much is left in its natural beauty, that off the walks it seems as though one wandered in primeval forests. From the top of the marble colonnade of the Gloriette we had a splendid view of the city, the suburbs, and gardens of the palace. Surely these people are blest in having so many places within and near the city where they can breathe fresh air and enjoy nature, as the parks are kept for the people and their enjoyment.

Early one morning we left Vienna, after a lengthy discussion with our cab-driver, who insisted on his fare before starting. It seems there is some police regulation regarding the payment of fares before stopping at the stations, which is as senseless as their having certain stopping-places for street-cars, causing one to walk blocks often in the pouring rain, in order to ride half the distance walked, especially if one does not know the town. Well, we refused, and when a woman says no and means it, a man usually has discretion enough to acquiesce. We were wise after all, for he took us to the wrong landing, and got his fare only when we were at the right place. At any rate, we escaped by getting hurriedly on the boat.

Rules and regulations were nothing to us. Cabmen and police were as things that are not, when we were steaming down the swift-flowing Danube. We enjoyed it immensely in the earlier

part of the day, but it was tiresome, as there is but little variety — mostly level country, until we neared Hungary.

Here there were bold bluffs and castled crags, reminding one of the Rhine, Deveny and Hamburg castles, the walls and towers up high above the broad, green river, — for, with all reverence and admiration for Strauss, the beautiful blue Danube is not blue, but a pale, thin, milky green, more lovely, if possible, though less poetic, than common blue, as the coloring is unique and different from any stream I have ever seen.

The river was low. We endured the day, hoping that at seven o'clock our journey would end, but we found out by accident that the boat would not arrive until midnight at Budapest. So, by special permission of the captain, we were allowed a stateroom, and slept until next morning. There is some arrangement between the owners of boats and hotels, and only in exceptional cases people are allowed to remain on board overnight. We were the exception, and enjoyed a good night's rest. And the following morning we felt refreshed, and ready to enjoy the city.

Buda and Pest, formerly two cities, are now united under one name. There are nearly half a million inhabitants, and the wonderful changes that have taken place in this gateway to the Orient in the past twenty years are astonishing. They never tire of telling of it, and it is not to be wondered at, for it is the most beautiful of all the cities we have seen.

The new House of Parliament is copied from the English, — only the exterior, however, as it undoubtedly has no counterpart for gold and exquisite marbles and Oriental decorations of the interior.

The streets are lined with palaces of the Hungarian nobles. We stopped in one, now turned into a hotel, on the bank of the Danube. Our landlord was a Hungarian with a Byronic face, and master of several languages. In fact, he handed us a book describing his hotel and Budapest, that he had translated into English and German. In describing the palace, this sentence struck me forcibly: "It was built on the ruins of Kings Bela IVth castle reconstructed under Mary-Theresia. But nowadays it will quite newly built." I am therefore in doubt as to whether I saw it or not. Another sentence read: "We leave the hotel in Valencia-Gosse and come to the redoute which we admire from

near." However lucid his book, he was very obliging, and made us quite comfortable, for his hotel was good and he prepared the Hungarian dishes—only known to the country—for us, and which we found very palatable.

The fruits were good—the very first we have found; for this in the truest sense has been a fruitless summer for me. But here were figs, watermelons, large bunches of ripe, purple grapes, pears and peaches, looking so homelike, but, in truth, not tasting quite so well.

The Emperor's palace, in which he must reside three months in the year, is on the Buda side, and the location high up on the terraced hill overlooking the town of Pest on the plain, with the broad, beautiful river below, is connected by innumerable bridges. The beauty of it all is well worth the trip down the Danube to see.

There is no city that has the bathing facilities we found here. There are several places in the city where sulphur water comes almost boiling-hot from the ground. Baths are established, and people swarm around the pipes, where the water flows all the time, drinking it hot, or carrying it away in bottles for home use.

Then there is the beautiful Margaret Island, that is exquisite in flowers, green grass, and forest trees. It has been known since the Romans occupied it as a fortified outpost. The baths are delightful; more than that, it is not necessary to say, for never in all my travels have I seen such an ideal place. They have an electric underground railway in Buda, and in the center of the town there are no wires overhead, which certainly adds to the beauty of the streets.

In the town forests, the park where the exposition was held, the crowds love to gather when the heat of the day is over and the night not yet begun. The drives are alive with vehicles of all sorts from the four-in-hand of the Hungarian noble to the steady family-filled carriage and one-horse fiacres.

The children in the parks are busy as bees around heaps of shining sands. I watch them, and think of days when I, too, poured sand into battered pails and built castles that no tide of forgetfulness could ever wash away. The winds seemed singing a litany among the trees. In the multitude of sounds there was quiet, and with peace and good will toward all we said adieu to Budapest.

SWITZERLAND.

BACK to Vienna. Then we were off for Innsbruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, where we stopped for a week's rest, and a more perfect week could not be imagined. The situation is unique; a long, wide, sunny valley, extending along the base of the towering grayish-white Bavarian Alps. The town is in the midst of this valley and situated on both sides of the River Inn, which runs so swiftly that we saw no craft of any kind upon it. It comes from the Engadine and seems in mad haste to lose itself in the Danube River; the valley, though it was September, was a vivid green, and glowed with sheets of blooming flowers.

We were ushered into the town with a terrific thunder storm that was so severe that a few miles before reaching our destination the train came to a standstill. It seemed as though we would be blown from the rails, the cars are so small and light, so they were wise, perhaps, in waiting until the violence of the storm had subsided before proceeding farther.

Harvesting was in full sway, and there were rows and rows of stakes driven in the ground. The bundles, or sheaves, were placed thereon to dry. It was pitiful to see the storm catch them, tearing up the stakes, tossing and scattering the sheaves in mad fury. The harvest was past, the sheaves garnered, yet in a minute's time all was desolate, and the work of a long summer as nothing. They have such little fields and worked so hard, yet it seems are never certain until the grain is housed. How different with us at home; no fear of storms, and yet our farmers complain.

We drove through the rain to our hotel, once an old schloss, situated on a hillside, and the next morning looked on a scene that was bewildering in beauty. Our balcony overhung a garden all a-tangle with vines and blossoms, while gnarled old fruit trees dropped rich, ripe apples upon the sward. Pear trees were trained along the old stone walls much as we train grape-vines. The fruit looked delicious, but I found afterwards was not very palatable.

The Inn River flowed by at the foot of the gardens. Beyond this was the valley, still farther away were the mountains in

lofty grandeur and ideal beauty; there were superb vistas one never tired of looking at. There seemed something new, from the forest-crowned foothills to the rough, rugged, snow-white peaks so nearer heaven. We had a succession of windless, sunny days. We sat on the balcony and trod in spirit those pathless fields of snow, watching the sunsets—the Alpine glow—in rich rose tints on the white peaks. We saw them in the glory of moonlight, glittering on the snow, while the valley slept in tender, pale light far below.

From the churches below us in the distance, the sound of bells came at eventide; the sweetest-sounding bells I have ever heard, save in the City of Mexico; the melody, the sweet intonations, were a prayer, a sermon, in themselves. I saw the sun rise every morning, gilding with a glorious radiance the peaks, gleaming through the blue mists hovering over the valley and river; heard the clocks chime the hour, and the answering shots from the bare-legged peasants in their quaint Tyrolean costumes, climbing up those steep declivities in quest of the wary chamois.

We went now and then down to the busy little town, wandering through streets that seemed planned solely for scenic effects. One is impressed that nature is paramount, and these people show it in every way. There were many charming places to see, but we cared for few, as we were waiting for the days to come that would try our strength; so we idled away hours in shops, in galleries, listening to the exploits of Hofer.

They like to tell of the innkeeper under whose leadership the French were driven out, and who, after being elevated to the head of the government, still wore his peasant clothes, and while occupying the palace cost the government five dollars per day for his personal expenses. What a theme for an orator, had he been a countryman of ours! There was a Judas who betrayed him, and Napoleon had him executed in 1810, but they talk of him as if it only happened a few years ago.

In an old church we saw the tomb of Maximilian, one of the finest of the German Renaissance tombs, finished in the fifteenth century. It possessed a fascination for me, this reminder of Maximilian's time, the turning-point between the mediæval and modern times. He, the "Last Knight," passed away just before

the angry billows of the sea of "reform" broke over Germany. Near his is the tomb of Hofer, in strong contrast in its simplicity; yet the two were closely bound together by ties sacred, political, and historic. These monuments conjure up a living past, and thoughts crowd thick and fast; we come out and breathe the air of those mountains "Kaiser Max" loved so well.

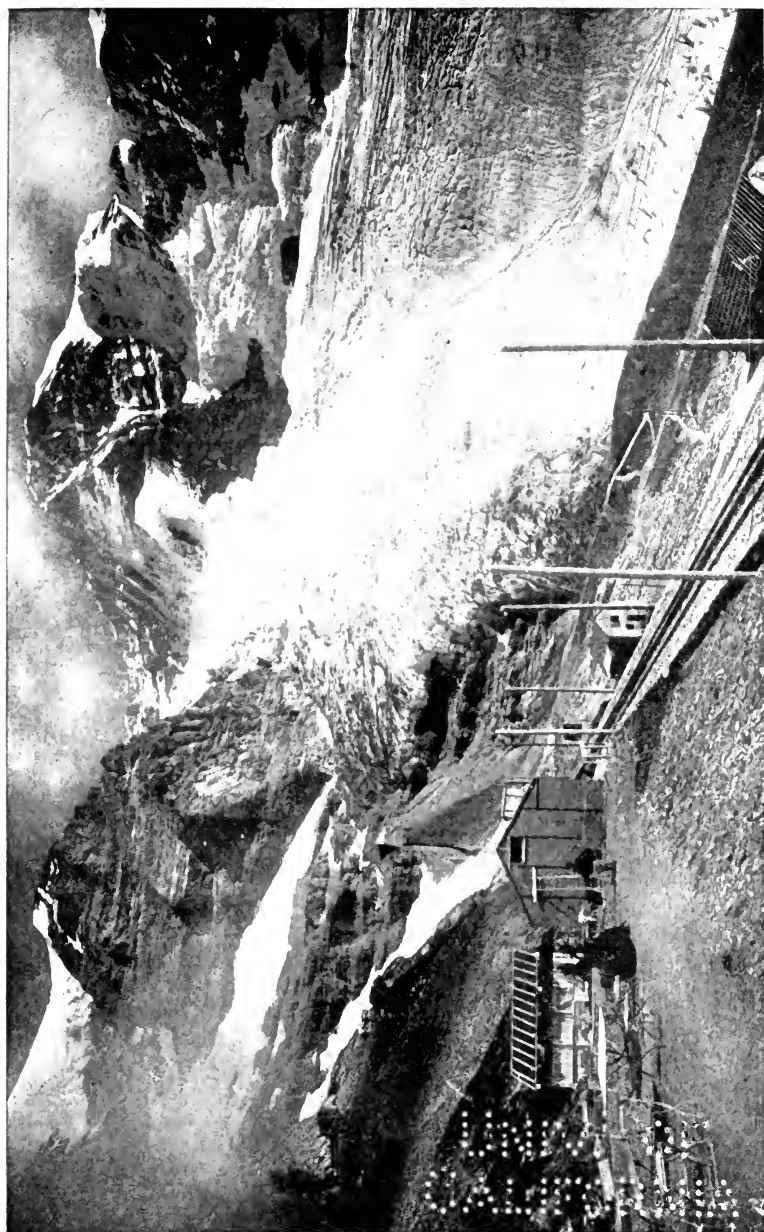
We see the simple folks busy, cheerful, and content; we go back to our inn and watch a different life, the life of the present. We hear the chatter of the English girl, wherein everything is "awfully near," or "dear," as the case may be; the varied conversation of the newly arrived, and showing it in every sentence — American girl — is amusing, for it has been weeks since we have heard scarcely a dozen words of our own language.

A party of French people is interesting, also. A pretty young widow wearing a bonnet, the veil reaching to the hem of her skirt, is rather depressing in the dining-room. We respect the length of the veil, and are quiet during meals. Life in its different phases is worth studying as it appears at the table; afterwards, also, when from our aeries we look down to a balcony beneath us and see the widow with two young ladies and a young man sitting cozily together, all smoking long, very long, cigars, and the widow's hat and veil are put away; she laughs and puffs out great clouds of smoke; her sorrow seems to disappear in the thin blue wreaths; so it ends, and so ends our week at Innsbruck.

We were not greatly interested in Zurich, so pass on to Lucerne, where we arrived late one evening. The winds were chill with the first breath of autumn, making the comforters of eiderdown a blessing in warmth and lightness, and we slept until another day broke, and the shadowy clouds drifted apart, and the peerless Righi and stern old Pilatus loomed grandly above the clear, sparkling waters.

In the dim distance, a white wraith, so indefinite as to seem unreal, showed now and then. It was some time before I realized it was an old friend of long ago, the Jungfrau. The view was enchanting; but there are so many in and around Lucerne that it is impossible to speak of them separately.

Lucerne has some two hundred thousand people, who yearly visit her walls and towers, walk the streets, lounge along the quay, listen to bands in the Kursaal, or the grand organ in the Hof-



JUNGFRAU AND EIGER GLACIER.

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kirche; or go to the glacier garden and look upon Thorwaldsen's lion in his rock-hewn niche, lying with a broken shaft in his side above the quiet water pool. Some love to wander in the past, and so stand on the old wooden bridge of the fourteenth century, the bridge Longfellow has made, or helped to make, famous, and, we, the last, almost, of the birds of passage, loiter there, too, and watch the rapid river Reuss; see the rippling shadows play and dance upon the walls. And beneath the old eaves where many, so many, have stood before us, and so many will come after, we look at the ancient walls and gates, thence to the river again, and see the long line of modern hotels that border the lake and spoil its beauty.

But the summer birds must be housed and their comfort looked after. In a town where the present is so beautiful, we may well let the past be forgotten, for Lucerne of the lake and mountains is incomparable. Her people are wise; they build and beautify to please the tourist, and the tourist responds, so money is plentiful, shops alluring, and usually kept by a class who do not observe the Sabbath. Open doors are in evidence everywhere, wares are temptingly displayed, and the traveling public attend to the rest.

We sailed around the beautiful blue lake. A continual change of scenery made the day charming and enjoyable — the luxuriant vegetation of the hills and slopes, with the higher Alps in the distance; villages everywhere, and countless *châlets* dotting the mountains, even up to the snow-line.

Lucerne, as every one knows, is noted not only for its wild and picturesque scenery, but is memorable for its association with the heroic legends of William Tell. We stopped at the chapel, marking the spot where he jumped from the boat of Gessler, and saw the fountain at Altdorf, which stands where stood the tree to which the boy was bound when the unerring shaft was sped. We saw the starting-point of the St. Gotthard railway, and much of the finest scenery along the lake shores, before it enters the tunnels and starts over the high mountains.

One day, while at Lucerne, we went with some friends to Minnie Hauk's lovely villa. She is a baroness now, and does not sing in public any more. She sang for us, and her voice is rich and sweet. She is charming as ever, and apparently so happy in her

surroundings that she does not miss the old life, and differs from Patti in this respect.

We crossed the Brunig Pass; thence up the steeper grades from Lucerne to Gisryl, the summit, — then to Meiringen, and Lake Brienz, where we took steamer to Interlaken. There had been a fall of snow the night previous, on the high mountains, and they were doubly beautiful, as they had been rather bare after the long summer. Rain, lower down, had filled the streams, and everywhere there were falls and cascades, dashing down the rocky defiles, over precipices, gliding swiftly by some dwellings — for by almost every tiny stream one sees the huts and herds, away up even to the snow-line.

Much of the romance attached to the Swiss *châlet* disappears when one visits a home where house, barn, and stables are all under one roof. There are no comfortable, sweet cottages. They are cramped and miserable, ill-smelling, unventilated, but the people have to labor hard, and the most rigid economy prevails. But this much for the people: we saw no tramps and no beggars, and that covers a multitude of smells, or sins, as you like.

Interlaken I should describe as a town of hotels and wood-carvers. The array of omnibuses at the station startles one at first, but when we think that no place in Switzerland is so tourist-haunted, we cease to wonder, — in fact, if I were called to answer a question in regard to the country, I would say that it consists of mountains, streams, and hotels. It imports tourists, exports scenery *ad lib.*, according to capacity of carrier. They build magnificent hotels. If there is a point on any peak, however inaccessible, they proceed to make it accessible by running a railroad to the top. There is nothing they will not attempt, and usually succeed in, to make it delightful for pleasure-loving people. This has especial reference to the road they are pushing to completion up that great, beautiful mountain, the Jungfrau.

We went one morning by rail to the beautiful Lauterbrunnen Valley, which is literally a valley of springs, past the lovely Staubbach falls. But falls were everywhere, coming downward in chaos, in curves, in leaps, water storming against obstacles, foamy white masses, bolting down in a sort of mad joy of utter

strength, to quiet down when the river was reached and ripple sweetly along the verdant banks.

We changed to a rack and pinion railway, whose cars are built for steep grades, and the engines, each and every one, I remarked, had its back up and head low down to the rails. So we went up the steep slopes of the Jungfrau, above the valley, the falls, up through dense forests, then past those to regions of snow and ice. Again we changed to an electric road, went to the Eiger glacier, and past that through enormous tunnels, to the end of the road, on which work has been stopped for the season.

The snows of winter there lay deep on the ground—eternal ice and snow were around us, a gorgeous, solemn world about us. Above towered the Jungfrau, Eiger, Monch, and Matterhorn, wonderful in beauty, in the almost blinding whiteness of the fresh, new snows that covered the ground and the glaciers, save the deep crevices. We were some eight thousand feet above the lower world, and had come by magic, it seemed. We realized what these people had done; how easy it was now to attain heights before unattainable, save for the few. In a year or two more, electricity will reach the desired point, and the summit of the Jungfrau be as easily reached as the meadows below.

We went down the slopes on the other side of the mountain to Grindelwald, returning through the Lüttschine, so narrow a valley that the sun is scarcely seen at all; down to more level plateaus, where the herds browse on the rich meadows, every one possessing a bell, big or little. Each cow, calf, and goat has his own sweet-sounding klinge-klänge, and the cadence comes to us soft and clear through the still atmosphere. These are unchanged, but the shrill shriek of the engines have driven out the melody of the Alpine horn, and only now and then a faint yodel comes to the ear. Steam and electricity build up in some respects, but destroy much that is sweet in others.

Berne, its clock and bears, the beautiful river Aar, came next; then Lausanne and the steep slopes of Mont Jorat, covered with vines and terraces, old walls where the grapes hang in luscious purple clusters; Vevey, Montreux, Chillon, Clarens. This is one of the most talked of corners of the globe. Rousseau, Byron, and others have made it famous. Artists have put on canvases the loveliness hard to describe.

I yield cheerfully, and pause to rest at Geneva, which we found rather quiet now. Few tourists are coming so late in the season; many are leaving, and we are glad the rush is over. I pity people who come here next year; there will be such a crowd that it will not be half so pleasant. I am glad we did not arrive earlier, the season being virtually over. At our hotel they knew it also, and desired to make it up, it seemed, for while our rooms were reasonable, we were told we must take three meals per day in the house, or pay double for the rooms. This, being essentially unlike the European plan, suited us not at all. I asked the proprietor if tourists came to Geneva simply to eat three meals per day. He did not seem to know; but when he insisted, I told him he must have better things to eat before we could idle time away and grace his board with our presence, and in this, as in most cases, we were victorious. Fancy such a ruling when one is usually miles away from the hotel at the lunch hour.

The city is well lighted by electricity, the rapid Rhone affording the necessary power. We saw houses built along the river for laundry purposes. Saw the women here, as everywhere in Switzerland, doing the washing in the icy cold waters, down on their knees, in back-breaking attitudes, scrubbing the clothes on a board or smooth stone. No hot water at all—how they do it or clean the clothes is a mystery; but, looking at the poor creatures' hands and arms, blue and purple from cold, many with dreadful sores on their hands, it seems barbarous. They are so up to date in some things, centuries behind in others!

From Geneva we went by rail to St. Gervais; thence by diligence to Chamonix. We enjoyed the drive and views much better than by rail; but the whole distance will, in a year or so, be spanned by iron rails, and part of the charm will vanish. Tunnels and gorges will shut out much that is seen from the top of a coach.

I think no one could ever describe the sensations, the emotions, produced by the first clear, full view of Chamonix and Mont Blanc. This is the loftiest mountain in Europe; the vale written of in song and in story. Yet how little one knows of it who has not seen it. One is led up to it from one

place to another, enjoying all, each portion of Switzerland in its way, but this is the culmination of all; hope's fruition, peace and rest; things hoped for, and seen and understood at Chamonix. The great white, beautiful Thing rising up out of the worn, tired old world we had come from, pure and fresh, as if just created—it was as if the bolt had been shot back, and through the door of the heart came sights that cannot be described. There was that same silent force, solemnity, and strength accentuated, if possible, when we stood out in the cool night air and saw those heights bathed in the glory of the full moon. The giant outlines seemed nearer than in the brightness of sunset; a red light that flashed and burned from the Grand Mulets over six thousand feet up the slope, gleamed like Mars in the heavens in the dusk of the evening, and seemingly as unattainable. Everything was quiet, calm, and peaceful, so sleep was very sweet that night.

We were awakened the next morning to see the sunrise, and, wrapped in the blankets taken from the beds, for the night had been frosty, we watched the first red bars flash across those fields of snow, faint and roseate first, then a radiance vast, broadening, clearing the white vapors, so that my breath was taken with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene.

Later on we made the trip to the Mer de Glace, accompanied by a party of English people, most of whom preferred to go on foot. We chose mules, and two of the party, pitying us, perhaps, because we could not understand the joy of climbing some six thousand feet when a mule could do it better, kindly went with us. We certainly chose the better part, as the way was rocky, steep, and tortuous, nothing like the trail leading up to Glacier Point from Yosemite; but the guide insisted we were safer than on the railway, so we took him at his word; let the beasts have their own way, and arrived at Montanvert after a two hours' climb, in time for a short rest and luncheon.

Afterwards we sat on the elevated cliffs overlooking that icy sea, which to me looked much more like a river than a sea. It seemed as if we had come into full summer; a soft, sensuous haze bathed the peaks, softening the glory of noontime, sunshine, and silence. This seemed a temple of peace, vast, clear, calm; no discords jarred the harmony; the breeze came warm and mild;

even in that elevated region the sky stretched away like a beautiful sea, unspotted, cloudless, a shadowless day; a day to be remembered—one that it would be a joy to live again, and yet it is better, perhaps, not to destroy first impressions.

We walked down the cliffs and on the moraine; then the guide drew stockings over our shoes and we went on the Mer de Glace. From above it looked rather smooth, and I said I knew I could cross it alone. He laughed, and said "Impossible." I knew how impossible when once on its treacherous ice. Slippery under the hot sun, great crevasses yawning everywhere, a single misstep, and there would be no inquest, or need of a consultation of doctors to pronounce the case hopeless.

The guide put his arm around me, took my hand, and tried to force me across a crevasse. It might have been easy, but I had read of one woman who lost her life, she and the guide going down together by such foolishness; so I tore myself from his grasp, and would, perhaps, have been forced, for the fellow had been drinking something stronger than water, had not one of the party interfered. Or perhaps he wanted to frighten me, as I had boasted I could go alone. The wine of the atmosphere was in my veins; I was ready to do and dare anything while on the cliffs.

It was different down on that vast river of ice, tossed and tumbled, smoother in the center, but piled high on the sides in all manner of strange shapes. We came up from those billowy masses, in whose crevasses lurk danger, yet looking so lovely in the depths, where glow tints and colors beggaring description, and sat for hours enjoying a scene that was worth the while, the time, and trouble to see. The trip to the glacier was hard, but worth the climb.

Then we mounted our mules and went down the steep declivities, so much harder in the descent than going up. We left those awful-looking peaks and marvelous, glistening fields; "whiter than snow," the Scripture says, but never before had I understood the meaning until I saw Mont Blanc. It was light materialized and snow etherealized; on, in the delicious coolness of the afternoon breeze sighing through the forests; a faint perfume filled the air; down from the heights, where grow the lonely edelweiss, to green fields, from a day of isolation on those fields

of snow, to the life in the little village. Night closed around us, and, half dreaming, I heard the rippling water of the Arve, and there stole through the casement a low, sweet, dropping melody, a tender something of Mozart's, that soothed the tired brain, took away fatigue, and wafted me to a harbor of forgetfulness as none other could.

Chamonix, the peaceful village straggling along its one long street, is now a thing of the past. We will never forget the quiet little town on the Arve, or the great frozen rivers of ice that start from unseen heights above and reach down almost to the green valley. We looked on Mont Blanc through the big telescope that took us up step by step past the Grand Mulets on to the Observatory, following a party who were toiling up those terrible steeps, and were well content to follow them through the telescope.

We went from Chamonix in a private carriage over the Tete Noir. There were masses of white fog filling the valley and deep gorges. But now and then there would be a lifting of the curtain, and far up and up into a floating world were peaks showing above those fog-wreaths, the yellow crags piercing the blue vaults of heaven. We had glimpses of glaciers and rivers of ice in lonely, awful splendor—the solemn world of snow—a vision of isolation, of desolation, and remoteness that awed me by the majesty of it.

We found the Tete Noir road the worst we had encountered in Europe. It rained a portion of the way, but we were well protected, and so were comfortable. It cleared up about the middle of the day, giving us a good view of the Glacier du Trient, where ice is taken and sent to Paris. It appears they have a prejudice against manufactured ice, so go to infinite pains to get it from the dirty glaciers.

The descent into the Rhone Valley from there was good. Delightful windings to and fro among walnut and chestnut trees heavily laden with nuts, gave evidence of a change of climate. Past the old St. Bernard road we went down to the beautiful, fertile valley and on to Martigny, where we gladly changed to the Jura-Simplon railway, and went on past vine-clad slopes and vistas of far-off mountains, and watched the river glint and sparkle in the light of the setting sun. Vierge came, then Brieg, the end of the railroad.

It seemed we had scarcely slept before we were called to breakfast—the breakfast of the country—bread, butter, honey, and a liquid something called coffee. The female garçon was far more interested in her “tip” than in the making of coffee. We have learned, however, that outside of Germany one need not hope for coffee. Other things than the mere living to eat interest us.

Soon after daylight we were shown our seats reserved for us on the top of a diligence, and we were on the road to Italy. Forty-one miles in ten hours, at an altitude of some seven thousand feet, was mapped out for the day. It was not so fatiguing as we feared, and it certainly repaid us for the trouble, being far more enjoyable than the railroad and tunnels on other routes.

Up and up we go over the broad, beautiful road that Napoleon built one hundred years ago. We leave the Rhone Valley bathed in a soft, sensuous light, and the Bernese Alps and glaciers. There were lakes looking like magnified dewdrops in miniature valleys. Then came pictures of more desolate regions. Avalanches and storms are dreadful later in the season, and here, in the midst of this rugged, barren region, is the Hospice, similar to that of the St. Bernard. Here we paused to look through the building, and petted the great dogs, idle now, but in winter often are sent out in the terrible storms, bringing the bewildered travelers to a haven of rest and safety.

A little farther on, even before I noticed a change in the peaks and rugged hills, I felt the air had just a suspicion of warmth, which comes with the opening of spring, where winter is known, then we entered the Gorge of Gondo, rugged and wild as the Gorge of the Yellowstone, but not in coloring or beauty is there the slightest resemblance. The Diveria, in pent-up fury, dashed over a rocky bed with savage leaps and surges, threatening to bring down from those perilous, overhanging crags, acres of rock that seem to quiver and shake as the added rumble of the diligence strikes the wall. A sudden turn, and, as if by magic, the perils are over. I see the well-remembered trellised vines stretched from tree to tree; see the tints of autumn on the leaves, the great chestnuts and pale gray olives, a warm, sweet, fragrant breath of air, and now I know once again, after so many years. Italy is mine.

ITALY.

AT DOMO D' OSSOLA our route by diligence ends. On the morrow we went by rail to Lake Maggiore, stopping at Palanza. On a former visit I made the tour of the Italian lakes. In February, I remember, the daphnes and crimson camelias were in bloom here, and around Como, also, crocuses, snowdrops, and prim-roses were in evidence everywhere. Now September is nearly gone, and there is nothing to show the advent of fall except the vines, loaded with great clusters of purple grapes, and the tints on the foliage; a rich brown is on the chestnut burrs, all of which proves that in Italy, as in our own state, the meaning of the term "winter" is scarcely known.

We go by steamer across Maggiore, past the palace and terraced gardens built over a century ago by Count Borromeo on Isola Bella, the fairest of all the islands. Then came Arona,—a journey in cars crowded with people, not over-clean, not over-sweet in appearance or manners, but it was not long ere we were free from all ills and odors. Milan was reached. We asked no more.

It seemed like home—this wandering about the streets of Milan. First there were the electric cars everywhere. Where the old line of omnibuses used to start from the Duomo, the cars with clanging bells now run. There were fruit-shops, and sellers with baskets of grapes, peaches, figs, and pomegranates—only, I must add, more temptingly arranged than at home. Whether in baskets or placed on the tables, they are always with the leaves of the grape-vines, or other leaves, fresh and green, making the fruit more tempting.

The Cathedral of Milan comes first, I fancy, for each and every tourist. As seen from the roof, the many pinnacles and thousands of statues seem like a bare, white, frozen forest, made beautiful by frost-like network, and an over-abundance of ornament, flying buttresses, fruits, flowers, and cherubs. The whole is of such exquisite finish that it seems more the work of the frost king than of real hands.

Looking from this vantage-point over the Lombardy plains, level and fertile, I see this, the richest city in Italy, below me.

Away toward the west, the Simplon Mountains and Monte Rosa sparkle with eternal snow, and show, as the sun goes down, the roses from which it derives its name. There are the roads lined by the tall poplars, standing in rows like soldiers; also the mulberry trees, exclusively cultivated for rearing silk-worms. This is a rich and highly cultivated country of luxuriant vegetation, inclosed in a semi-circle of snowy Alps, with the Apennines filling a portion of the remaining horizon.

Once more down into the church, I see the great pillars, which still keep up the illusion of a forest reaching to the roof, bare and branchless. I see long shafts of light gleam through the lofty stained-glass windows, touching a sculptured angel here, falling on some pictured saint there, and glowing in mellow richness on the head of a poor old man, worn and weary, as he sat with bowed head, listening to the music that came soft and sweet from the organ. It brought comfort and warmth, and he slept; perhaps his dreams were not of his poverty or hunger, but of that peace that passeth all understanding.

And then we went to Venice—over the Lombardy plains, past villages and villas, thickly dotting the landscape. Trees were everywhere bordering the small fields or gardens. Grape-vines were planted beside them, thus occupying very little room, and were trained in graceful festoons from tree to tree. The clusters of grapes were hanging so thick they seemed purple streaks, as we sped by. Great cream-colored oxen, with black-tipped horns, do the work in the fields, instead of horses. Now and then I saw girls in picturesque costumes gathering grapes, and twining vines about the horns of those patient brown-eyed beasts.

There is a glint of gold on the fallow fields, and the breeze strikes a few of the colored leaves—the first of autumn's reaping—to the ground. There are aromatic smells in the air, and the sunshine glitters on the leaves, turning to red and yellow. Birds chirrup and flutter. The children trudge on, singing with the birds. They are poor, often wretchedly so. But it is a poetic poverty—a poverty as unlike Russia as day is from night. There is a touch of sunlight in the soul—a bit of song bubbling up from the heart—a cheerfulness, though accustomed to burdens and privations—that make life for them a sort of holiday, unknown and undreamed of in colder countries.

We pass through Cremona, which reminds us of the sweet-toned violins made there long ago; and Verona, the birthplace of Paul Veronese, — which also contains the “veritable” tomb of Juliet, — a rude sarcophagus, which I remember so well on a former visit. Then to Lago di Gardi, along whose southern shores grow oranges, lemons, and olives, past Solferino and its celebrated battle-field.

We pause at Padua, famous in its mediæval days, as now, for its university. Among the alumni of long ago were the names of Savonarola, Tasso, Petrarch, and Galileo, with many others the world has known, and been made richer by their knowledge.

Then the train runs along a bridge for two miles. There is water sparkling and crisp about us. The smell of the salt seas comes to us, and we are in Venice, ourselves and bags transferred as by magic to a gondola — and we go up that Grand Canal of which the whole world knows, and finally step from it to our hotel, where we must rest and sleep before allowing ourselves time to think further.

In Venice, and away from the soul-torturing rattle of the cobblestones, is my awakening thought. No sound of horses’ feet or metallic jangle of street-car bells, or ear-piercing whistles as used in cities, are here. My window faces the laguna and Grand Canal, and I dream hours away, *dolce far niente, mañana* — everything that breathes of absence of thought or action I encourage. This is to be the haven of rest from thought or bodily fatigue. I have dropped my anchor in a harbor of inaction, of placid content, and shall not hurry to take it up. What I shall say of Venice came to me through no effort or will of my own. I simply imbibed — absorbed it.

Venice is a paradise for lazy, gouty, or rheumatic people. There is no need of walking unless one wishes. A gondola, ridiculously cheap, is always ready. We would glide out on the quiet waters, past the Ducal Palace, that great work of Venice, past grand old churches and historical palaces, many of which are converted into hotels, while others are used for manufacturing glass, mosaics, silks, and laces. We see Desdemona’s palace, Mocenigo, where Byron lived so long, and not alone, either, if history speaks the truth. We see Browning’s house, and the Rialto, that for three hundred years was the only bridge across the Grand

Canal. There are two others now, of steel, and very much in keeping with the small, modern steamboats which ply the canal, spoiling the Venice of old, the city of the sea.



RIALTO BRIDGE, VENICE.

When we have no further excuse for laziness, we go to the piazza of St. Mark's and watch the thousands of pigeons filling the square. They flutter about us, feed from our hands, as they do always if one secures corn from the sellers, with baskets filled for that purpose.

The doves of St. Mark's! They have been written of so often, and the idea is pretty and poetic. They look timid, but are not. They are protected by the city, however, and cared for. I noticed it took a man, a broom, and cart to clear away the filth, and the man was kept very busy, too, keeping the square clean.

Then we go into the old church of St. Mark's, that has stood there in the sea for nine hundred years, the great composite pile, Byzantine, Gothic, Renaissance—a structure to suit varied tastes. We see the pictures in mosaics—a whole acre, the books say. We see gilding, bronze, and marble in bewildering confusion. Then music steals from up toward the great central dome,

and we listen, and watch the people who come to worship. I look at the myriad of sight-seeing travelers armed with red books, or escorted by guides, who busily explain the treasures, for they are thrifty, and do not wait for an intermission here. It is allowed and sanctioned, else it would not be done, but it seems horribly out of place to see a guide piloting a crowd up to the altars where people kneel at prayers. It may suit some if not all.

I saw a devout sinner in a pretty gray gown come in, cross herself, and kneel before the great altar, then begin to arrange her veil and pat her hair, all the while looking about to see the effect she produced. If no sacred thought of time and place came to her, she should, for decency, have bowed her head while kneeling there, and given thanks for being permitted to be in the house of God,—one made by hands. And to those hands and the brain that conceived the wonderful edifice, that built and planned its arches, columns, and rods of mosaics, from its tessellated floors to the vast vaulted dome—to that intellect and the giants of the past, she should have worshiped, if no other thoughts came to her.

But there were others. I saw old men and women come in feebly, the lengthened shadows of life's late afternoon showing on worn faces and bent forms. I saw tiny feet, in stockings full of holes, shuffle across the marble floor. They had not come there to be seen of men, but for peace and comfort.

And then from the dim altars out in the bright sunshine. We sat in the square and watched the crowds loiter along the arcades filled with shops and restaurants, heard the low "curroing" of the pigeons, saw the great bronze men on the clock-tower strike the hour with massive hammers on the bell, which sounds so loud and clear that it is heard all over the city. There were days spent in the churches and galleries, where is much that is good. The best of many artists are found—Titian, Tintoretto, Bellini, Paul Veronese—too many paintings to even speak of the best.

I saw them making exquisite lace—old Venetian and rose point, rococo and renaissance—in fact, a wonderful variety. One firm alone has four thousand people at work on laces, brocades, and velvets. The manager kindly took us through

the various departments. The lace-makers work about six hours a day. Their eyes will admit of no longer hours, as it is such delicate work. They get a trifle over fifteen cents per day. Yet the girls looked neat, tidy, and were happy to get the work.

We also saw them making the beautiful Venetian glassware—whole chandeliers for gas and electricity—out of the fairy-like material, yet it is strong and serviceable.

We saw everywhere old palaces now used for manufacturing purposes or depots for storing or selling bronzes, marbles, works of art, etc.

Wood-carving seems to have reached the perfection of art here. It is not a thing of the past. The exhibits of to-day are as good as those adorning churches and palaces done centuries gone by.

We went through the Doge's Palace as in duty bound, which boasts of the largest picture ever painted on canvas—Tintoretto's Paradise. I hardly know why they set store by it, save perhaps for the fact that Venetians were the first to paint pictures on canvas, and are proud of this eighty-four feet of paradise. I think Tintoretto was the only man who brought a gleam of paradise in that old building. It is but a step from those rooms to the old prison, the dreadful dungeons, the old staircase and lion's mouth, all scenes of deeds in days gone by, that even at the end of this century make one shudder.

I go out and sit in the streets on the Riva, glad to be out of the dismal place. The bright waters of the Adriatic lap the foundations. There is peace and quietness in the air; people singing, laughing, happy, and content. Yet there are some who say the world is growing worse. I thought of that peaceful village of Chamonix, where, not so very long ago, men and women were grilled and burnt alive for so-called heresy. Looking now at St. Mark's Square to the palace and prison, one cannot realize that such atrocious deeds or cruelties could ever have been perpetrated here.

I see a sunset the radiance of which gilds and illumines the city, the people, and the beautiful sea with a glory that promises even better things for the future, and I am thankful that this is the age of rest and freedom from superstition and like ills.

I remember a day when we sailed over the blue-gray lagoonas to Chioggia and saw the fishermen's fleet. I think there can be nothing so picturesque in the way of boats in the world, with their sails in all shades of yellows and brownish-reds. There are panels and painted designs in sienna and sepia, all in quiet colorings, and nothing that seems glaring or inappropriate, yet are so distinct that I fancy each boat is known as far as the eye can follow it. It looked much like a forest in autumn, so thickly they dot the waters near the island, sailing in the narrow channels, skimming over the tideless sea; sails that make artists grow wild for the joy of painting. We saw the queer nets used for fishing, and boys—veritable cherubs, clothed only in modesty, and, I was glad to see, without the wings and distorted legs as seen on canvas by "the old masters"—wading in the water with nets scooping up the oysters.

The women were washing in the streets, drying the clothes which were always fastened in some way on the front of the houses. In fact, very little work of any kind seems to be done indoors. The shoemaker plys his trade in the open air, food is cooked and put out so the contadini may purchase for a few cents his dinner which he often eats while standing. Others have a loaf stowed away somewhere, and buying a bunch of grapes, the dinner is complete.

We saw the immense barges laden with fruit and vegetables coming from the small but exceedingly fertile islands near, which supply the smaller villages as well as Venice with a great portion of all that is needed.

Then we thought it time for luncheon. I had been given cards before landing, from some hotel or restaurant, stating that the restaurant was noted for "punctuality, in helping at table, comfort in cooking, and the utmost cheapness." This cheapness and good English came at six francs. We thought we would go where they knew no English and cared little about punctuality. We found a cozy, clean place kept by a native. He was so overjoyed to have us honor him that his gesticulations were marvelous, but I found they were not in vain, for he produced some one who knew just what we wanted—oysters, clams, and the tiny red mullet not much larger than white bait, some wine in bottles covered with curiously wrought

reeds and wire, the outfit looking very artistic and better to me than the contents.

While we dallied with the luncheon, suddenly through the half-open door came a sound, faint as far-off bugles blowing, sweet and low, then louder, and the sound revealed itself to be some stringed instruments. We opened the door, and two poor, ragged old musicians stood bowing for permission to proceed. We graciously gave assent, and it seemed scarcely real, it was so wonderful, those weary, earth-worn old musicians, one almost blind, struggling to get up some sentiment of half-forgotten youth; poor old pensioners, playing for the centessimi, securing barely enough, it seemed, to keep from starvation; feeble, trembling, jangling notes—for the blind man sang snatches from operas, and in singing seemed to forget. Standing erect, his gesture savored of a past when he had sung before crowded houses, and I am sure he thought of that time and forgot he was old, an object of pity, broken with time's jarring chords, which were all wrong in the poor old throat. I lost interest in the fish just then, for I found my eyes were afloat in a salt sea of their own creation. I declared "time," and begged a respite, even though the guitars were sweet, for the old fingers had not forgotten their cunning, even if the voice had failed. So we made them happy for days to come, for I am sure they would have no thought of the morrow, or a need of it for some time. We were pleased to have heard them also with our repast, which was so different from the stereotyped affairs offered on the cards.

We looked at the great vats used for pickling fish, the corps of men, boys, and girls carrying them from point to point, but the odors were too overpowering for further knowledge.

At another place we saw immense baskets full of grapes, always carried by two men, a pole through the handle, placed on their shoulders, as I had seen it pictured since wine was first thought of. Idly we watched, and followed to see where they put them as they were unloaded from the barges. In a large warehouse were innumerable barrels of all sizes, but that was not the attraction. I saw dirty, barefooted men walking on the equally dirty stone floors, trousers rolled up to the knees, feet and legs grimy and red, as with blood. Farther in, and I saw there were others in cradle-shaped affairs, treading the grapes, the red juice

escaping through apertures. Now and then, when one was tired, he would step out on the floor, and another, who had been wandering about, would take his place. No thought of washing feet before getting in occurred to them. There is fame waiting for some one who will invent a barefoot and barelegged dummy who can tread the grapes with clean feet. If so, one might learn to like the wine of the country. They urge the water is bad here, and it is. There is never much ice, and it is unsatisfactory, but, good or bad, I shall always take it, since I have seen the foot that trod the wine-press.



VENETIAN GONDOLA.

We were two hours in returning to Venice from this busy, thrifty island, back over still, shining waters and silent lagoons. A gray haze lay over the water, and the sky was leaden with broken clouds, a gleam of yellow sunlight showing now and then. The red and brown sails, phantom-like, showed clear and distinct, some mere shadows, in the dim light. Far away were the dim Veronese Mountains; a cry comes now and then from the

dreamy distance, an echo from those far-off shores, or from the water. Is it the wraith of some old Venetian whose spirit forever haunts those winding ways, or the call of some lonely bird?

Then we pass the island of San Lazaro, on which is the Armenian Convent, where Byron studied and mastered the language in six months, when he lived among the silent brothers; past Lido, the bath-houses and restaurants, and its long line of bright lights; on to the Riva, with the lamps burning in the dark; gleaming points of color; a sudden dash of rain, and the day was done.

Most of all, I enjoyed in Venice the evenings, when the band played in the square of St. Mark's. The Venetians crowd the place, for there is no other place roomy or attractive. This square, which would be small in any other city, is more interesting, I fancy, than any other in the world.

There were idle hours spent in front of Florian's and other *cafés*, dreamily admiring St. Mark's; the columns, domes, gilt mosaics, grotesqueness and antiquity mingled and interwoven, yet not clashing. Old, crumpled, and seamed, it is an idyll of some poet materialized.

I hear the gentle lapping of the waves against the steps as the gondoliers come with their black, silent boats. A chorus faint and sweet reaches my ears from some singers coming from Lido's shores—snatches from Tasso's beautiful poems, lulling, soothing. The hum of voices comes from innumerable tables under the arcades, where families sit throughout whole evenings, taking coffee, cake, or an ice, perhaps. I saw very little wine. Men—especially young men—sat smoking and taking coffee. Save in rare instances, I saw no evidence of intoxication, as I have rarely seen, for that matter, this side of the Atlantic. One can sit for a whole evening and enjoy the music for a very few cents. Once seated and you secure what you have ordered, you are not molested; no over-zealous waiter comes for further orders unless called; yet the restaurants evidently thrive, as they employ the music.

Our last evening was spent in a gondola, going out in the brightness of the setting sun. I saw it burn on the distant foliage of the gardens and flash a rosy line of light over the smooth waters. I saw great boats go out of the stream, and sail away

over Orient seas. Our gondola breaks the placid line of light; we watch the first silvery gleam of the new moon. The dusk deepened, but, high up, the two tall pillars of St. Mark's, the winged lion, and the saint surmounting them show strong and clear in the pale, lambent twilight, while down in the narrow canals it is dark, and we see long black streaks that glide by silently. A light, like a star in the prow, bespeaks other gondolas; fresh voices come from some, others silently glide by to some heavenly tryst, or to darker abodes of sin-haunted places. For, though the waters come and go and keep the city clean, there is much, I fancy, as in the world at large, the waves cannot wash away; but of this we know not. We see the city that seems afloat in the sea, and then from somewhere we hear singing, voices soaring heavenward, as though crying to angels beyond the stars, rising triumphantly, bird-like, and cleaving the air. It was as if Israfel, the angel of song, had passed with an invisible choir over the silent city, and there was no sin or sorrow, only peace and calm for the listeners. It was only some singers in a boat at the foot of the two columns; only a night in Venice, but an evening that burnt itself into the memory, and a crescent moon that sank in the west and drew the heart with it.

It seems but a step from Venice to Florence, if one consults the map, but the journey on the railroad is different. One hundred and eighty miles is not much of a trip on ordinary roads, but a day in the cars in Italy is more tiresome than a trip from California to New York. A constant jerking from side to side was not only wearing to flesh and nerves, but I found it almost impossible to keep my hat on or a hairpin in my hair. The road was not so rough after leaving Bologna, but in a distance of some thirty miles there were forty-five tunnels.

I think the man who planned the cars in Italy must have been in league with the Evil One, knowing full well the most angelic disposition would succumb after a few trips. I know I was only saved from the crime of murder in going through the tunnels, simply because the victim I cheerfully would have sacrificed was a man. There were two, I might add, one at each end of the compartment, occupying the desirable seats by the windows. One would have his window closed; the other wished his open. Immediately after entering a tunnel the little, narrow compart-

ment became full of smoke. Such a thing as closing a window on entering, or opening one when out, to get rid of it, was not thought of, so the only thing that saved me from a crime was that they were men, and too large to throw through the window. If there is such a thing as transmigration of souls, and the chances are equal as to size and strength, I shall remember and find them in the hereafter.

Once through the tunnels and the men gone, we resumed our cheerfulness, and enjoyed the wild scenery of the Apennines. Especially enchanting were the views as we left the higher region, and neared the valley of the Arno. The bases were clothed with olives and fruit trees, vines running riot over old towers, gateways, and fine old buildings, and, whether in ruins or preservation, they looked beautiful. In the morning we had come from the strikingly bold and beautiful plains of Lombardy, the rich and well-cultivated country watered by the river Po. But we found the country near Florence in a still higher state of cultivation. Hills clothed with richest verdure; trees and vines, especially the olive trees, grew everywhere. Any little space unfit for aught else has an olive tree and a grape-vine. Heights are studied with villas half-buried in luxuriant foliage, old walls forming a picture of great beauty and full of interest. Villages are perched in the most inconceivable situations, antique, venerable-looking, rough and tumble-down in appearance, like battered swallows' nests; an air of faded grandeur and silence, a want of life and activity about some of the old places, yet soothing and restful in a way to look upon, as we sped past them and on with a glimpse in the gathering darkness of the tall Campanile and the great dome of the Cathedral—then we were in Florence.

The days sped by with wonderful rapidity in this beautifully situated city. Firenze, as the natives call it, and it seems so much softer than the name we use. The days were not all sunny, but when it rained we went to the galleries, and there are enough pictures in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries to interest one if half the days in the year were rainy, and one had nothing else to do. But few people have the time or strength to devote to these galleries, the most important in the whole world. The Pitti, though having only about five hundred pictures, has a collection unrivaled for quality. The choicest are known throughout the



CAMPANILE, FLORENCE.

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world through photographs---and artists are always there copying the beautiful pictures---some looking so thin and gaunt and so poorly clad that one is led to believe they work at starvation prices.

Pitti, a rival of the Medici, planned and built the palace, which was to be so large "that the doors of the Medici palace should serve for models for his windows." He built the massive old structure in the fourteenth century, but, as often happens, pride and envy fail, so did he and his heirs, for before it was entirely finished it became the property of the hated Medici, who afterwards built the long corridor which leads over the Ponte Vecchio---the old bridge which rivals the Rialto in its shops filled with jewelry and bric-a-brac. An open space in this bridge gives one a glimpse of the river and sky, of fine buildings, roofs and gables. The added corridor above it connects the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, but the Rialto spans the canal where flows the clear water of the Adriatic. The Ponte Vecchio is over the Arno, which is muddy as the Sacramento when at its worst. It may be rank heresy to say the Arno is shallow and muddy---the Arno sung by the poets and raved over by people who were neither poets nor painters. But truth compels me to say it; along the embankments it is anything but beautiful, but away from the borders and seen from some high eminence it looks lovely.

Thus I saw it from Fiesole, the old Etruscan city that was built on a spur of the Apennines, and flourished before Florence was thought of---so long, in fact, that its origin is lost in the dim, far-away past. Happy Fiesole, whose builders and founders are unknown. If it has been great or splendid in its dead past, there are now no traces left. Fiesole has arrived at the don't-care age, and is so peaceful and supremely happy and indolent that the air is full of it, and one imbibes it unconsciously. There is a large square with its old church, around which cluster a few houses. Small lanes radiate from the square.

There is a slight attempt at manufacturing baskets, fans, and some fancy articles in straw, but the principal occupation seems to be in asking for tribute from the passing stranger. The natives are never troubled, I notice. But higher up on the plateau in front of the Franciscan church one forgets the

beggars in the splendid and extensive view of the Vale d' Arno. Florence below, with its cupola and Campanile, standing in the valley, with the Arno winding through the city and along the public drive, the Cascine, leading through tall trees, is lost in the hills in the misty distance—is a thing of beauty, and is fair enough to merit all that has been said of it.

I linger, for the place is enchanting; balmy winds come up from the fields now rich with autumn's early tints. A murmur of rustling leaves is heard with the patter of falling nuts; an amethystine haze hovers over the sloping hills, mellowing the bright blue of the skies, unspotted, save where a few foamy, billowy masses of vapor show upon the far-away peaks. A great wave of joy and happiness fills my being, that I have been permitted to come once again to these places my heart has so longed for. Whatever the future may hold for me there will be remembrances of unclouded days; days that are written on my heart with sun-glints that nothing can wrest from me.

The streets of Florence are narrow, but clean. The town has a well-built, prosperous look. There are comparatively few beggars. There are innumerable arcades filled with splendid statuary free to all. Galleries and museums have many free days. I often saw mere children in churches and galleries. They become familiar with these works of art from infancy, and are refined and cultivated in a way, for they have a full knowledge of the works of the old masters. It is absorbed and becomes part of themselves. They take pride in their possessions, and well may they.

We visited the Monastery of San Marco, and saw, among much that was interesting, the cell and relics of Savonarola, his desk and sermons, his hair shirt, and a fragment from the pile on which he was burnt. We had seen the spot in the public square—the Piazza Della Signoria—where, in the fourteenth century, the flames consumed, in that Medici-haunted city, the body, but could not quench his undaunted soul.

In a museum we saw the collection of Arras tapestries, showing the development of this art in Tuscany. They were so beautiful that one mourns the lost art. But the manufactory was closed when the Medici dynasty came to an end, and the art of

making, or interest, ceased when the last of that illustrious family passed away.

In the Etruscan rooms we saw an old sarcophagus, so old that I will not attempt details. But, to show there is nothing new under the sun, and how closely the far-away is wedded to the present—I will say that the lid of this sarcophagus was a carved recumbent female figure resting on one arm; in the other hand was a looking-glass. There was a tray containing brushes and necessary adjuncts for finishing the toilet, rich in detail, the drapery graceful in the extreme. It is interesting in the history of costume to know the feminine fancy keeps near the border line of ages long past.

We saw the old church where Boccaccio lectured on the "Divine Comedy" in the thirteenth century; also, Santa Croce. There is no display of gilding in this church. Everything is simple, save the monuments, and they are what the traveler wishes to see. It is well there is nothing to detract from the interest centered in them. Here are the tombs of Dante, Michael Angelo, Garibaldi, Galileo, among others of the illustrious dead. The Bonaparte chapel I remember well, for it was there I saw, years ago, the Empress Eugénie and the young Napoleon whose tragic death the world mourned.

There is so much in the way of sculpture, painting, churches, and buildings of historical interest that I could not attempt to enumerate them. Besides, it is better to remember a few things and know them well than to rush about and see for the sake of seeing. A gentleman who lives in Scotland told me that it was scarcely worth while going to Venice. He had been there for two hours once, and did not care for the damp place!

The Duomo and Campanile, made of red, white, and black marbles, in delicate mosaic effects, would seem inappropriate elsewhere, but they suit Florence and the people. There is nothing jars upon one's sense of enjoyment, and the longer I live the more I learn to appreciate and believe in the fitness of things.

I shall not forget the Medici Chapel, nor those masterpieces by Michael Angelo—"Day and Night," "Twilight and Dawn,"—nor the Tribune of the Uffizi, with its masterpieces in sculpture and painting. But we turn over the leaves, close the book, and go out in the streets. We see the famous medallions of infants in

swaddling-clothes by Robbia high up on the arcades, and in the streets below see the peasant women with their *bambinos* wrapped in the same style as they were in the days of old. There is a lot of good sense in the style for babies, I fancy, for, cry as they may, they can't kick, and I saw no bow-legged children in Italy.

The books tell us the time to enjoy Tuscany is in the autumn. One might say the same of any place, for that matter. But it was especially charming while we were there, for heavy rains had settled the dust of the long summer and tempered the heat. The days after the rains were perfect, as with us after the first rains. So it was pleasant to wander outside the gates.

The country is beautiful near the city, and electric cars are here, too, in Italy, of very recent date, but useful. The roads are smooth as floors, lined with great chestnut trees, dropping the nuts with every passing breeze; children busy collecting those that had fallen. They are well tutored, evidently, for I did not see a boy in any tree. The foliage of the trees were still a deep green, in strong contrast to the pale gray of the olives. There were long lines of stone walls, neat villas, and tumble-down houses; old palaces which have the appearance—which is peculiar, and seems to run through everything in Italy—of having seen better days. But it is wonderful the effect the vines produce. They grow in graceful untidiness over the poorest hut as well as on a castle. They hang in festoons, creep up and twine lovingly over arches and balustrades, riot in perfect abandonment, in avalanches of reds, greens, and browns. It is wonderfully alluring, and it is not strange that every man in Florence who is able to purchase a small piece of ground does so, and builds a small dwelling where he can live a portion of the year—which, with them, does not, I learn, mean a summer resort, but an autumn outing. And surely they are wise, for it is far more enjoyable than in the scorching summer days, even for these indolent, sun-basking people. Yet even with the poorest of them there is always a touch of brightness in a patch of flowers, bright hued, green foliage of a grape-vine, if nothing else. Their lives are dull and hopeless in a way. Their homes may be mere hovels, huddled together and dominated, overshadowed by castle or

tower, but their natures seem to be of the sunny climate; they show it in the songs that burst from the lips of old and young, in their care for trees and vines which grow about them, and, like charity, cover a multitude of evils.

I think often of the contrast between the poor homes here and some in our state. I know of nothing more desolate, more calculated to make one long for mansions beyond the clouds, than a house in California set in a sun-baked field, with never a tree, shrub, or plant to show an idea beyond greed or hard labor. Here, where the people are so poor they have little to wear and less to eat—a hard loaf is the workman's dinner—I have seen many of them eat a bit of bread only—yet they are cheerful and are ever desirous of making the best of life, and try to bring as much of light and beauty into it as possible. Picturesque misery is applicable here in Italy.

From the terrace where stands the beautiful bronze statue of David, by Michael Angelo, I saw some pictures not catalogued, but they are older than the oldest. The coloring, arrangement, and harmony are so perfect, that the old masters loved and imitated, but never equaled, the fair environs of Florence. The river flashed brightly in the distance; a rich glow was over the hills; a mixture of light and shade softening and beautifying the whole.

There was Galileo's tower, where he lived for a time and where he used doubtless to watch the sun at morn and eve, meditating on the question of sunsets—whether the sun went down or the earth turned away, like a tired child, from the glare, for rest from toil and heat. He solved the question, but then, now and forever, the sun will set, and there is no other term for us.

The Vallambrosan hills show in the distance, as do the peaks of the Carrara Mountains. Nearer are spurs of the Apennines, rising out of a violet mist, glittering in a sky of pale primrose, the Lucca hills forming a fitting background to the picture. The ever-changing light is varying on the beautiful gardens and the fair meadows. The hum of life comes up from the streets across the river, the songs of happy children come floating up to us. Beyond is the Via Crucis, San Miniato, and the quiet cemetery where some are buried in somber cor-

ridors of the church; others under plain slabs or elaborate monuments in the grounds outside; their strength and sinews lie moldering; some in forgotten nooks. Side by side with living nature this freshness of life about us rise the walls of the old, old church, a petrification of thoughts, hopes, aspirations of the long buried and forgotten dead. What pictures to remember — scenes ineffaceable.

And then from the town and a half-dozen villages on the crags of the Apennines come to me the notes of the angelus, tremulous and sweet, so harmonious that it thrills the heart with a pleasure akin to pain. The sun was setting as I go down to the city, in an atmosphere of lambent flame, pale pink, and deepening into tones like the rich red seen in the heart of the rose, something like an Alpine glow, but warmer and threaded with golden light. The air and sky and distant hills with clustering houses and detached villas were indescribably beautiful, soft, and dreamlike. Strange how the magic coloring of a sunset enhances the beauty of a landscape, as the glamour that often makes the plainest face beautiful to the lover.

Through the gates, among the throng, stumpy little soldiers in slouchy uniforms stride by. Vegetable-venders are pushing carts filled with green things. Horses and vehicles are in astonishing confusion. Bells are jangling, poor women, world-worn and old, but still erect, carry heavy baskets on their heads. The pestilential mosaic dealer and the post-card sellers follow us with the persistency of gad-flies; milk-carts pass, filled with bottles of milk having a bit of green leaf twisted in the necks in lieu of stoppers.

Fine equipages are jammed in between dog-carts and omnibuses. Priests and cowed monks go by silently amid the wrangling crowd. Natives and foreigners are there. Then the sun's last beam strikes the tower of the Vecchio. In a moment the air darkens, and we hasten through the narrow streets to all the comforts of a home, which we find not in our hotel.

If the preceding day was perfect, so was the following morning, in the way of a perfect downpour of rain such as I have never seen in October. We left Florence for Rome at an early hour, thinking it might be only a shower, but throughout the entire day it was something terrible. The rain came down in sheets.

The hills are steep, and the country was soon flooded. Many small farms on the slopes were lately plowed, and it seemed as though they were being literally washed away. The streams ran mud. Twice we were stopped by the roadbed being washed away, and here we found again at its best or worst what the passenger-car is in Italy. The storm beat in on all sides, as the windows were made in that mysterious way that they must either remain closed tightly or slide the full length within the door. In other countries the compartment car is voted a blessing in disguise—always disguised in such a manner that the blessing is not apparent, and there is a long leather strap with holes punctured so the window may be lowered a few inches. But there is a scarcity of brass pegs or leather here, for there is not a vestige of anything of the sort in Italy. There were eight of us in one compartment, shut in so tight, we could only open a window at the expense of some one getting drenched. Between us and the other compartments the seats were cushioned far above the head when sitting. The boards above on both sides were closely joined and solid in the extreme, but, strangely enough, the roof was faulty and the water poured through. Traveling-rugs and waterproofs were brought out, and so we sat through nine hours, traveling in Italy.

Only a few days before, I had heard of an American woman who said she preferred the cars here—sleepers included—to those at home. Somebody surely is answerable for turning loose a woman of that sort; the central block of some insane asylum awaits her coming.

We saw the yellow Tiber—a raging river of mud—tearing through valleys and orchards, carrying away whole stacks of hay, the labor of long summer hours. It seems the storm was unprecedented and the people watched helplessly or tried to stop the overflow. But still the rain poured in torrents, and though we were three hours behind time, we finally reached our destination.

Our landlord, an American, had preceded us, going on a day ahead, being the proud possessor of two hotels, and as an especial inducement of our coming to this last and best hotel, he had promised to wait luncheon for us and to have a bottle on ice for our coming. We had endured the horrors of the day with pa-

tience, arriving late but still cheerful. We were driven in the teeth of the storm to the hotel. A warm grasp of the hotel hand greeted us. We ate and drank the *vin du pays*, our host praising his viands and especially the bottle that had known ice, though I thought it tasted like a siphon of soda after the gas had escaped. But then the welcome was warm—if at an inn. Why cavil at little things when hospitality was so unbounded? So we repined not. But when we settled our bill later on, the luncheon, wine, etc., were charged up to us in full! Such was our welcome, so we paid for it and the lesson. It was worth it. Something new is always worth learning.

Three weeks of ideal autumn days have been spent, in which wandering about old Rome seemed far more beautiful than in any other season. The chilly nights and cool mornings have touched the leaves, so that among the trees and vines are bright dashes of color.

The tree-lined paths, parks, and gardens are filled with fallen, rustling leaves; the days are warm, bright, and sunny, neither too hot nor too cold, and there has been none that was not charming and a delight to be out in and enjoy.

The air of mystery of the old enchanted places, the strange, brooding shadows hovering over every ruin, breathes of dead years and of a bygone past the subtle consciousness which receives it knows and feels in all its inmost depths; but when expression is demanded most of us fail, as we know how utterly impossible it is to give an idea to those who have not seen the charm and the fascination Rome possesses.

It is not all charming, however; there is much in modern Rome that would not be tolerated in any other city of its size. Her narrow streets and sunless alleys contain filth beyond one's imagining. The streets and palaces, rich in history, bring up recollections that kindle the soul; but the thousands of evil smells bring a gloom and a feeling that depresses. "Do as the Romans do," is a saying whose origin, like many other foolish saws, is either unknown or never understood. Those who have never been here could not understand it; those who have would be the last to wish to emulate the Romans.

The streets, save for a very few exceptions, are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. There are no sidewalks except narrow strips;

more often, none. The little square, uneven blocks of stone occupy the whole of the street; the people walk amid the carts, carriages, street-cars, and vehicles of all sorts, yet there seems but little confusion, and no accidents. It is partly owing to the fact that most of the horses are so overworked and so poorly fed that they have not enough spirit to run over one. The steady jog-trot, goaded on by the merciless lash, is all they are capable of. I have never in all my wanderings over the world seen such cruelty shown to beasts as here.

We avoid carriages, more especially the omnibuses, going, when possible, in the electric cars, which now happily take one about Rome to many of the most important places. I heard one gentleman deplore the fact, saying electric cars spoiled the city for him. How any one can prefer to ride behind a horse that is beaten half the time, to riding in a clean car, going without jolt or jar, swiftly through the streets, I know not. I only know that common sense need not of necessity be banished by sentimentality. I know, too, that Rome is slowly awakening to the fact that it behooves her to keep up with the times, and I am glad that it is so. And of one thing else I am sure—if I were Italy's Queen, I should start a humane society at once. History tells us that Cæsar's horses, which he had used at the passage of the Rubicon, refused food and shed tears when he fell. The horses of to-day would scarcely refuse food, but I can well imagine them shedding tears if they could.

We are located so near the *Porte del Popolo*—The Gate of the People—that I may speak of it first. What hordes and armies have camped outside the walls and entered here. From the Etruscan Mountains came the Gauls. Among the emperors came Constantine, and with him came the light of Christianity, a light that needed no Vestal Virgin to keep alive, for from that time pagan altars were doomed. Here, too, was Nero's tomb.

At the foot of the Pincian Hill, and in the center of the square, stands the old obelisk telling of unnumbered centuries. Brought here before Christ was born, its hieroglyphics tell of the time of the Rameses, and dates back over thirteen hundred years before the Christian era. Oldest of old things in Rome, one looks at it with wonder. Transported from the Nile, it was there when Moses and the Children of Israel left Egypt and began their

wanderings in the desert. If this grim old shaft could speak, it would probably echo the longings and yearnings the Children of Israel expressed for their lost Egypt.

The Corso, so famous in times gone by, leading straight from the gate and obelisk, is a long, narrow street, with nothing beyond the ordinary to mark it, save a palace now and then. The Dore Pamphili is by far the most magnificent of all the palaces in Rome, and probably the largest in the world, as this private dwelling is almost two thirds the size of St. Peter's. The shops are poor, for the modern portion of the city extends in another direction, and the best are found in wider and better streets. I saw one very large department store, however, near the end of the Corso. It was quite up to date, with an elevator, and three or more floors filled with goods. Yet in that large store we could not get a spool of sewing-silk.

Above the Piazza del Popolo is the Pincian Hill, where we go often, even though the books tell us malaria lurks amid the dark groves of cypress and ilex trees. We have heard that oft-told tale at home, and know how senseless much of it is. We fret not our hearts, but look over a city fair enough to take chances. The band plays here in the afternoons, when the crowds gather, and all of Rome drives, walks, chats, and visits. There is no distinction here, as in London. The poorest drive or walk on the Pincian along with the nobles.

These gardens, commonplace enough now, have served far different purposes in times past. What bacchanalian festivities they have seen! They were once the voluptuous gardens of Lucullus. Then came a woman who made vice alluring in her wild orgies, and her wine-press was presided over by bacchantes dressed in tiger-skins. What dances they had in the moonlit nights, with vice and folly in one continual round, until her blood was justly spilt upon the ground she had acquired by murder, the ground often made red with wine flowing from overfilled cups she had helped to drain.

One does not always think of these things, though recollection will surge up now and then. It is as well to note the life of to-day, to walk the beautiful paths and watch the fountains glitter in the sunlight, and look at the trailing vines wreathing the great trees; to see the terraces, balustrades, statues, and the

lovely flowers, and then to sit on the terrace overlooking the city and watch the sun sink low behind St. Peter's, and the long line of buildings that we know is the Vatican stretching from the huge dome. The purple mists of the evening back and beyond serve to throw them out in bold relief. The red light beyond the yellow Tiber flames brightly on the dome, and strikes grim old Castle Angelo, the tomb of a pagan emperor.

Voices come up gayly from below, for a group of young people are singing and chatting. Youth is happy everywhere. Memories of the past do not trouble these people. So it should be—youth has the best of it, for theirs is the right sense—that of laughter, and of singing the hours away. There is sadness enough



CASTLE ST. ANGELO, ROME.

depicted in the sorrowful faces of the rows of Dacian captives in carved stone lining the road leading up the Pincian, which in mockery seem to echo the light laughter.

The Piazza di Spagna, with its grand flight of steps, its old fountain and models located in picturesque attitudes, greets us daily, for this is known as the stranger's quarter. The banks are here and firms are besieged daily for mails. Near here, too, are the cars, and the square is filled always with carriages for hire. It is never hard to decide on what to do at Rome, for

there is something to see and enjoy, no matter how long one remains.

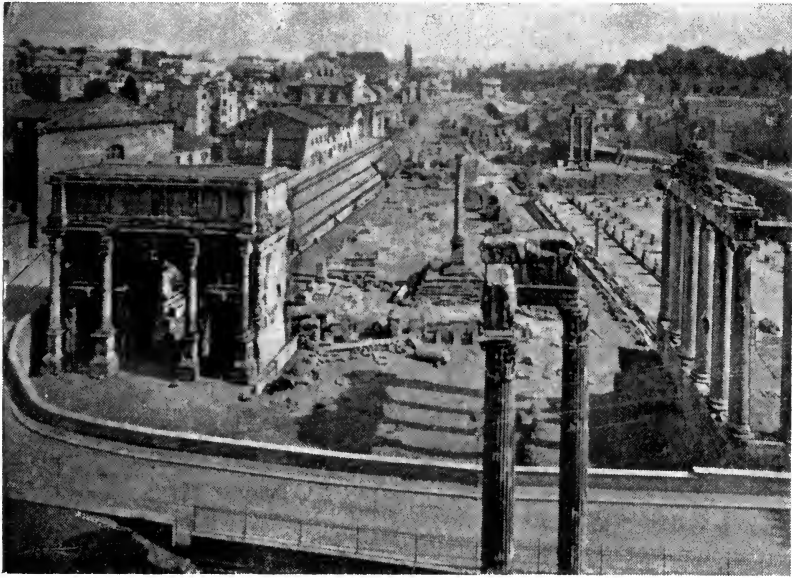
We go to the Forum and spend hours there, locating the various columns and temples; we watch the excavations, and the men collecting old bits of stone and marble, and broken pieces of sculpture for archæologists and wise men to pore over. We have all sorts of descriptions, each writer following in the footsteps of those gone before him, or else he varies to suit his taste. The guide-books change very often or tell different stories, but what does it matter? We have all read and know something about the history of the old city, and each must think his own thoughts or the thoughts of others.

Writers have spent years and years studying Rome, and some tell us it is impossible to know Rome in ten years, which makes it very discouraging. Some people live a lifetime and know nothing. I know there is a man who has lived here twenty years, who did not know that a street-car line took us near the Coliseum, or that another line ended at Santa Paola, outside the gates; yet it took us less than a week to locate all the lines and to find them.

One can see much, understand and feel with the heart—for in deep feeling there is more human truth than in a little knowledge. I am satisfied with a little history and much legend, with rough warp of fact and rich woof of old-time fancy. What care I about tracing the foundations of Nero's golden house? I can read of the dimensions, its capitals and walls incrusting with gold and mother-of-pearl. I only know it does not now exist; that it was pulled down, that enchanted palace, for the people's sake, and for their sake, also, the ashes of the dreaded monster, the matricide who dared to do everything save taking his own vile life, were scattered to the winds after a thousand years—years in which the people still feared him, as they believed his ghost still haunted the city and terrorized them. It seems the very irony of fate that after the ghost was exorcised, and the ashes scattered, the urn in which they had been placed was afterwards used as a public measure for salt in the market-place near the Capitol. History does not say that they objected to the measure or the salt.

One thinks of many things, loitering here, for thoughts steal in,

and endless recollections come and go. I have sat upon the old walls of the Forum and had my day-dreams. I have built up every temple, and have peopled those temples; have built walls that not only echoed back Cæsar's footsteps, but gave back also the sound of reproach to the man who made the name of friendship more infamous than any one since the time that knew of scariot's kiss. In my meditations I have heard Antony's ringing speech. I seem to hear the sobs of strong men who wept for Cæsar, and of those who mourned Augustus. Then I saw Pom-



FORUM, ROME.

pey, Catiline, Cicero, and Hadrian; and after these came the Gauls, Goths, and Huns, and the hordes of barbarians. One has read of them from childhood, until they seem familiar, something we have known always, and it does not seem strange that they pass and repass, an endless throng. And then a voice pleads, "Poverina, signorina, poverina." "Grazia" is breathed with a sigh of delight as I drop a soldo in the beggar's dirty palm, and the day-dream is over. What matters it whether the

dream castles were like those of long ago? They were real to me as the stars, and I am satisfied with my building. If I err in my location of columns or arches, I have at least had my enjoyment, and am satisfied. An architect can scarcely do more. As for the rest, I leave it to the archæologists. I can lean on an old wall, build and people it at will; for Rome must be enjoyed according to the disposition or fancy of each traveler.

And then I turn from the Forum and watch the life surging through the narrow streets; look into doors blackened by time and smoke, and see the cold, dirty stone floors. Men and women sit at the doors or in the street, which is as clean, and far more cheerful, oftener, than indoors, and I wonder what their life must be; a life utterly unknown even to the poorest in America, for in dark, gloomy, and damp habitations, Rome excels beyond any city of which I have any knowledge.

Still, the people seem cheerful, and are good-natured and kind. We have found much genuine kindness and politeness in shops and eating-places. I remember going into a restaurant where men were seated at different tables. We sat down, and the proprietor said something and whisked the men into another room, closed the door, and then came up smiling for our order. Just why he did it we did not know, but he seemed delighted to have us honor him. Perhaps he rarely had strangers eat there; but we have learned a good deal of life outside of hotels, and like to take luncheon wherever we happen to be at the noon hour.

One day we were in a restaurant when some soldiers, two lieutenants, I believe, came in and ordered a glass of wine each. After they were served I was astonished to see them take some packages out of their pockets. It proved to be the hard bread of the country, which they ate with the wine, and after the repast one put the remainder of the loaf back in his pocket for another time. Fancy one of our lieutenants doing that. I learn, however, that the most rigid economy must prevail, as the lieutenants get about four francs, or eighty cents, per day, while a captain gets about one dollar and a quarter, in our money. The common soldier receives two cents per day, so it is not strange that they buy a handful of roasted chestnuts, as I have seen them do, or lunch off a hard piece of bread.

The average restaurant is not remarkable for good cooking, and is nothing like the Italian restaurants in California. Cooking may be another of the lost arts, for in the time of Rome's greatest triumphs it was said that it was carried to such perfection, that a pig would be roasted on one side and boiled on the other. It may be only another myth we read of, but we are sorry these days bring us no such delicacies.

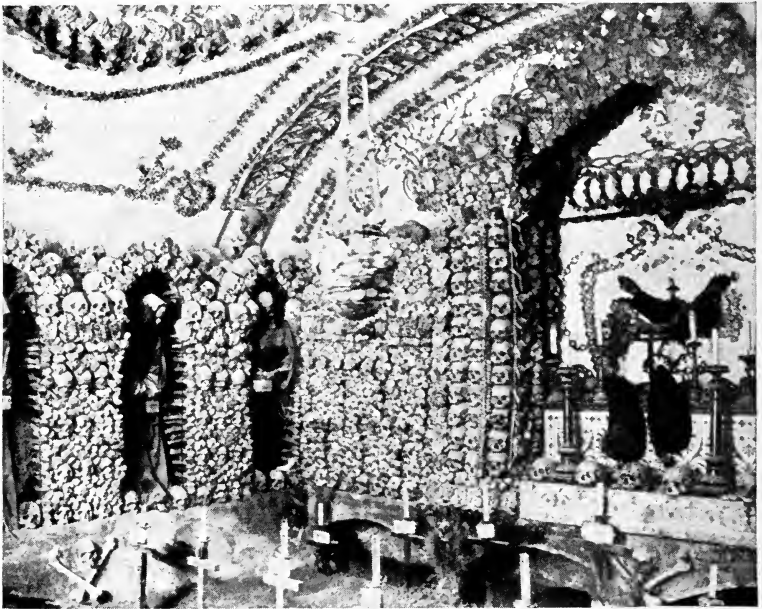
So much is crowded into one day here, that it is hard to arrange or specify things. I can only speak of a few. Loitering in Rome, idly speculating on or accepting things as they are without forever inquiring why, saves some shoe-leather, and the wear and tear of brains at times. In a church where Pius IX is buried, I saw a lady eagerly scanning her guide-book, then looking at some pictures on the ceiling. She asked me if I could see a lizard and a frog anywhere in the vicinity. I told her I could not, but if there was a frog's legs in sight, even if painted, I thought I would like to see them. "But why this anxiety?" I asked. Well, she had read the artists were not permitted to put their names on the pictures, so the combined or mixed-up reptiles meant the name of the artist. We were in the church some time, and when we left she was still gazing at those painted vaults with a field-glass. She probably found what she sought, but forgot the paintings, and forgot the most interesting part of the church — the crypt, where a simple, but chaste and beautiful, sarcophagus holds the remains of Pius IX.

People seem to grow wild over certain objects of art, and like sheep jump over an imaginary fence because somebody made a skip centuries ago. An old broken torso, a dilapidated out-of-date Venus, is raved over because some one who knew and understood painting and sculpture ages ago saw the beauty of the portions, and knew enough to build them up piece by piece. And to this interest, this knowledge, we owe much, and the world owes more to such students.

There is a class of people who read but little and think less, who feel called upon to gush over every object a guide points out. It sounds like culture, and they will dilate on the expressive face of the marble elephant bearing the obelisk on his back, that stands patiently in the Piazza Della Minerva, and is likely to keep the same expression for several years to come.

It is better to be candid and confess, as did an English-woman here, who felt she must see something each day, whether she thought about it or not. She came from her lovely home on the Thames, and went out in quest of objects of interest each day. She wandered into the church of the Capuchins one day, and saw that beautiful painting, Guido Reni's "Archangel Michael Slaying the Demon." At dinner that night she said, with a very complaisant air, "Well, I have accomplished something to-day, I have seen 'Michael Angelo Slaying Sin.'" She returned home, doubtless well satisfied with the memory of that picture, and the artist had not wrought in vain, if he gave the impression that some mortal was able to slay sin. I might have been less wise, but with pleasanter recollections, had I followed her example, and gone out with the pleasant memory of that picture.

We followed one of the Capuchin monks downstairs into a long corridor, whose walls, roof, and a number of chapels



CRYPT IN CHURCH OF CAPUCHINS.

opening from it are piled with bones of some four thousand of the deceased brother monks in all sorts of fantastic devices. Ugly and grotesque designs of chandeliers made of bones hang from arches. Bones are placed in every conceivable shape and tastefully arranged, if skeletons and odds and ends of long-dead humanity could look well. There are skeletons dressed in the brown garments of the order, as if to accentuate this "bonery." The place has always held a fascination for the brotherhood, each looking placidly to the time when he for a while would become one of the "lay" members; that is, until his time came to help in the decorations and some other one would lie in his place. It is rather hard for them, for no one save the King or the Pope may now be buried within the city's walls. These Capuchins ask for nothing better than to lie here, if only a short time, for the earth in these chapels is consecrated and was brought from Jerusalem. A few years' burial here, when the longest dead must make room for the newcomer, is dearer to them than any other resting-place. I was glad to get out and look up into the blue sky. In that place of skulls and bones it is hard to think of anything save the earth, earthy.

Modern Rome is not at all interesting. They have had their boom and regret it, for progress has destroyed romance, and that which one does not expect of Rome greets us in the new quarters. We see long lines of cheap, unsafe buildings, cracked and miserable stucco, tenantless blocks, the result of a rage for speculation, from which it will take time to recover.

The founders of Rome did not so build. I was in a palace here, built before America was discovered, that seemed as perfect as if just finished, but there are thousands of buildings, walls, and monuments that speak of solidity and strength. Therein lies the charm of the old city, with her twenty centuries and more of history. There are monuments upon monuments, road upon road, grand ruins upon the Palatine Hill, and the palace of the Cæsars, where walls are intact and frescoes stand clear and bright after more than seventeen hundred years, and mosaics and decorations of rooms that are still beautiful. They laid the solid foundations of these giant structures, and builded better

than they knew. Yet their idea of greatness seemed only that of size and strength. They built roads that also have lasted for decades of centuries, as they did aqueducts and fortifications. All they built and planned was solid and very practical, but it seems rather hard on those old Romans that, when it came to beautifying and decorating, they had to call upon their Greek slaves to do the work. So it went on for centuries. They watched and tried to imitate, but it was a poor imitation. The Romans were never original in art; that they were in crime goes without saying.

The solidity of their works is shown in the Coliseum, that huge circle of stone, brick, and mortar that looks as if it might endure for ages to come. One does not think much of the work which we see; the walls, which rise heavenward to such great height, nor of the men who hewed, lifted and put those stones in place. We know it to be the work of men's hands; the work of men's hearts; that unnumbered captives died, but what were slaves for in those days? The wonderful building strikes us not



COLISEUM, ROME.

so forcibly as the motive, the purpose for which it was built. I muse more upon those who fought, died, and left no word of themselves.

Scenes come before the mind, crossing and recrossing themselves like spider webs. I think of the slaves and prisoners who gave their lives here in the open space where I sit, and watch the bright sunshine flooding the old arena, whose sands drank the blood of beasts, of men and women, that the rulers might enjoy a pleasant hour. I gaze into dark, dreary vaults, through apertures dimly seen; into old arches and cells cut in the tufa rock, where hungry beasts were starved to make them more ferocious, or, if it suited the mood of the ruler for the hour, they were fed on human beings. I think of the five hundred years this carnage was carried on; the years that followed after Christ walked this earth, of the martyrs who died for their faith—and am glad to see it in ruins; glad to know that in all the centuries since it has been only a monument of all that was fiendish, cruel, and vile in man. What else could one expect of those rulers of the world, save bestiality and cruelty? When Aristippus publicly taught “that sensual enjoyment was the only good,” what wonder that Christians died for faith and truth and purity? I am not here, however, hunting up records for morals. The desolate ruins, the ghastly deeds of the past, teach much or little.

I saw a savage wretch, who looked as if he might be a direct descendant of Romulus’ wet-nurse, beat a poor beast here one day, and the crowd looked smilingly on, showing that the spirit of torture which existed in the days of imperial Rome is extant to-day. I saw a man beat and choke his wife one night, and try to throw her from a window. The crowd in the street seemed to enjoy it. I saw several women fighting under my window late one night, while the men applauded, and so the world goes on. So I say again, it is better to enjoy that which is enjoyable than delve too deeply in past history, taking the best, and leaving the worst, for there is much to be enjoyed.

We leave the old place with its ghostly memories and go out through the arch of Constantine, and beyond the walls where the breezes blow fresh and sweet from the Campagna. We watch the coming and going of the people, see the river turning west-

ward, and the cool shadows quench the bright light of the sun, and we let our thoughts and dreams run forward instead of backward, until the cool breezes of night warn us that it is time to leave the lanes and go back to our hotel.

And so the days pass quickly, something new calling one out every day; or if not new, the same things may be seen time and again. One does not tire here, and in this lies Rome's chief charm, for the city means, if one reads the meaning rightly, ages of plunder, murder, agony, and death. Almost every church holds its tragedy — mystery, carnage, and terror greet us on the threshold and in the old ruins, and the magic of mystery draws us to her with such force, that one's whole being is enthralled and enchanted. A bit of sculpture, a line, a sketch, engrosses the mind; for they breathe the threefold mystery of love, eternity, and death.

And then there comes into the senses an hour of retrospection amid the groves of the Medici villa, out of the dust and gloom of churches and chill palaces, away from streets and the busy life below me. The evening sun flung its mantle over the city, snatches of song, natural as bird notes, strayed through the sweet wildness, and it seemed as if there were no sin, sorrow, or troubled past; that the golden age of man had come. Pan was playing on his pipes, but it was only the contadini going home to the Campagna.

November is ended; we had our Thanksgiving turkey under difficulties, for the idea of serving a bird whole appalled our German landlord, but we insisted on having our way. The dinner served in the privacy of my apartments was a success; our flag floated above the wishbone of that bird, foreign no longer, but naturalized under our Stars and Stripes; we had mince pie, though the pie cost nearly as much as the turkey; this we obtained from the English tea-rooms. They staggered when I ordered pumpkin pie. They knew what custard meant, but pumpkin pie was beyond their comprehension.

Six weeks in Rome, with never an idle or disagreeable day, yet interest never flags. Her treasures are inexhaustible, and it is well, for we are here for a much longer time than we expected. The plague is wandering about in an idle sort of way in Egypt, sufficiently strong to make quarantine a neces-

sity in places, so we will probably be obliged to finish the year in Italy.

We have had but little rain so far. The days have been warm and bright, with slight frosts at nights and chilly mornings. The chrysanthemums show the effects of frost. Other than that, there is little evidence that winter is near.

People who do not know California, coming from the Eastern States and northern Europe, rave over the climate, and bring up the price of paper by writing home reams of nonsense about matchless skies, sunshine, etc. We who know so well what warm sunshine and blue skies in autumn mean, take it for granted. It is home-like, and we bask in the sun and love it as well as the most comfort-loving Italian. I know that for the time of the year it is colder at nights than in Sacramento, although the days are delightful; but whether in the streets, on the hills, or down in subterranean Rome, it has been charming to be out in the open air. I can only single out a day now and then to write of, though each day would fill pages if written as I see it.

First, I will speak of the Capitoline Hill, Rome's sacred fortress, where Romulus and his men carried off the Sabine girls. Here are the museums and galleries, which contain much that is good in painting and sculpture, the Venus and Dying Gaul being more widely known and copied than any others, save those best known in the Vatican. The church with the celebrated Bambino is near here also. We go from it to the Tarpeian Rock, which bears the name of the girl who for the promise of a golden trinket willingly opened the gate of the fortress for the Sabines—who slew her after they entered; thus showing their contempt for treachery, even though they profited by it. It is not much of a hill now. A good athlete might take his chances and try the jump at no great risk. The place is fenced in, and the streets swarm with beggars. We pay to have the gate opened, and have a respite for a time. But, looking over the wall and into an open court below, surrounded by tenement houses, are other hordes of children, turning somersaults and crying out for money. They are so insistent and saucy that it jars upon one.

The place is utterly unlike what one expects from the vivid

descriptions some romantic writers have given us. A low stone wall runs along the edge of the hill, marking the place where men were hurled from the rock. Trees, flowers, and tangled vines are in the fragrant garden, where in the Middle Ages men were drawn, quartered, hanged, and butchered until even Rome sickened of it, and the place of execution was changed. Nature has been good, and for four centuries has been purifying the place. It is quiet and peaceful now. The flowers bloom, birds sing, and children play.

I think sometimes people who do not read are spared a good deal of pain. So are those to whom the past is a sealed book. Is it better to know and suffer because others have suffered, or live in ignorance of it?

From the hill we went down to the Mamertine prison, where Peter and Paul were imprisoned. We were told many absurd stories; saw the miraculous spring that gushed from the rock that they might baptize their converts; saw the black dungeon where Jugurtha was lowered through a hole and left to starve while his captors feasted. There may be some truth and much fiction, but we question not. We know that in his lifetime Paul wandered about the streets in Rome; that he lived, loved, and wrote to the Romans; and that his life ended here.

One must have faith to believe in the three miraculous springs shown us far out beyond the great, beautiful church, Santa Paola—which sprang into existence where Paul was beheaded. Just as we must believe, also, when in the small, circular chapel upon the crest of the hill where Peter was crucified, we are shown the hole in which the cross was planted. A grating covers it and a lamp suspended above it burns always. A brown-clad monk gravely lifts a bit of sand from the six feet below with a tiny hoe and tenders it to us. We pay him for his trouble and refuse the sand which since 1499 has been given out as the sand that was at the foot of the cross. It is sand, pure and simple, and suits the demand of the tourist who cares for such things—so what matters it if a few tons are carried away in the course of centuries?

It is only a short step from the prison and around the Forum to the Palatine Hill, where are piled ruins upon ruins, the chosen and once-loved site of Rome's mighty rulers. Augus-

tus' splendid palace was a foundation for that of the following Cæsars, which covered eventually the whole hill. Under Nero it extended still farther, covering more ground, each trying to outdo his predecessor. I despair of describing the multitudinous array of chambers, columns, temples, baths, halls, and frescoes, which are in bewildering confusion. I saw the dining-room where Nero sat at dinner, eating while his step-brother drank the poisoned wine he had prepared for him.

Near the great dining-room, we saw a small but disgusting memorial of the imperial life in Rome—the Vomitorium, whither



MOUNT PALATINE, ROME.

the feasters retired when sated to tickle their throats with feathers, returning afterwards with renewed vigor for more feasting.

The frescoes are still bright upon the walls of Livia's rooms, she whom Augustus took from her husband, a willing or unwilling wife, we know not. Caligula lived here, too, and for pastime fed the wild beasts of the arena with slaves when other food was scarce. We went through the rooms where he was murdered.

For hours we wandered through ruins heaped upon ruins—fragments of Rome's once glorious temples—went down in deep underground vaults, looking on walls and arches still firm enough to last for centuries—stood on ghost-haunted thresholds, where, on beautiful bits of mosaic floors, lizards bask in the sun, and weeds and grasses grow where the world's rulers walked. I sat in the shade of the ilex trees, which grow now where the sacred grove once stood. Here lived the Gracchi, and here lived Romulus in his cabin of reeds, happily enough, perhaps, before ambition seized him—before he began the great wall farther down on the slopes, and before he slew his brother, Remus. What tales these ancient, broken walls tell us! The gloomy caverns, grottoes, dungeons, ruined porticoes, and temples—what bacchanals, pollution, folly, horror, and brutality have they not witnessed. Strange, wondrous walls,—each stone has echoed the roars of revelers, the last shriek of agony, of crime, or the faint sweet whispers of love.

Then there is Nero's golden house reaching to the distant Esquiline inclosing the Palatine and Cœlian hills. There were lakes, forests, subterranean galleries, cool halls for heat in summer, baths with water from the sea, and sulphur baths—everything the world could give in the way of luxury and adornment. Greece was robbed and beggared for the golden palace. Now only faint traces remain of the splendor of the dead past.

The Coliseum is all that is left in this vicinity to show what it must have been. And while its walls are stanch, it shows the marks of the despoilers. Human woodpeckers have bored holes in the walls until they look like trees where the birds store acorns. Only the human vandals, after taking the marble, extracted every bit of iron or bronze that could be found in the walls.

All is silent upon the old hills. The melancholy chirrup of a cricket in the grasses comes to me. The winds sigh softly among the trees. I pluck a branch of laurel leaves and think of the garlands that wreathed the brows of the long dead. Solemn thoughts flit through the brain as we leave the desolate arches, broken and cloven by long centuries, where delicate creeping vines twine about fragments of glorious sculpture. We

tread the very soil where the world's greatest tragedies were enacted. It is only in Rome that the mind can realize these strangely distinct visions which pass and repass in endless confusion, from a wonderful past. Graphic and vivid are the pages of history written here. Each stone, each pillar, is associated with a past that transfixes us, as reflections, persistent and unbidden, come and go.

Down below the Palatine is where Cæsar fell. I think how he and his rival, Pompey, disputed the empire of the world, and how one fell by the hand of a slave, the other by his best-beloved friend, ending his career at the foot of his rival's statue. In blood they lived, by violence died. The unerring hand of Justice rights things in the end. Their glory has departed. Those who ruled in wisdom or folly are gone. Mediæval shadows wrap their abodes in gloom and mystery.

We go back through the arch of Titus, where captive Jews, with heavy hearts, were forced to place the stones and put in shape an arch to commemorate the downfall of Jerusalem. Like so many other things here, it has been restored until little of the original is left—though some bas-reliefs and the seven golden candlesticks stand boldly out on the little remnant of the ancient arch.

We pass along the Via Sacra, where Roman armies passed and captives groaned. Cicero had walked over those same flat stones, and Horace's feet probably kept time with the ode in his mind.

We go past the Forum, and from these scenes and thoughts of the Cæsars the mind flies to a father—a Roman father in the truest sense of the word—and to the stream of blood that flowed from the breast of Virginia. Death before dishonor! How different her father to that of Beatrice Cenci.

Imagination runs riot now, groping in the dim aisles of tradition, and taking strange fanciful excursions into realms of the past. At every turn there is something to appeal to the mind. We read inscriptions that tell of love and sorrow that have so long survived the hands that wrote, the lips that uttered them, and a thrill of sadness comes over one in looking on ruined tombs.

There are days and days spent in such scenes as described or among galleries, museums, and churches. We go home at night,

tired of walking over the uncomfortable rough little squares of lava with which the streets are paved. It is, I think, penance enough for most sins to walk much in Rome's intricate streets, through narrow alley-like ways, where the sun never shines and the chill winds sweep around the corners; where women sit in the shop doors with little braziers of charcoal, warming their hands. Such a thing as a stove and a good fire in a shop I have not seen. The damp of dungeon-like churches is in our lungs. We grow so tired of the great, tall, yellow buildings, and weary of climbing endless stony stairs.

Go where you will in most places where there is anything worth seeing inside of walls, it is damp and cold, and sometimes we wonder if it is worth the time and discomfort. Yet a single night's rest, and it is wonderful how changed is everything. I know by experience how soon one forgets all that is disagreeable.

In all the years gone by since I passed another winter in Rome, my heart-strings have in some mysterious way been pulled toward this old city. People who go about hurriedly with a guide, seeing the principal places in a week, can never know or love Rome. It is only in a long acquaintance, like a friendship, that grows and takes firm root in the heart proves lasting. Thus it becomes engraven on the affections, and a familiarity with its solemn walls, the varying sunshine of the hills, and days of companionship with the buildings and remnants of temples, make it dearer than any other city in the world.

The hurried glance at huge basilicas, churches, and tombs, filled with a sort of sameness in gaudy ceilings, columns, and monuments of marble, is scarcely worth the time. It is the gradually acquired knowledge of the history of each and every place worth seeing; the moldering frescoes, the ancient tombs—each having a meaning if one cares to find it. It is hard work, certainly, yet wisdom is bought often with care and pain, and it is worth the trouble. Those who come to enjoy life in Rome as in other cities can never love her. The distances between the great points of interest take up much time. The more one reads and studies, the better one understands and appreciates the historical city. There is much to awaken and elevate the mind. The memories will sink deep into the heart and become a part of one's self, never to fade in after life.

We have our play days, however, when out beyond the walls on the Campagna we lie for hours on the soft sod, and find joy in mere existence.

The country that lies about Rome cannot be dull or uninteresting to any one who has read and understands history or possesses an appreciative soul. Lying in undulating lines, bare and treeless, are the plains, stretching northward where rise a line of bare mountains, like our Coast Range. They are the Alban and Sabine mountains, gleaming blue and misty. White villages show here and there on the slopes, but always on some spur and above the level of the Campagna. The long lines of broken aqueducts lend a charm. There is a picture wherever you turn—a wonderful changing panorama, now softened into the yellows and browns of autumn, though the grass is green and the sod is covered with daisies.

Everywhere we see the reddish-brown pozzolana earth, which lies about Rome. This volcanic dust shows an abundance of iron, besides other minerals. This material, mixed with lime and water, formed the wonderful cement used by the Romans for building their enormous domes, vaults, etc. The strength of the walls of the baths of Caracalla, built of thin brick and this compound, seem to resist Time's destructive forces better than any built of stone. The durability of the work done is shown perhaps better in the Cloaca Maxima, the ancient sewer, made by some unknown engineer two thousand four hundred years ago. No public work ever done in Rome surpasses in utility the Tarquinian sewers. Why they should have been called monuments of tyranny any more than those vast edifices put aboveground is strange, for they alone have been in use all the years since built. This sewer is easily traced through the city, and in a new wall built above an old arch I saw the sluggish current emptying into the Tiber.

Even the wonderful stone arches of the aqueducts were broken and destroyed years ago. Though some have been repaired, others are new, for there are four different aqueducts now in use, bringing into Rome daily an amount of water equal to one hundred and ten gallons of water for each soul. No city in Europe has anything like this supply. Small wonder that this should be termed a city of fountains. There is ever the

sound of falling water in one's ears in Rome. They flash and sparkle rainbow-hued in the sun, or show hazy and misty in the moonlight. There is no stint or limit of water. In this the Romans have shown good judgment. The Claudian aqueducts, finished in 50 A.D., were ten in number, and were carried a length of forty-six miles aboveground. Others bring it now a distance of sixty-seven miles. They never thought of using the muddy waters of the river, but went to the mountains, bringing it clear and pure into the city.



APPIAN WAY AND CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT, ROME.

There is one road that leads from the old Forum through and beyond the gates that is known throughout the world—the Appian road. This and the aqueducts bear the name of the censor Appius Claudius. The road that has been excavated and resurrected after a burial of a thousand years, is in fine condition now for a distance outside the gates—but three miles beyond narrows to the ancient width of fifteen feet.

We drove out to the Catacombs over this old road, the Via Appia, which once led to Greece, to Asia, and to Africa. We went into the subterranean passages, tier above tier, through tunnels

and streets, sad, silent avenues. There were skeletons of martyred Christians, each with his lachrymatory, now dry, and the little lamps that went out more than fifteen centuries ago. We passed in and through sunless labyrinths, dark and gloomy. But little is left of all that was found in these numberless miles of narrow, intricate passages, and the chapels where early Christians worshiped in secrecy, away from their cruel persecutors. It is damp and cold. We shudder, and are glad to return to the surface, to be in the blessed sunshine. We go on and on along that old tomb-lined way, past Cecilia Metella's tomb, which, like Hadrian's, Augustus', and so many others, have been used for other purposes. The first two were used as fortresses and the last for a circus.

Turning from all that is retrospective, we observe life on the celebrated old road. It is filled with vehicles of all sorts—peasants in picturesque head-gear, adorned with cords, tassels, flowers, and peacock feathers, with ragged waistcoats of any hue, pockets patched, but with a bit of color. There is a touch that is picturesque, from the piece of sheepskin wound about the feet and laced up as far as the knee. Anything else would be out of place. They suit the broken fragments lining the road.

Strangely enough, for the artist or poet there must be a degradation of something, whether it be an old ruin, a broken, blotched fragment of sculpture, wall, or stucco, a line of clothes flapping against a wall, a torn and tattered cloak or hat, frowzy, unkempt hair all a-tangle over a forehead the color of mahogany, or a pair of wonderful eyes gleaming from under locks one would not care to touch. But all these fire the soul of the artist, and we buy the pictures, but are careful to avoid the models. Thrift and cleanliness are ever at war with the picturesque. The world would be the loser if the artist and poet were not content with the unkempt and unclean contadini.

The entirely new, though comfortable, is prosaic, but daubs of grays and yellows, broken bits of mortar, and houses with barnacle-like attachments of barred windows, look well in paintings, as do the shepherds with pieces of goatskin over their shoulders, being the very type of the mythic Pan watching over their herds.

Horses go by in carts adorned with bright rosettes and feathers,

each horse shorn of its tail, which very often is tied in a bunch, adorned with bright-colored yarns and hung between his fore legs. We can no more tell why they do this than we could say why they put the long tails on the caps of the King's guards, or why the soldiers riding in the lanes and parks use the tails of horses, which are mounted on a short stick, for brushing away the flies. Nature has a poor show here in some respects. Individuality and variety count for something, and if the beasts suffer, that is not considered in Italy.

But the sun shines over all; the skies and clouds are not for any nation. It is beautiful here beyond telling. So rich is the coloring, the painter dare not put on canvas the shadings of the olive groves or the changing tints of the lush growth of weeds.

The peculiarity of peasant life is motley and curious, but always pleasing. We follow the heavy carts drawn by superb gray oxen, which plod steadily along, with the drivers fast asleep, a long line and an endless throng, through the gates and into the city.

We pause at the door of the church where is the Scala Santa—the sacred stairs brought from Jerusalem, up which the faithful go on their knees. No feet are allowed to climb these steps. And then we listen to vespers in St. John Lateran. The music is so sweet, so restful. Beautiful melodies stream through those dim aisles and flood the heart—tones that call up lost and forgotten remembrances, rising up and up, filling the blue arches of the old church. A pensive melancholy steals into one's soul. We slide into a world of dreams until it is all over, and we go out to find the day swallowed up in dark, chilly mists.

A soft gray is over the city. The sun has faded into cold ashes, and we feel how futile the effort to try to tell anything about Rome. Poets and sentimentalists have described every thought or emotion one can feel or has felt. Archæologists and antiquarians have finished the rest. One longs for new words, new ideas to express the satisfaction and endearing thoughts that fill one in Rome.

I saw two processions when here,—the first was King Umberto and Queen Margharita in all the pomp of decorated carriages, footmen and coachmen in scarlet, gold and silver, with powdered

wigs, superb horses, and ordinary-looking officials. It was a long, glittering line passing through crowded streets—the Queen gracious, smiling and bowing to her undemonstrative subjects—the King following after on the way to open Parliament, and seeming to be more interested in the cares of state and the line of soldiers than he was with his people, many of whom did nothing but stare, a man now and then taking off his hat. Yet I fancy these people are as fond of their rulers as are those of most other nations.

I could not but notice the line of soldiers and police, as they seemed so undersized. Standing near them, we found no difficulty in looking over their heads. What we would call an ordinary-sized man is looked upon here as being remarkably tall. But the men throughout Italy are decidedly below the standard in size. I think it might be a good thing for Italy if history could repeat itself, and in lieu of another rape of the Sabines, the Italian women could make a raid on some other nation and carry off a few fine, athletic men, and so raise up a new generation of soldiers. They might be as useless as these of the present day, but would look better in trousers.

The other procession was more demonstrative, if different. There were the same crowd-filled streets, with soldiers guarding the line along which came the hearse bearing the dead mayor. Such an abundance of flowers I have never seen except at a floral festival. The hearses are a sort of two-story affairs. There were two of them—why, I know not—literally covered with flowers, emblems, and broad ribbons. There were innumerable carriages without occupants, filled with bouquets and wreaths, often one wreath being of such immense size that it completely filled an open carriage. Among the flowers were some of the most magnificent orchids I have ever seen. Other designs required the strength of two men to carry them. Then came state and church officials, societies, bands of music, soldiers of state, or I suppose so. They would have been all right at a masked ball, and were more fantastic than the Swiss Guards at the Vatican. The crowd laughed and had fun with the stragglers, and gave quiet cheers for the music after the hearse had gone by. There were many feeble old men and

women, and little children too, all from charitable institutions, I think—although I wondered why it was necessary for them to be in that long line, requiring more than half an hour in passing us.

There is one custom in vogue this side of the Atlantic which I very much admire. No matter how hurried a man may be, when a hearse goes by with the dead, there is always a pause, and the hat is lifted from the head.

This *cortège* seemed in a way less solemn than the other procession, and while the crowd pushed and jostled each other, they were good-natured and apparently easily managed. The over-abundance of Bersaglieri and Carbinieri may have had something to do with it.

The streets are never without the latter. One can look in any direction and never miss one. They are omnipresent. The small, wiry Bersaglieri, with hat loaded with cock's plumes lodged on one ear—the slender, quiet Carbinieri in uniform of black with silver trimmings—theirs is the duty to preserve peace and order throughout the kingdom. Always in pairs, as if born twins, they not only fulfill their duty, but protect each other in emergencies and lead a more sociable life than do our solitary policemen. The Carbinieri corps is composed of soldiers who have served three years of obligatory service and escaped the slightest military punishment. Their promotion from the ranks means fine uniforms and a salary of about twenty dollars per month. They are quiet and gentle with the crowds, and I hear no "Move on!" as I did in Ireland.

On All Souls' Day, when all of Rome seemed to be at the cemetery, or in the streets leading thereto, one poor fellow had done something, so was arrested. His wife, hearing of it, threw herself from an upper story and was killed. The Carbinieri who arrested him told me of it, and seemed to regret that he was the indirect cause of the suicide. "We must do our duty," he said.

We tire often of the crowds and the streets. The sunny side is warm and bright, the shaded side chilly in the extreme. Often there is ice in shaded streets until noon. It is the sudden changes from heat to cold that make Rome disagreeable in winter. But always when the sun shines one can get out and up to the hills. Their sunlit, pine-crowned heights beckon us from the city. So

we prowl along slopes and go through parks and gardens in the warm, mild air, without wraps, when it would be impossible to do without them in the streets.

I remember one walk across the Tiber, in Trastevere, the old part of Rome — crossing a bridge that has spanned the old river for more than eighteen centuries, good and substantial yet — so well they build in those days. I wandered among people who look different, and keep more to the old customs than elsewhere in the city.

In Trastevere is the Farnesina Palace, which Raphael decorated. I noted here, as in so many of his paintings, the face of his loved Farnesina, the woman who was his life and whom he loved beyond art. Where her grave is I know not. His is in the Pantheon, and is as much sought after as is that of Victor Emanuel.

Beyond the spot where the fair Margaret used to watch and wait for her artist lover, I saw, in an old church, Tasso's tomb. The one fresco in Rome of Da Vinci's was not the attraction for me. I thought of the life torn and harassed, the humiliated, slighted, and imprisoned man, who rests peacefully here now, and muse on the strange vicissitudes. Was it through the weight of oppression — his wrongs and his woes — that the world is the richer for his harmonious "Jerusalem Delivered"?

Near here is the Corsini Palace, containing, besides its gallery of paintings and sculpture, one of those dreadful shafts, closing by a balanced trap-door that once dropped its victims out of sight forever. Christina, Queen of Sweden, lived here once — the only woman, it is said, who ever outdid Lucretia Borgia in all her ways. I shiver over it all — the horror of the old, cruel times — and tire of undraped Venuses and leafless Apollos.

I leave the cold halls and go up the slopes to the tree-crowned Janiculum, where the immense statue of Garibaldi overlooks the entire city. From this place there is no better view of Rome; the vista is sublime of the terraced Pincio, and thick foliaged trees of the Borghese gardens, whose green crests bound the eastern horizon. The sun is warm and bright, and a haze lingers over the housetops and streets. To the north rises the great dome of St. Peter's, against a slate-colored sky that blends and harmonizes perfectly. The stone lantern surmounting the dome, white and

glistening, gleams brightly in the evening sun. The Vatican—a long line of yellow walls—stretches back from it, and shadows brood over the Pope's rooms, as if sheltering and protecting the aged occupant of that mighty multitude of rooms. The Vatican hills are bathed in the warm, rosy light. Men are at work in the field, and gray oxen plod slowly along, turning the rich soil. All is quiet and peaceful.

I look from St. Peter's across and beyond the river, over a city where the Apostle took his last, long, lingering look. I see the remnants of old Rome, and the undulating line of new buildings covering the hills beyond the King's palace. The Cæsars have passed away, and so have barbarism, myths, crime, madness, and chaos. Peace, love, and good-will have triumphed. And the sun sank toward Ostia along the way where went Saul of Tarsus. The whole western world glowed in rich, flame-colored banners, mingling with masses of lowering purple clouds, which in turn passed away, and a golden, transparent light enshrouded the earth. In that light it seemed the countless multitudes of earth might travel on in peace and harmony forever.

A tour in Italy is a journey through all periods of history. It is hard to write of it save in a historical sense, for at every turn one is confronted with something that dates back into the past,—that is, if it be worth the telling. Rome gathered from the whole world that which was most useful to her. Religion and art ornamentation she stole from Greece, her women from the Sabines, her swords from Spain, from the far East her arches and obelisks. Etruria furnished the bows. Her slaves builded, and her ruins now interest us.

There is ever something in the past. The knowledge is worth acquiring and enjoyable in the finding. This is of interest to one who lives any length of time in Rome—yet prosaic, perhaps, to those who have not been here.

So I leave it for another prowling over the Campagna, which stretches in undulating slopes to the olive-crowned heights of Tivoli. There is wondrous harmony in shades of green and bronze of the short, crisp foliage. Those writers who call it desolate and a "veritable desert" have not known our American deserts. There are but few straggling houses along the car line, which is run by electricity, as are all the lines in

Rome. Tivoli furnished the longest-distance power known until Sacramento distanced her by a couple of miles, when the power was brought from Folsom. There are no farm-houses to be seen, for, though the soil is rich, it is extremely hot and unhealthy in summer. I see, in lieu of houses, wigwam-shaped affairs, built of reeds, thatched with brush and straw, looking like the Indian wickiups along the Carson River, in which the peasants live and care for the herds that are now feeding on rich pasturage.

It is well known that the Campagna is unhealthful during the hot months, but as soon as the cool autumn breezes temper the heat, the people come from the hills, till the soil, sow grain, and reap the harvests before the hot days come again.

The stacks of hay and fat, sleek herds do not bespeak desert life. It is more beautiful than any uninhabited region I know of—a plain prosy enough, if one looks at it as any other level bit of land—as one might our immense valleys by the sun-down seas. But the setting, the environments, make it a sea of dreams.

Here, again, history forces itself on one, where every rod is historical—rimmed in by the Sabine and Alban mountains, old tombs, and always the broken lines of the great high arches of aqueducts. For it was from Tivoli's slopes the first water was carried into Rome.

There are quiet valleys near the hills where are great tufa caves leading into subterranean galleries. Many of these caves are used as habitations by the poor, who eke out a scanty existence.

Here are swift streams, overhung by drooping reeds and willows, broken arches of antique bridges, showing sun-looped shadows of ivy-crowned openings, through walls rent by centuries. Here are wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, and then, through a sort of gray mist, the road winds among interminable forests of gnarled, twisted, fantastic groves of olives, resembling the trees of our knowledge only in the peculiar grayish green.

We go through Tivoli, the old city, barnacled like last year's swallows' nests, to the side of the hills; go down into the rainbow-tinted gorge, filled with foaming waterfalls and cataracts; then

into the Sybil's Temple, and listen in vain for a voice — surrendering ourselves to the mystic, pathetic charm of the silent old place. The stillness is broken by the soft cadence of the falls of the Anio River. A flock of doves circle above. But no voice tells of what the future may have in store. We go away, as wise perhaps as those who listened to the prophecies of old — through the miles of olive trees centuries old.

We arrive at Hadrian's villa. This, his country house, was so large that for years after found and excavated, it was thought to be a village, it and the grounds occupying several square miles. This marvel of architecture and landscape-gardening dates back to 138 A.D. After the death of the art-loving and far-traveled Emperor, it was unused until the invasion of the Goths, when Alaric utilized it for a fortress, some six hundred years after Hadrian had occupied his tomb, now called Castle St. Angelo. All the centuries following, it has proved a valuable mine, furnishing materials for palaces and churches, as well as works of art, many of the most beautiful being in the Vatican.

Not far and up on the hills to the east are traces of the villas of Cassius and Brutus, and farther down toward Rome is where Palmyra's Queen Zenobia lived. There is always something of interest, and wherever we go it is the same story. The dead seem to be of more consequence than the living. In fact, life appears so trivial that these monstrous walls and ruins seem to look pityingly down upon so slight a thing. Slight as it is, we risk none too much in the damp corridors, for the mosaics hidden all these centuries are most beautiful, and the remnants of treasures are lovely beyond the imagination.

We were driven to the car line, which follows the identical ancient Via Tiburtina, and go back, while the rose of sunset lingers on the snowy covering of the Sabines, and tinges the far-away Apennines, and then it is gone.

The scene changes. The night is chill. The city lies a colorless picture. Bereft of the sun, it is an etching framed in blue-gray hills. A background of white misty clouds is in the distance, and far up, seemingly floating in the sky, is one of those pines — "islands in the sky," some one called them — only one on the crest of a hill. But it is real. It represents life and strength, and there is comfort in the thought.

It is better not to think too much or feel too much. The life and light of the city were pleasant and cheerful. It seemed good to be alive and have a fine appetite for dinner. And by my own little wood fire I mused, thinking after all that there is nothing but ashes, and that the ashes of those mighty rulers of whom we study and ponder weigh no more in the balance of the universe than do the nameless unknown who perished, but count for as much now in the gravitation of the globe as of earth's greatest.

Ashes, ashes! And the tiny brushwood branches they call firewood here burn and fall apart, the embers die out, nothing but ashes after all.

Hadrian's palaces are in ruins. His sarcophagus—that was to be imperishable—two thousand men toiling fully three years, it is estimated, to bring it from the far-off African deserts, and polish and prepare the red porphyry for his remains—is gone. And it seems odd that the lid of his sarcophagus, after surmounting another emperor's tomb, should eventually be transferred to St. Peter's, and now used for a baptismal font.

It is good to get away from the old and revel in the new, the up-to-date reading-rooms and libraries, to go to the tourist offices and make life a burden to the indolent clerks by asking daily for mail, and inquiring about the plague in Egypt. We are as solicitous as a physician over a pauper patient who won't die, yet must be looked after. The sellers of tickets to Cairo and up the Nile are wary. They are anxious to have people go, yet dare not say the quarantine is off. And I am anxious to start, but fear to do so at present.

It is irritating to see in the shop windows cards with great letters saying, "Christmas presents." What have we to do with all these things—strangers and wanderers—and our own duty-loving revenue officials on the other rim of the Atlantic keeping us from sending anything worth while home? Fortunately, words are free and thought unchained, so I can enjoy much in thoughts of all that might be, if nothing else.

In a great many shop windows are black veils, labeled "To Visit the Holy Father." But the Pope is aged and weak. They are guarding him carefully for the Christmas week, when he is to open the Porta Santa, or holy door, which has been closed for seventy-five years.

This is the Jubilee Year, and there are now 100,000 applications for admission to St. Peter's on that day. Though so many applications have been made, there is not the crowd in the city expected to be here. Italy depends so much on the tourist season that a wail goes up from those who are benefited thereby. The hotels are not nearly filled, shops are not crowded, Roman pearl-sellers display the white strings and red corals to great advantage, but find few purchasers.

They ask double here for any article of a stranger. Those who live here, and know, can buy things very reasonable. The "fixed prices" mean nothing. Anything having a money value here is subject to change. Money is variable as the weather, and we are quite industrious in finding the market value. High and low means for us how much we can get for an English pound, or five dollars in our money.

We have had a great many rainy days, but there always are some places to go where one can pass the time. There are so many churches that the oft-told story of four hundred may be correct. There are a score or two out of the number worth visiting. Their gorgeousness, the splendor of mosaics and marbles, make them good show places, but somehow chill the warmth one desires to feel in a church. They produce a feeling more of wonder than devotion.

Especially so is that feeling of wonder uppermost in visiting St. Paul's, the great, beautiful, showy church beyond the walls. The altars of malachite, the quadruple rows of immense columns, the exquisite floors and walls in various precious stones and pictures in mosaics are wonderful indeed. But it is nothing after all but a show place.

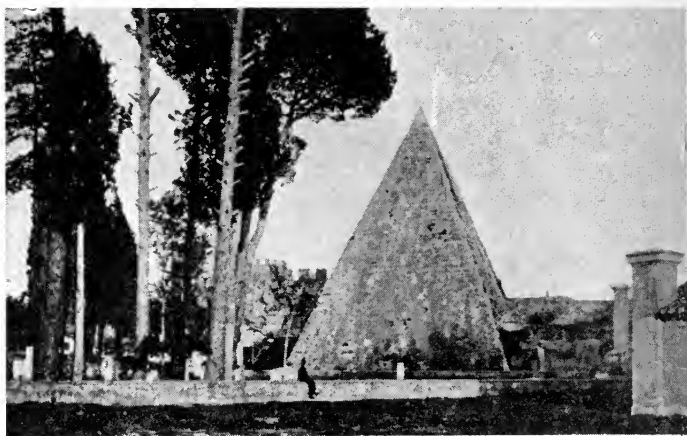
No seats are visible, no chairs, as are found in most other churches. In only one church have I found pews—this refers, of course, to the Catholic churches. In these smaller edifices chairs and benches are used during service, and always taken away afterwards. So the floors are easily cleaned. And it is well; for if they have sanitary rules or ordinances regarding expectorating and other ills, they are not observed. Churches are not exempt any more than street-cars. Omnibuses and all public conveyances fare as do the sidewalks, wherever there are any.

But the glitter and gold of the altars, the candles, sculpture, paintings, domes, columns, pillars surmounted and upheld by angels, the suffering Christ everywhere, as is the Virgin and Holy Child—are fascinating to the eye, and many, who know only care and toil, go; and it is like another world to them. They feel and believe it is something different. And so, if it brings comfort, a little lightening of the heavy burdens, a drifting into the shadow of Paradise, it is good.

We have been in several churches on certain days when special service was held. I recall vespers in St. John Lateran, and an evening in the Jesuit Church, where the masses gathered, and the long line, bearing candles, banners, and swinging censers, showed priestly groups, their gold, crimson and purple robes flaming back an answering glow through the incense-misted air. Then came the music. There were no discords, no jarring notes, a soft, sweet contralto, then high, pure, clear soprano voices mingled with tenor, bass, and baritone. As no woman's voice is ever heard in these churches, it is almost beyond belief how it is done, or how they are trained. I know not, yet I have never heard more perfect melody. The great organ pealed and throbbed, and there were no lost chords there. The soul of the music was a living sound, uplifting and carrying one on its mighty waves, sweeping on and on past all perplexing and ragged edges of life and its cares, toward some great central soul—strains sad, tremulous—then the triumphant notes of the hallelujah—a motif that seemed to die away, then reappearing, harmoniously and exquisitely sweet as though spirits in that great vaulted dome had returned and were singing praises to the Most High. There was a mournful wail, an undertone that threaded the melody, a remembrance of the loved of earth, bewailing their absence. The choir stationed aloft was invisible in the dusky light and the sounds that swept those vast arches were the wailing notes of the "Miserere," yet unlike any that I had ever heard.

And strangely enough my mind went to a spot seen a few days before—the Protestant Cemetery and the quiet graves under the shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius, the old pagan tomb that stands guard over the graves of Shelley and Keats. Some notes of the music were like the soft breeze sighing through the cypress

trees, and through rents in the old walls. The sorrowful, tremulous notes were to me an echo of the burdened life of Keats, whose last breath, a sorrowful wail, wished inscribed on his tomb: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."



PROTESTANT CEMETERY AND PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS, ROME.

Life's bitterness and woes seemed as nothing with the last grand peal; for in the flood of harmony all the heartaches of the countless multitudes of the whole world had gone heavenward. As we left the church, a voice in our own language said, "Bless you, my children." One of the fathers we had chanced to meet, who knew our western state, recognized us. Amid all that throng of strangers, amid strange tongues, it was sweet and comforting to feel that some one cared enough to bestow a thought and a blessing.

We have visited the places we liked best again and again, especially the Vatican, wherein is stored so much that is interesting — the best, and some very mediocre. We know the whole world contributed to the galleries and to St. Peter's, and the magnificence is unquestioned. I suppose every one has some special fancy in the vast rooms, amid the sculpture or the paintings. Everybody sees, of course, the "Apollo Belvidere," the "Laocoön," "Antinöus," and a few others, and go away and think that is all worth seeing. It is excusable, perhaps, for those

who spend a week in Rome. Yet who could know or understand without study or research?

St. Peter's and the Vatican have been so talked about and written of that I have avoided any description thus far. The wonderful, mysterious old church! In entering, the heavy leathern curtain is so weighty that one has scarcely the strength to push it aside. We give a glance toward the far end, stretching dim, huge, and gray into interminable perspective, with marbles, bronze columns, and vast arches glittering in gold and bright colors. One knows how futile the task, how empty description is, to convey the slightest idea to those who have not seen.

A strange feeling possessed me, and yet St. Peter's was not new, but a pleasant and delightful recalling of what has so long lingered in memory. The great, high altar is unchanged, and the lights burn forever around the Apostles' shrine. The mighty dome rises above it. The enormous pillars and magnificent statues in mysterious niches seem to answer back the softest whispered word from one to another across the silent aisles. All is unchanged. The singing from some of the chapels comes soothing and restful, as if that, too, is an echo of the past—soft, with a ring of Heaven in it. It is not the music of the present day—not suitable for the stage or satisfying to the Wagnerian craze—but music for moonlight, or some lonely, echoing street,—full of strange fatefulness, enchanting, charming, in perfect accord, and belonging to the time and place.

We went often to the Vatican, whiling away hours among the sculpture and the picture galleries. Here are Raphael's "Transfiguration" and his "Loggia," wherein is much of his best work. The Sistine Chapel shows the bent of Michael Angelo's mind. His figures seem to struggle, to suffer. They express the intensity of power, of sorrow, for he depicted as he felt. He preferred sculpture, but was forced to paint this old chapel, now blackened by the smoke that has gone up in that room since the fifteenth century. It needs a careful survey to appreciate the labor and the struggles that called to earth once again the heroes of past ages. Here are scenes in the life of Christ, and the creation of the world. His later and best, the "Last Judgment," cannot be forgotten, once seen, but remains fixed in the mind like something in a landscape; a gnarled old tree; an isolated peak;

a melody that is not forgotten; a line of poetry that is sweet with the sweetness of life; a memory with the bitterness of death. For this man wrought so well in his loneliness and bitterness, that as long as color, form, and conception are left in that chapel, he will stand peerless as that one Titan of art, who only was capable of the "Last Judgment."

I shall not speak further of St. Peter's except to describe the ceremonies I saw on Christmas eve, when the holy year of 1900 began, by the opening of the sacred door by Pope Leo XIII. Our party were in some fortunate way favored, for we had places among the mighty, and within a few feet of the seat where the Pope sat, or reclined rather, after being brought in on the shoulders of the men who carried him in a chair, with a silken canopy over his head. There were seats for ladies and standing-room for men, prepared in the portico of St. Peter's, only about eight hundred being admitted. There were something near one hundred thousand applications for seats, so we felt ourselves very fortunate indeed. The men were all in full dress, ladies in black, with lace veils. Ambassadors, princes, the nobles who have stood by the church, cardinals and bishops were there. I despair of description. It was all far more gorgeous than any royal procession I have ever seen. It was like some grand transformation scene on a stage where scenic effect is sought after. All of the Pope's court, ambassadors, etc., were gorgeous in orders, decorations, jewels, and bright colors — scarlet, purple, gold, and crimson — in strong contrast to the black-veiled women who sat in the seats and boxes.

We had gone early, leaving our hotel at nine o'clock, wishing to secure good seats. We found the square in front of St. Peter's filled with ranks of soldiers, by order of the King, but against the wishes of the Pope, who prefers that this, his own dominion, be left to his control. The government, desirous of peace, and knowing the people, look out that no trouble ensues, and is wise, doubtless, for it kept the solid ranks busy to hold the crowd back. Our tickets admitted us without question, for the color proclaimed we were of the elect. Early as we were, we found the seats filled, except a few in front. Again we were fortunate, for those who had preceded us were put in the rear seats, so we had the very best after all.

The crowd waited patiently for nearly three hours, and then the sound from silver trumpets came faint and clear through the dim distance, and the high, gold-fringed canopy appeared coming from the Sistine Chapel. There was but little thought for the gorgeous array that preceded him. All interest was centered in the white-faced old man, so near the boundary where pomp and glory, as well as human care, shall be dropped and eternal rest be his reward.

Near the close of the century — here, in Rome, amid her ruins — in the dim old church, decorated as he, in all the glitter of gold, silver, and precious stones — the white-seamed face that for ninety years has looked upon the sun and the stars, was in harmony with the surroundings. A young and powerful man, a bronzed face, would have spoiled the picture. It was exquisitely artistic. Such a scene could be witnessed but once in a lifetime. There was the long procession in gorgeous robes — then the Pope, clothed in white, and wearing the pontifical ornaments, came into the portico surrounded by the Sacred College of Cardinals and Court, heralded by trumpets, with the great canopy and gorgeous flabella waving behind him. The crowd here was silent and respectful.

But a short time only was given for prayers. Then the Pope took the golden hammer, and, approaching the Sacred Door, knocked three times, repeating some verses, to each of which the choir responded. Then followed similar ceremonies, after which the Pope intoned the *Te Deum*, the door was opened, and he headed the procession into St. Peter's, through the Sacred Door — the first time this has been opened for seventy-five years.

Although the crowd was great, there was nothing like what was expected. There were no thrilling scenes such as writers have depicted. There was no frantic tearing of raiment, or throwing jewels and money as offerings. True, when the doors were thrown open after the Pope had entered, there was a wild rush by the people who had cards to the church only; and it was quickly filled by a crowd who were not easily pacified or controlled. They were noisy and struggled for places to see. The Pope's private guard kept them back from the line fenced off for the procession.

The benediction from the marble statues of the Popes, standing

high in niches, came from hands no whiter than he held up to bless the multitude—the trembling hand extending as though appealing to the century approaching and giving a benediction to the one so nearly ended. The white angels far up in the dome looked down from on high. They seemed vibrating with strength and vitality, but it was only the moving, wavering, incense-filled air. Banners floated, and the great altar glowed. Then came the benediction, for which the people waited, and it was over. A shout went up for the Pope as they carried him away—a vision of the venerable face, white as the robes he wore—and then the crowd rushed from the church with the haste usually seen at theaters.

A few tried to cheer the King, but were silenced. It was something I did not hear when there was a fine opportunity in the streets when the King was passing. There was none of the royal family present at the opening of the Porta Santa.

All the other ceremonies were of small import to us after this. We enjoyed a quiet Christmas, had our own little tree and gifts, with a blessing on the cable that brought “Merry Christmas, and all well,” from home.

Now I am ready for Naples. My companion so far on the tour has decided not to take the long journey I have planned, but plague and quarantine and necessary hardships frighten me not. I am in the cars and out of the Roman station through the Servian and Aurelian walls—the old walls that Hannibal, traveling from far Africa, came to see, but turned away disheartened. Not so with me; cheerfully I go trusting that when the spring comes, I, too, will live to see those tumble-down picturesque heaps again.

There are glimpses of other broken arches and old villas, and as we go on farther. At the Campagna, we cross the Albano and Frascati roads leading to the Alban Hills—passing the drained lake where Castor and Pollux fought for Rome—fly under an ancient city high up above the road, from which the princely house of Colonna derives its name.

I remember it more for the caves at the base of the hills upon which the old tottering towers stand—for in these miserable holes in the rock dwell the poor. The country was sodden and overflowed by rains. There seemed no attempt at flooring, or comfort, for that matter. Some of the people we could see well,

and the mud and water were thick where they lived. Men, women, and children, chickens, donkeys, and goats, were huddled together in these caves. These people work in the field, pruning the vines and preparing the soil when dry enough for spading. There is but little effort at plowing, most of the patches being too small.

Near Naples the country changes, the soil being rich and fertile. The air is soft and balmy, so different to the chilly winds in Rome. The vines crossed and recrossed are a perfect network between the trees. All grape-vines are staked



NAPLES.

or so trained here, because it is too damp for grapes near the ground. Then a sudden turn, and before us is Vesuvius sending up a column of smoke.

A mixture of houses, streets, green gardens, flowers, a glimpse of the Mediterranean, and we are in Naples. The few days spent here have been glorious. Much as I enjoyed Rome, this has been a delightful change. There everything is old. The people are quiet and dull, one might say. The Neapolitan life is different. They are erratic, fickle, and vicious too, at times — these degenerate Greeks, living under the smoke of Vesu-

vius. They sing and laugh while the old mountain threatens, and live without dread, building up high on the sides of the volcano that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The people are temperate here, as in all Italy, for that matter. A bit of bread, fruit, or some shell fish from the bay forms the chief part of their food, when they tire of the omnipresent macaroni. They need few clothes in this balmy atmosphere. The life-giving sun warms and bronzes them. However poor they are, they do not seem unhappy. It is different to the poor in other cities, for here they have the beautiful country around them—the Apennines and Vesuvius, the glorious bay whose celestial waters sing to them while they draw the finny food from its shining bosom.

Our hotel is on the rim of the bay. Our rooms almost over the water command a view of Capri and Vesuvius. There are other isles in the distance, showing their heads among the fleecy clouds of the divine Mediterranean. At night, when we dine, musicians stand under the windows and sing for us. They are poetical and musical, without culture, but they improvise verses, sentiments of passion, eloquent, and spontaneous as the flowers that spring up like magic—for they are like the flowers, born of eternal spring. Their senses are not dulled or wasted in this life of emotions. So we hear them in the evenings.

So I heard them at Capri when we visited that enchanted isle. While we were driving up the summit of Monte Solaro, the melody of the songs of the quaintly clad fishermen came up in the breezes which rippled the sea, touched the fronded palms, and brought with the soft cadence a breath from the gardens and orange groves.

I avoided all ruins on that particular day. Tiberius and his villas tempted us not. Neither did the Grotto of the Persian sun-god. For was there not a glorious sun overhead that no sun-worshiper ever adored more than I? We drove down from Anacapri, upon whose heights the violets bloom and rose-scented terraces are warm and fragrant on the sunny slopes, while farther up the trees are all aslant and swept with the winds. Below us the sea was ruffled by the breeze and variegated by the changing light into emerald and sapphire blues. There were transparent

waves and glorious reflections of lovely shores. The loquat, the palm and pine, exhaled a delicious aroma, and every movement of the fragrant air was like a low sigh of love.

We went in small boats to the Blue Grotto, of which the world has heard. The entrance being only three feet high, it is difficult to go in, even when the sea is smooth. When rough or ruffled, it is not possible for the small boats to enter. The steamer anchored near, and, two by two, as they went into the ark, we were allowed to get in the boats. Not caring for company, I had a boat of my own. We got near the aperture, and as the swell receded the boat was forced in, the boatman clinging to a wire cable while the incoming wave shoved the boat through. Each of us was told to slide down in the bottom of the boat, so our heads would be below the sides of the boat. It was necessary, for the row-locks of my boat touched the top of the opening. But we were in like a flash, and then, through a blurred and dim vision, as by a sudden change from glaring sunshine into a milky-blue mist, blinding for a moment — the eyes became accustomed to the wonderful interior. High overhead were the ragged, gray, arching walls and roof. The silvery blue waters were calm and quiet inside. I cannot describe it. It is marvelous, wonderful, and well deserving all I have ever heard or read of it. Peaceful, calm, restful, away from the stormy seas, yet a part of it, it seems to say, "After labor, rest and peace." One has a peculiar feeling there, a sadness, as when looking at some boat fading from the vision, or the last glimpse of the setting sun.

We returned by way of Sorrento, which is picturesquely situated high up on cliffs above the sea. We drove from there to Castellamare over one of the most noted drives in Europe. The road is amidst groves of orange and lemon trees. The mulberry trees and vineyards are leafless now, as are the fig trees. The olives are silvery green, as they ever are. There are aloes and pomegranates at every turn. Whether looking seaward or toward the hills, the scenery is matchless.

I saw here the house where Tasso was born, now a hotel. His favorite view was shown me — all, doubtless, as he saw it. "Nature alone has eternal youth," and what better place than this to fire a poet's fancy? The broken, ragged shore, the beautiful, ever-changing sea; the unrivaled bay; the changing, varying

clouds in the sky, with the smoke-crowned Vesuvius — possess a charm indescribable. There are such richness of tones, of colors, such gradations from the clear azure of the bay to the violet and deep amethyst of the sky and sea welded on the horizon's verge. The hills are rosy-tinted as we reach the city, the promontories are of burnished jasper, while the seamed and cracked sides of the old volcano are black and shining lava.

Having made the ascent of Vesuvius long before a railroad defaced its slopes, I do not intend to destroy the illusion by another.

I revisited Pompeii and found many new excavations. The glamour and interest surrounding this city can never die out. The tragedy took place over eighteen hundred years ago, when the molten lava flowing down the sides of Vesuvius buried Herculaneum and the showers of hot ashes and water fell on this doomed city, covering it in liquid mud. We walked through the silent streets lined with roofless houses, saw the names of those who lived in them, when terror and death overtook them, saw houses with the sign that signified they were for rent, and through all the centuries they have so stood. There are temples, theaters, and places for amusement. There, too, are the darker abodes, where vice and sin flourished, the seeds of which are not burnt out, and oh! the pity of it!

I noticed leaden water-pipes with bronze cocks cropping up through scoriæ, thrown aside near the footpaths. The many fountains and public baths show they understood perfectly the means of supplying them with water. The telephone was imitated in a way, for in order that the voice might reach every part of the house, little bronze cups were suspended at intervals under the seats. The few frescoes left are beautiful. The best found of every variety of utensils, decorations, food, in fact, all the necessary articles used in a city, have been removed to the Museum in Naples, but enough is left to interest the tourist.

We wandered one afternoon through this ruined city, until night came and the shadows became dense in those sad streets, and the vapors wreathing the top of the old mountain were tinged with internal fires. It is easy to repeople this town and see the lurid flames shoot up, to imagine the terror, despair, and dreadful downpour that buried city and people. Now we, among

the thousands who come here, look upon all that constituted life in that time. The evidence is here, the life gone. The poor, distorted forms of men, women, and children, and of animals, are here in their coating of ashes, so well preserved that the agony of the moment shows clearly on their faces and in the distorted limbs. It is, without doubt, the most mournful and pathetic ruin in the whole world, and as such will ever be of unfailing interest.



STREET SCENE IN POMPEII.

Away from the saddening, ghostly place, and in the solemn hush of the evening, we sped back to the city, where it is as bright, cheerful, and gay as they were in their hour. We have driven over this beautiful city of Naples and up on the heights, and from Capo di Monte looked down upon the fair city and out over the unrivaled bay. I try to forget the misery in the streets, forget the garlic-scented *cafés* reeking with the fumes of that everlastingly detestable smell mixed with tobacco. Well, it is a comfort to know that when death claims them and they leave their macaroni, they cannot carry to heaven their garlic-laden breaths with them.

Baïæ and Puzzuoli, the grotto of Posilippo and Virgil's tomb are interesting. I drive through this historic and classic region, see the nearly extinct crater of Solfatara that for twenty centuries has belched forth fire and steam.

The Sibyl's cave I was not anxious to explore. Virgil selected this as his avenue to the infernal regions; Æneas and the Sibyl here offered sacrifices. Perhaps their offerings were of the same nature as ours—oysters from Lake Lucrine were offered us and sacrificed to hunger's needs. They were delicious, as they probably were in the old Roman days. It may be, however, that Virgil was unfortunate and ate a morbid bivalve and thought of avenues infernal; I had no unpleasant experiences, and no desire to starve myself, as Hadrian did in the "brave days of old"; my motto savors not of starvation.

I thought of Nero here in this fair spot, planning the death of his mother, and of Baïæ, which was once so vile a place that it was said that Neapolitan ladies who grew weary of leading virtuous lives came here and were cured of the habit. There is nothing now indicative of past greatness, good or bad—they are all dead. We are satisfied with the present, then why waste any regrets? We are alive and enjoying our day.

It seemed a different atmosphere fanned my brow, when on the castle-crowned heights of Puzzuoli, where St. Paul stopped some time after he had been shipwrecked on his way to Rome. I looked away down that wonderful coast line toward Amalfi, where a short time ago the dreadful landslide occurred, burying the hotel—once known as a Capuchin monastery—with its occupants, under thousands of tons of earth and stone, ushering them from this earthly paradise into one more beautiful, let us hope.

And now, to-night, the last of the year, I look out on the quiet sea. The old year dies away. A new one steps in. If there is noise in the town, it reaches me not here. All is silent now, and the stars are bright in the blue vault above, while the stars of Memory and of Hope flash and burn and the heart is comforted. The vast expanse of water is silent. And in the solemn moment between the old and the new year the heart feels Heaven's protecting arms.

EGYPT.

CHRISTMAS in Egypt! One is not often blessed with two within one month. I had spent our Christmas in Rome, and it was rather puzzling until I realized the difference between the old and the new styles that is known as the Gregorian and Julian years.

From Naples to Brindisi, thence across the Mediterranean Sea to Alexandria. This, one of the greatest cities in the world under the Ptolemies, is not now remarkable, but the domed mosques and slender minarets, the long yellow sands rimming the blue waters, the castellated forts, gayly colored feluccas and lateen fishing-boats, delighted our eyes as we landed.

Then came the drive through the town, which has been famous. Here the lovely Cleopatra and adoring Antony held high revels hundreds of years ago. Here, too, lived and died the beautiful Hypatia, and here we saw Pompey's Pillar and the Mahmudiyeh Canal, upon whose waters float the barges from Upper Egypt, and which brings the waters from the Nile to irrigate the land. There were such crowds in the streets! This old, old land was yet so new to us. It was as if we had been transported to an unknown world—it was unlike anything we had ever seen. The noises in the streets were confusing.

There was a sprinkling of Europeans, but mostly Orientals with baggy trousers and braided jackets. There were barefooted fellaheens in long blue shirts and skull-caps, with Greeks, Persians, and Bedouins in flowing garments. There were black and white striped stuffs of every description, and all sorts of head-gear, high caps, red fezzes, head-shawls, and simple white turbans. There were dervishes in patched coats and tangled locks streaming from under odd head-coverings.

Then there were the native women of the poorer classes, in long, tattered garments of blue or black cotton, barefooted, and mostly slender, dark, dirty, and grimy. But the love of decoration is apparent, even among the poorest, for they wear silver anklets, rings on fingers and toes, and bracelets on arms. The face is covered with a narrow black strip of veiling attached to a spiral brass or silver piece, which is placed directly between the eyes, the veil covering all the face below the eyes, which are

darkened with some pigment, while the nails are stained with henna.

There were blue-black Abyssinians, Armenian priests, beggars, and soldiers in bewildering confusion. The streets are decorated, and although it is the Greek Christmas and Sunday, there is no evidence of a holiday. Work goes on, as it must, among the poor. They have no time here for holidays.

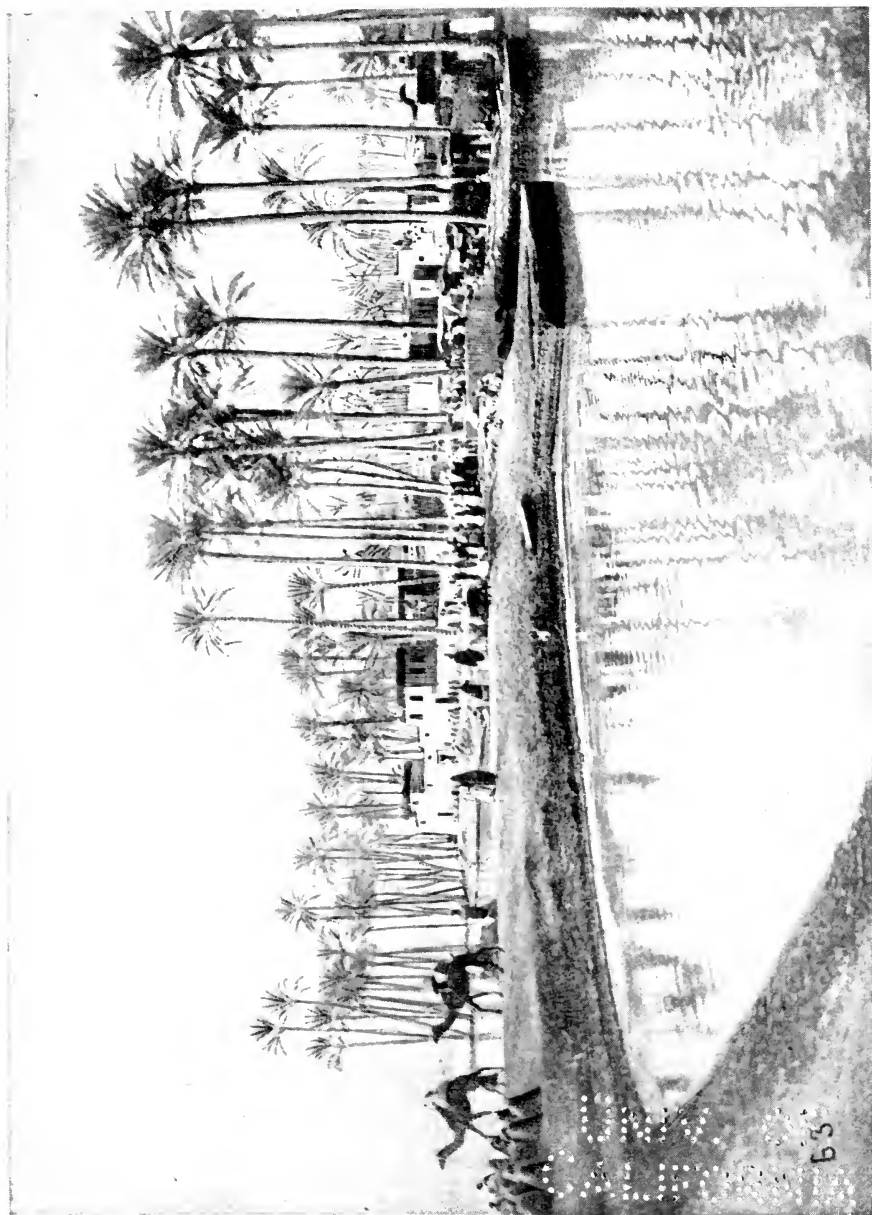
Alexandria is picturesque, but there is little to detain the traveler now in the city, which flourished two thousand years ago; which was old before Cairo was thought of.

We leave it and go through the emerald reaches of the delta, watching the palm-fringed landscapes and the receding city, where the world's greatest lore was given to flames; where Cæsar forgot, in Cleopatra's arms, all except her for a time. The place is an infinite background to all the play of passions. There are yellow sands, fronded palms, gardens, palaces, a long expanse of bright green plain, broad canals, a forest of slender minarets and domes—the train stops, and we are in Cairo.

I cannot attempt an orderly description of my time in Cairo, but the first day was the last of the Christmas festivities—the 8th of January—and a birthday or something of the Khedive. The city was in gala attire. Great wreaths of flowers and vines trailed over doorways, and the Star and Crescent showed everywhere. We saw the Khedive drive by our hotel, and much of Oriental grandeur from the broad shaded piazza of the world-known Shepherd's Hotel. There were officials in all the gilt and insignia of office, English people of wealth, and all kinds of vehicles filled with all sorts of people.

Especially strange were the Saïses, running before the carriages of royalty. Clothed in fluttering white robes reaching only to the knee, in gold-embroidered waistcoats, and with Greek cap, they fly with wand in hand, clearing the way. Bare-legged, alert, and strong, they keep ahead of the swift-trotting horses. They, beyond doubt, go at the pace that kills, for they are said to die young.

Ladies in transparent Turkish veils go by—Egyptian, Arab, Turk—a medley mixed with the poorest half-naked beggars. Some you see have scarcely a garment. Others are clothed in finest embroideries and rich Eastern stuffs. Veiled women carry



TYPICAL VIEW ON THE NILE.



their children astride the left shoulder, the little ones being veritable bronze Cupids, that seem to know how to cling on without falling as soon as they are able to sit erect.

Coal-black Nubians, and mahogany tints and colors of different nationalities crowd the streets. They are from deepest black to every shade of golden-brown, and to chocolate. There are



BEDOUIN PEASANTS.

fellahs and donkey-boys. An air of good humor pervades the masses. Laughter and a babel of dialects mingle with odors of Araby and the smell of an unsavory crowd. We gazed until our eyes ached at the mixture, the strange phases of a life unknown, even with a preconceived idea from the Midway Plaisance of our Chicago Fair.

Afterwards I saw the bazaars, as a matter of course. In and out of the narrow streets we went, where in small niches sit the silent, cross-legged owners of precious goods. There is everything to tempt the strangers—embroideries, the quaintest of quaint designs, tempting one to buy. It is well we have no heavy luggage, otherwise I might not have been able to resist temptation.

My dragoman took me in one place where there was scarcely room enough to seat three. But in a moment coffee and lemonade were served. And then we were shown such beautiful work, yet not urged nor importuned to buy.

Picturesque as are the bazaars, they were the least interesting to me of all I saw in Cairo. We entered the Citadel and Mosque, where we put on shoes over ours, for no Christian-shod foot is allowed to enter the holy place.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan is the finest existing specimen of Arabian architecture. The palace of the Pasha and Mosque of Mohammed Ali were intensely interesting, but the culminating glory of the whole was the entrancing sight that greeted my eyes, for it was from the Citadel's heights I first saw those wonderful Pyramids, standing in silent majesty far out on the tawny Libyan Desert.

Our stay in Cairo was not long enough to see all that I wished. That must come later on. But in the few days there was a vision of the Muski, the covered bazaars, and dim alleys; fountains and the splashing sound of water, fairy kiosks and arching tropical trees, the songs of the birds in the gardens, and the music from *cafés*. There were strange people and strange ways, whether at work or lying sleeping in streets or on pavements. One often stumbles over a long black bundle, which is invariably a man covered in his long garment. The road or the hard cold stones are as good a bed as he desires. He is always in the dust, and is used to it. Often we saw men dismount, kneel, and lay their foreheads in the dust of the roadside. In the Citadel I saw the faithful wash in the fountain in the square before going into the Mosque to pray, and the merchant kneel in his little shop. And wherever they were, they seemed oblivious of the presence of any one.

I talked to a guide and guardian of the Mosque in the Citadel.



OVERFLOWED NILE AND PYRAMIDS.

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He seemed not to like the presence of the English soldiers. I asked him why they were there if they did not wish them, and why they did not keep them out of their country. "It is because our Khedive was bad. But Allah is good. He knows his own business, and it will be all right in time," he said. Then, to my astonishment, for he was quite reticent until he knew I was an American, he said, "By the way, the Boers are doing some good work in Africa."

I do not think he could read or write. He had picked up a little English, and seemed to know or had time between prayers to find out something of the news of the world.

I made but one excursion outside the city before going up the Nile, and this was to the Pyramids of Gizeh. Out of the town and across the river, whose waters rocked Cleopatra's barge, and rippled among the rushes where Moses lay in his cradle, I see the broad stretch of water where fly the ever-graceful boats with wing-like sails. The river's brink presents a busy appearance. Throngs of people are here, washing and bathing, men and boys are filling huge pigskins for use among the poor, and women and mere slips of girls carry immense jars of water on their heads. A tiny girl will carry a load that I could scarcely lift.

I saw men go down in the water, divest themselves of their one robe, wash it, and then bathe themselves. It takes but a few minutes for the drying in the hot sun. They do not mind being wet, for their garments never seem dry. That pertains, of course, to those who carry the water and do their laundry work in the river.

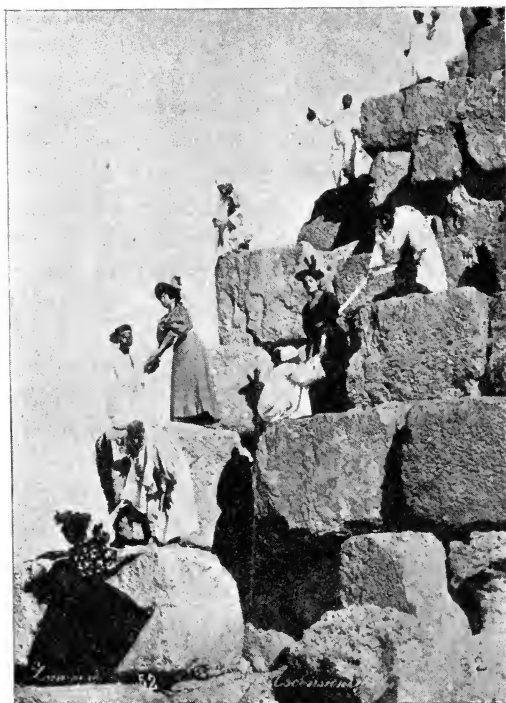
The magic Nile waters we have read of so often seem anything but fanciful or poetic here, as the water is yellow and muddy. But people and animals drink, bathe, and love it as if it were the clearest and purest. It is all and all to them. Why not?

We drive on over that beautiful road towards the Pyramids, that for seven miles is lined with the great lebbeck trees, arched and meeting over the well-sprinkled avenue—a blessing in this country, which scarcely knows rain—until the road ends, and we drive up the long sandy slope. The desert and rocky platforms are reached, and we are under the shadow of the Pyramids.

I know that this is Cheops, towering in unexpected bulk and majesty above my head. I think, however preconceived one's

ideas may be, the effect is different from all imagination. I had not that sense of delight often experienced in gazing at some gorgeous landscape or towering mountain. Here the senses seem overpowered. One is emptied, so to speak, of words, of ideas. It is the mystery of ages gone by. I am awed by the silent, endless, tawny desert, where no thing of life is seen to grow beyond the borders of the river. And these Pyramids, built of huge blocks of limestone, piled high upward, and seen against the clear Egyptian sky, standing so long in the warm, dry air, are the color of the sands — seemingly the color of gold against the blue of heaven.

The impressions of that visit can never pass from my mind, as I stood there touching those massive blocks that have stood in place over six thousand years. Its immensity, and the long, vast, rugged wall that is rooted in the sands and reaches so far above



ASCENDING CHEOPS.

me, is strangely overpowering. My mind seems fighting the solid phalanx of years that have gone by since these Pyramids were created. It is a place that, whatever it may mean to others, struck me dumb.

It was as well to rest in silence, for all my strength was needed for the ascent. Although we were told it would be too hard to climb that steep slope to the top, which is four hundred and eighty feet from the base — and though each block measures

almost three feet in height—we would not listen. I had three Arabs to assist me, and though much has been said about their dishonesty and extortion, we found them kind and encouraging. Block by block up that mighty wall, where many men falter and only few try, I went. And although it was fearful, worse even than the ascent of Vesuvius, I finally reached the summit. I know nothing about the feelings or sensations of others who toiled up that weary way, but I felt much as I did once when up in a balloon. There was the same sensation—as though one was suspended in air.

The broad, stretching, undulating desert; heaps of broken masonry; yawning pits; rifts showing here and there; and the number of smaller Pyramids can only be thoroughly appreciated from the top. The Sierra-like ridges of distant hills, Cairo, Mokattam hills, the Citadel, and glittering domes and minarets show clearly, as if at our feet. There were the gray-green palm groves and the emerald, fertile Nile Valley, which I saw and appreciated for the first time, in all its blossoming beauty beating up against the sands, the living, joyous stretch of river keeping back the drifting sands that seem the very embodiment of death and desolation. Other Pyramids appeared in the distance. There were Memphis and Heliopolis. Mystery broods over that country—the mystery of death. The sun illumines the hot, dry sands and the territory of the dead. The shadow of the Pyramids tells us it is time to leave. So we go down that slope very much quicker than we went up.

At the base we found my dragoman had procured camels, and we rode those beasts—so essential here—silent, soft-footed, and sure—until we paused before that strange monument of bygone ages, the Sphinx. In the half-light of the afternoon's glow I saw that mystery, part couchant and partly buried in the shifting sands, facing east. What strange dawns and stranger nights have brightened and shadowed that placid face, that seems waiting in silence, mysterious and sublime. I forgot Time as I stood before that mighty face, older than the Pyramids, resting on that lonely desert, where no single blade of grass or thing of life is ever known; gazing ever eastward where the sun breaks the gray mists that hover over the silvery winding Nile and the moving, animated life. The breath from the fragrant fields is wafted

up here to this helpless form, through balmy evenings and moon-tranced nights. A touch startles me, and I am led to the kneeling camel, a great white beast—Rameses II. they call him—and we go back to the carriage and return to the city from that desolate, ghostly region. I pass through the fields, green and blossoming with flowers, where the camels go with such heavy burdens, and the long-necked black buffalo work in the fields or stand in the water of the canals. Men and women in long, loose robes, veiled and turbaned, add to the strange picture. And then the day is done.

We visited, among novelties of Cairo, the Howling Dervishes, and saw them sitting in a circle, intoning in a strange, solemn sort of chant or undertone, the voices rising and falling. "Allah!" "Allah!" they repeat, their heads inclining with each repetition—slowly at first, then, as they increase in rapidity, the voices rise, the whole circle become frenzied and give vent to shrieks, groans, rocking to and fro—the leader cheering then on by new intonations and gurgles that increase the madness, until one's head is turned and we think it time to get away from the horrible sight.

We were not in among the crowd, as our dragoman had seats for our party on a porch. We thought it a part of the building wherein the Dervishes held their carousals, until a slave came out and we were invited into a gorgeous chamber where a Sheik sat in state. He received us kindly and asked us some questions while his servant served coffee. It was an honor seldom accorded strangers, and if entirely unexpected, was appreciated, for these people are conservative, and care but little about strangers.

Wherever we went, in and around the city, it was always the same, something new here, where the East and the West join hands in strange confusion, where guides and Saises, veiled women and stately Pashas jostle the foreigners. It is a life in the abstract, unlike any known to us. Yet we see so much in nature familiar to us.

Oranges and lemons are plentiful and cheaper than with us, and as delicious as are ours at home. Nowhere outside California have I found an orange worth eating until we arrived here. Those of Italy were filled with seeds and too sour almost for eating. The only palatable oranges there were the small mandarins.

In Egypt there are no seedless oranges, but they are very sweet and luscious.

I saw watermelons and strawberries, while at every turn were great baskets of fresh, ripe tomatoes. There were fields of blossoming peas and beans; acres of bananas with ripening fruit; pomegranates, oleanders, sycamore trees, and much we are accustomed to see, only more abundant and farther advanced than with us in January.

We drove over the road that ends at the Palace, and along the Nile, where one sees the fine equipages and gray Arabian horses, and saw the tombs of the Caliphs, and Heliopolis — On, of Scripture. Mary, the Christ-child, and Joseph rested here when they entered Egypt. We saw the Barrage du Nil, the largest weir in the world, where the water of the Nile is kept at the same level in all seasons, so as to obviate the necessity of the old-time machinery for irrigation with its great expenditure of labor. The navigation of the river is carried on below here by means of spacious basins and locks.

From the top of the Mokattam Hills we took our last look on Cairo for a time, as I leave soon for a long trip up the Nile. For twenty days we shall be on that mystical old river we now see flowing in sinuous ways in and beyond the city.

The gleaming points of the thousands of minarets are before us, the picturesque Citadel and Mosque, where we saw the faithful at prayers, prostrate, with forehead touching the floor, as one sees them everywhere, for that matter. The far-away Pyramids are clothed in an atmosphere of tender half-light. Violet shadows are creeping over the yellow Libyan sands, now looking confused and tumbled like the waves of a troubled sea. We are in a land of bewildering dreams, creaking shadoofs, and drifting feluccas, while there comes a faint cry of jackals out on the sands. Then we find ourselves down in the streets, with the sound of stirring waltzes floating up from *cafés*, and the Esbekiyeh gardens, which are brilliant in lights and music. We are back from the desert, which is symbolical of death, to a life of soul and senses, gay and splendid in this city of half a million souls, forgetful of the years, the dead past, that lie out there on the sands so near this throbbing, teeming, and joyous existence. And I slept and forgot, but my dreams were of a past that was "æons of thought away."

I am off for a trip of six hundred miles up the Nile, on the Anglo-American steamer *Puritan*, the very finest and best boat that plies these waters. It gives me a sort of "homey" feeling to see our own Stars and Stripes floating above my stateroom, and makes me feel less lonely in this strange land.

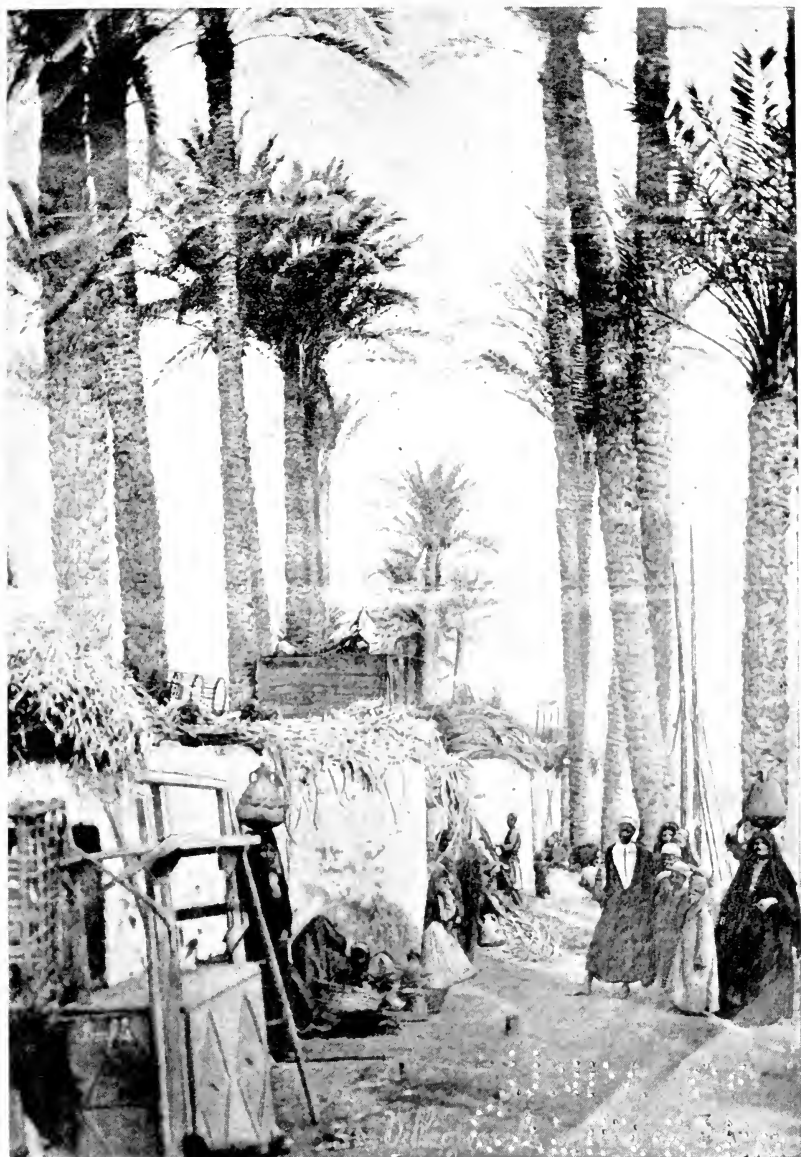
Starting from the Kasr-el-Nil, the fine drawbridge at Cairo, we soon passed the island of Rhoda and the Nilometer. The domes and minarets, the palaces and gardens, are soon left behind. The Citadel shows clear and distinct. The sharp, clear outlines of the grand Pyramids are seen against the sky; and with an "Ah!" of delight and admiration I breathe a heartfelt sigh of gratification that at last I am off and away on the longed-for trip up this magical old river—a river that has no equal in all the wide world. The promenade deck is luxuriant with easy-chairs and couches. Beautiful foreign rugs are on the floors, and all is as comfortable as a drawing-room. We walk and sit, or, if we prefer it, here are our staterooms, if we wish privacy, on the same deck, with the most enchanting views to be seen from my own cozily furnished room.

A wide valley spreads before us, its low banks lined with clustering or detached clumps of the tall date palms, lifting bare, rugged, and leafless trunks to a height of eighty and one hundred feet before the fronded branches are reached. To the right and left, the horizon is bounded by ranges of yellow mountains, in whose recesses lay soft violet shadows. I see cuttings fresh from the limestone rocks glittering and white, that after a time turn a beautiful yellow color. Houses, white and glaring at first, after exposure to the air assume beautiful chrome hues. The mountains, the Pyramids, the sands, are all the same color, —nothing else would suit Egypt.

Soon the swift steamer stops at Bedrashayn, and Ibrahim, our dragoman, who boasts of the blood of the Prophets in his veins, takes our party for our first excursion.

We are glad the fear of the plague has kept the bulk of the tourists away. We are the first of the year. Quarantine is removed, and they are coming in swarms now. Our boat accommodates eighty people. We number seventeen. So it is charming for us, but very bad for the company.

We are hustled on donkeys, and each of us has a barefooted



ARAB VILLAGE ON NILE.

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runner to steer the beasts and prod them. None are bridle-wise. Amid yells and cries we were hurried across a dusty flat until we arrived at Bedrashayn, and realized what an Arab village is. At a distance it had looked very pretty amid the palm groves, but the squalid misery apparent everywhere took away the poetry at once. Brown, half-nude children thronged the wayside, and the cry of "Backsheesh" rang in our ears.

We stared into eyes half eaten out with sores caused by flies which are never brushed away. Superstition, some say, is the reason they are never molested. Laziness and indifference are nearer the mark, I fancy. Be that as it may, half the male population have something wrong with the eyes—some crossed, scarred, lids half eaten, one-eyed, disfigured. We could not judge the females, for all, save the young girls and very old women, are veiled.

We went through a dense grove of palms and knew we were on the site of Memphis, the capital that King Menes founded four thousand years before the Christian era. No capital in the world has so long kept a place in history or dates back so far as this. It began with Egypt's first king—before whom all are myths. We know he turned the river to build his capital, which, after him, all the Pharaohs helped to adorn. There is but little left now of Memphis, that once could sieze—

"From ancient Thebes the crown of fame
And wear it bright through centuries,"

—only broken bits and fragments of statues. The statue of Rameses II., which stood at the entrance of the Temple of Ptah, has been dug out of the Nile mud. We looked in vain for something to remind us of the splendor of a place that extended over a space that required half a day to cross in any given direction. Mounds and rubbish arise, trees and grain grow above the ruins. The artificial lake is only another name for a pool. We tarried only a short time here. The Memphis of Cheops, Cephren, and the early kings who built their pyramid-tombs out yonder on the desert, is now only a name for desolation and decay.

We went on over green fields of wheat, barley, and rice to the Pyramids of Sakkara. Here were miles of monuments, from the lofty Pyramids to rock-hewn caverns. The step Pyramid is one of the oldest monuments in Egypt. It is built of poor stone, and is nothing like those of Gizeh.

From these we went to the Tombs of Apis, the sacred bull of the god Ptah. These bulls were embalmed like human beings and interred with great pomp. We were shown subterranean passages and large granite sarcophagi, some twenty or more, I believe, where they were entombed. But in every instance the massive lids had been removed and the remains taken away. Some of the sarcophagi are said to weigh sixty-five tons. How they were brought into these narrow chambers, where there is scarcely room to pass around them, is a mystery. They were put in, however, and sealed up so well that when the tombs were excavated and opened, the footprints of the men who finished the work were, after three thousand seven hundred years, as distinct as if only a day or so had elapsed.

The tomb of Tih, near here, is four thousand five hundred years old. On the walls are mural reliefs faithfully representing the life of Tih, who was a priest, and a very wealthy man and proud, so the whole of his pleasures and treasures were engraved upon the walls. First, he is shown about ten times the size of his slaves. Then follow all sorts of people, animals, birds, etc. We see them plowing with the same sort of plow we see used now in the fields. The oxen are tied up by one foot, even as they tie the poor little donkeys, oxen, and camels now. Rams are treading the corn; men are reaping, winnowing, or sowing it. Some are feeding the stock and fowls, others fishing, sailing, or ship-building. Women are carrying great loads on their heads, as they still do. There are dogs, crocodiles, and wild ducks winging their way through the marshes, all so faithfully represented in transitory movements and spirited and fleeting action, that one is led to believe they had Landseers and Bonheurs in those days, who carved and painted on walls in colors and rough stone, and so well that Time seems to touch them not.

The dewless and rainless district has everything to do with their preservation, for the sands are forever dry. It was like a furnace, almost, in Tih's tomb. The sands deep down in that underground retreat burnt my feet. The air was hot and stifling, almost as hot as I found it once in a mine in Virginia City, three thousand two hundred feet below the surface. This was a dry, intense heat, yet not one hundred feet deep. It seemed cool and pleasant when we emerged, though the sun beat down on the sands of the desert.

We remounted and went back toward the river and saw yawning places where excavations had been made and tombs rifled, but the shifting sands fill up the work of months. We pass the walls of the Pyramid, the oldest, perhaps, of all buildings on the face of the earth. Then there is a hurrying back, for there is a four-mile ride, and the day wanes.

We passed camels laden with all sorts of goods. These poor beasts, ill-fed, are patient even in their complainings. Growl as they may and do, they do their work well. There are the long-necked, queer-shaped cattle they call the buffaloes, brown and shaggy, as are the sheep.

Men, women, and children are here. Donkeys are braying. The cry of "Backsheesh," meaning a gift, is ever ringing in our ears, and we are back to our boat, and know our first day's excursion is ended.

After Memphis we went on up the wonderful river,—a river I found in all its length to be full of interest, and never monotonous. While there is no startling scenery, there is a coloring here that, like Yellowstone Park, cannot be told or painted. It would be hard to find colors to match the shades of yellow seen on the Libyan rocks, mountains, and desert sands—tints ranging from old gold to brighter yellows, warm maize, salmon, and rosy hues of the ripe apricot. These exquisite tones run against a sky that is at all times beautiful, through an atmosphere which is to me marvelous, for though there is scarcely ever a shower of rain, the atmosphere is clear as in the spring-time with us.

"There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that covers
The wary crocodile.

"The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled."

Except now and then, when a few clouds were in the sky, there was only the burning indigo-blue of the zenith, shading off to the horizon into paler shades of violet, with gray and opal tints. The shadows that nestle in the sand-rifts and serrated mountains

seem to take the place of forests, while ever beyond the green water-mark of the Nile stretch the sands, where no single living, growing thing is seen.

Going up against the stream, I find my most vivid impressions begin with Memphis, going on and on until the mind is confused. This land of Egypt is puzzling. We go back against centuries as though they were days. We read, and visit ruins, and talk easily of what we see, and walk under arches put up four thousand years ago, knowing that, try as we will, it is not possible to fully comprehend or understand.

We go on past objects of interest during the day. The boat always anchors for the night, so we miss nothing worth seeing. There are changing scenes at every bend of the river. The date palms are everywhere, — those same palms on which the government demands a tax of twelve and a half cents each, yearly, whether they bear or not. There are ever the tall, dark-robed men and boys in fluttering garments, busy, or sitting silently in the sand. The women are forever carrying jars of water, and carefully putting a corner of the square drapery covering the head and shoulders over the eyes.

Little patches of lupins, barley, and wheat grow along the river. Doora, or Egyptian corn, will be planted later. Much of the soil usually sown is now bare and cracked, like our adobe lands, as the Nile is unusually low this year and there will be much suffering before the country is flooded this coming summer.

Every few paces are the shadoofs for irrigating the lands near the river's edge, fashioned like a well-sweep, with long pole and basins of tin or leather. They are worked by men and carried up in terraces as the water recedes. Four men are now required to take the water from the river to the level of the banks, and when the top is reached, one pail of water must be passed through the hands of the four men. Such is the primitive way they irrigate the small patches. In a few places we saw jars attached to endless chains. These belong to the few who can afford a bit of machinery and have cattle to work them. Some of the larger fields are irrigated by these sakkiehs, but most of the small strips or squares along the river's edge are irrigated by men, who are cheaper than animals.

A man or boy works for about one piastre a day, or something

over five cents, and furnishes his own food. Their clothing counts for but little, as they are mostly nude. In the blistering sun and fierce north winds they work as I have never seen man or beast work, subsisting on the hard bread, partly sun-dried, partly baked, and the pith of the sugar cane, which grows so abundantly here.

Wood is not known, only as it is imported. The few trees are kept for shade. The stalks of the Egyptian corn are used for huts and thatching roofs, with the palm leaves, and also for fuel. This same corn is threshed out by flails and winnowed by tossing it in the air. The blades are used for fodder. Nothing is wasted here.

The small villages are built of sun-dried bricks, or the stalks of the corn are put up and plastered with mud. It does not rain, and they literally live outdoors the year round. Any inclosure that is ample for the household, and their flocks or poultry, — if they possess any — for the night is all they wish or need.

And then we come to Beni-Hassan, where we visit some curious tombs, which are similar to others.

I shall only say that here, too, were the tombs of cats sacred to Pakhst, the patron goddess of the region. I thought I was fortunate in securing one of those mummy cats from our dragoman. Later on, I knew in all faith that, while the nine lives were gone without doubt, there were more than that many smells attached to this sacred Maria. I was the envy of the whole boat, and could not acknowledge my mummy's failings. So one night, when the boat was anchored, and all were asleep, the moon and stars shed a tender light on a funeral without music or mourners, as my cat, with a weight tied to its toes or its brown-yellow wrappings, went down into the Nile, let us hope for good and forever.

There were days of calm, bright, and perfect weather — nothing like the heat we expected to find. But this is an unusually cool season, for which I am thankful. We stopped now and then to visit ruins, sugar factories, or villages, going through bazaars, and always learning something.

The primitive way many of these people live would shame our Indians. They eat little and wear less. They are clothed in modesty — modesty, however, is scarcely the word to use, — the climate rendering superfluous clothing unnecessary. Their in-

nocent indifference, I thought, placed them on a par with animals, until one day a gentleman threw a half-worn shirt to one of the Bisharins. Shortly afterwards he reappeared, dressed in the one garment, but a portion of the tail had been torn off to decorate his head. The antics he cut and the envious glances of his friends proved that pride lurked beneath the seeming indifference.

At last we reach Assiout, the capital of Middle Egypt, where is made the beautiful red and black pottery. We were scarcely landed before all sorts of people, with all kinds of wares, were squatting, toad-like, on square bits of cloth, with articles for sale. Again we took donkeys and rode through the town, which was like all visited—dirty and filthy—yet looking so beautiful in the distance.

We reached the desert and the hills, where were more tombs and grottoes. Here the wolf was worshiped, and the remains of these animals and human beings were scattered all over the ground. A black vision stepped in front of me and said, "Antichi." I looked at the antique, who might have stepped out of an overlooked mummy-case. He was so wrinkled and shriveled that for a moment I wondered it could speak, until I realized the outstretched hand held the head of a wolf and the fragment of a mummied hand not much worse-looking than his. No; I was not searching for any more remains. But, turn where I would, I saw similar sights. The remains lie scattered about on the dry lands, and the years seem not to change them.

I am not loth to leave the tombs, and take a view from the heights said to be among the finest in Egypt. Below lie the heaps of limestone and *débris* of the plundered tombs. Beyond, the fields are green with grain and blossoming clover. The towers of the town show amid the waving palms. The river glistens and is lost in the distance, while around the horizon's rim lies the boundless desert.

We saw two funerals, one where the women went by, wailing, and throwing dust over their heads like mad cattle. Their dead had been buried, but they were going to visit the departed, and, it seemed, were desirous of being heard. The other procession comprised men, carrying a form covered with an old shawl, on their shoulders. They, too, were chanting and wailing. There

is little ceremony beyond the wailing. They have no coffin. A piece of cloth is placed over the body and it is put in the earth. It was unspeakably sad and mournful to me.

I saw much of it, later on—pitiful, desolate little mounds in the hot, lifeless sands—no stone or mark of any kind except, perhaps, now and then, a rough stone picked up from the dust to mark the place. There is a strange contrast between the tombs of the rulers, whereon is all that wealth could lavish and decorate, while for the poor a bed in the sands seems all that is desired or expected.

From the river I glanced back to Assiout, whose Moslem towers and minarets alone are new. The long, green stretch shows the blessed influence of water. The mountains, like the rest, ever new, yet old as the oldest, are but little changed, perhaps, since Moses, the meek, returned after killing his man, and daringly led the Children of Israel from the land of leeks and unbaked bread.

What memories crowd and fill the mind! Rameses died, under whom the Israelites were scourged and the bitterest bondage felt. Then came the plagues, then the death of their first-born, and Pharaoh had bidden them go forth from Goshen. Yet, strangely enough, after they were delivered they longed for the fish and melons, the leeks and onions, asking for bondage, and preferring to die in Egypt rather than in the wilderness. With it all, they perhaps loved Egypt, the old, mysterious country, the land of the ibis and lotus. They had helped build some of these imperishable tombs, and so remembered the graves.

Paradoxical it would seem, but one gets used to such things here in this strange land, with its stupendous tombs, its ruins, and its antiquities. The mighty have fallen, but in the fall there is so much of grandeur, a marvel in the mysterious monuments that speak of remote ages, a fascination where are seen things too strange for solving. The strangeness of the rainless climate and equally strange clearness of the atmosphere, the strange miracle of the all-powerful, life-begetting river, whose annual miracle represents resurrection and teeming life from lifeless sands—all impress the stranger strongly. Small wonder this river is still loved as of old, if not so worshiped. Paganism gave way to Christianity, that in turn to Islamism, and while they now bow not down to the crocodile, wolf, snake, or thousands of

strange gods, they love the all-powerful river, as they should, for it certainly is true that prosperity and water go hand in hand here. Egypt is the gift of the Nile—beautiful with it, nothing without it.

And so we go, like the history of Egypt, up and on through this wonderland of river, and cliffs, and valleys, where nestle the mud huts, and the lupins edged the water's rim. There is ever the belt of cultivated soil, whereon are raised three or four crops a year. The fringe of feathery palms means so much to the natives. They would, indeed, be desolate without their dates. The winged boats, like huge birds, are ever seen on the river.

The glory of the sunsets charms when the shadows in the hills turn to deeper violet, the rocks burn like gold and the great yellow Theban hills are bronzed against the sky as the sun dips behind the distant hills. Then almost instantly the scene changes, for there are no lengthy twilights here. The glow fades, and the stars come out brighter than I have ever seen them elsewhere it seems to me.

It is all beautiful and tranquil. There are subtle gradations of tones and shades. Only once did I see flame-colored clouds or anything approaching the gorgeous colorings one sees in countries where there are showers and accessories of cloud and vapor. The atmosphere is too dry in Egypt.

I have progressed but slowly in our upward journey. Abydos came next, buried under its mounds, and dating to a period so remote that there is little to guide archaeologists. Here King Menes, who is first in the list of Egyptian Pharaohs, was born. This was once a very important city and was revered, for here Osiris was buried. Here, too, are the Temples of Sethos and Rameses, regarded as being among the most beautiful of Egyptian ruins. There are sanctuaries, pillars, halls, corridors and columns of alabaster, porphyry and sandstone. All the gods the Egyptians ever worshiped seemed to be carved upon the walls, which were bright with that wonderful coloring which is so marvelous, in that it is as fresh as if newly put on, though exposed in many places to the scorching rays of the sun. Kings are represented as bowing before some strange god, such as crocodiles, frogs, dogs, double-headed geese, and too many others to remember. Of the offerings brought the kings, among necklaces, orna-

ments, and incense, was an offering of salve for the eyes. Evidently, kings were not exempt, but, like the people of to-day, felt the ill effects of the flies in Egypt. These temples are eight miles from the river, and this was our longest ride. It was not tiresome, for the donkeys cantered at a very easy pace, and were good enough when the boys let them alone. But an Arab boy is not happy unless he is twisting the tail or beating the poor beast, yelling and saying all sorts of things to keep in practice. The donkeys do not seem to mind it.

We rode over the ancient plain of Thinis, which is like some of our vast green fields. The beans and bearded barley were high as the donkeys. The plain is more than six miles wide on this side of the Nile, and more prosperous than any other section I have seen.

The wind was warm and sweet over the undulating fields. There were the huts built of the stalks of the corn. Sheep and goats, tethered, were feeding on the fragrant clover. Long strings of camels, with gawky necks and humped backs, were going along unseen paths, undulating above the surface of the grain like ships upon a sea of green. Birds were singing in the air. Bare-legged brown men were in the fields at work. A sheik, the owner of the fields probably, rode by us, like Boaz among his people—only it is scarcely time for reaping yet, and the Ruths were at home or carrying the water. The people and the herds go on the same round they did thousands of years ago. That which we see depicted on the walls of tombs forty centuries ago we see now in the moving life about us. And as of old, when Moses heard the Voice amid the flame telling him to go to the land of the Pharaohs, as he went from Horeb's mountain, so we went down the sloping hills over the level valley and the voice speaking to us was the steamer's whistle. The blue, misty smoke hovering in the distance might have been a wreath left of the pillar of fire that guided the wandering Children of Israel as it guided us to the river, and we, too, went on.

The navigation companies, the successors of the Pharaohs on the Nile certainly make it charming and delightful for all who travel with them. It would astonish old Rameses lying placidly in the Boulak Museum, if he could awaken and take a trip up the river, with its luxury, comfort, ease, and good living. In

fact, all that could be desired in the way of efficient service was ours.

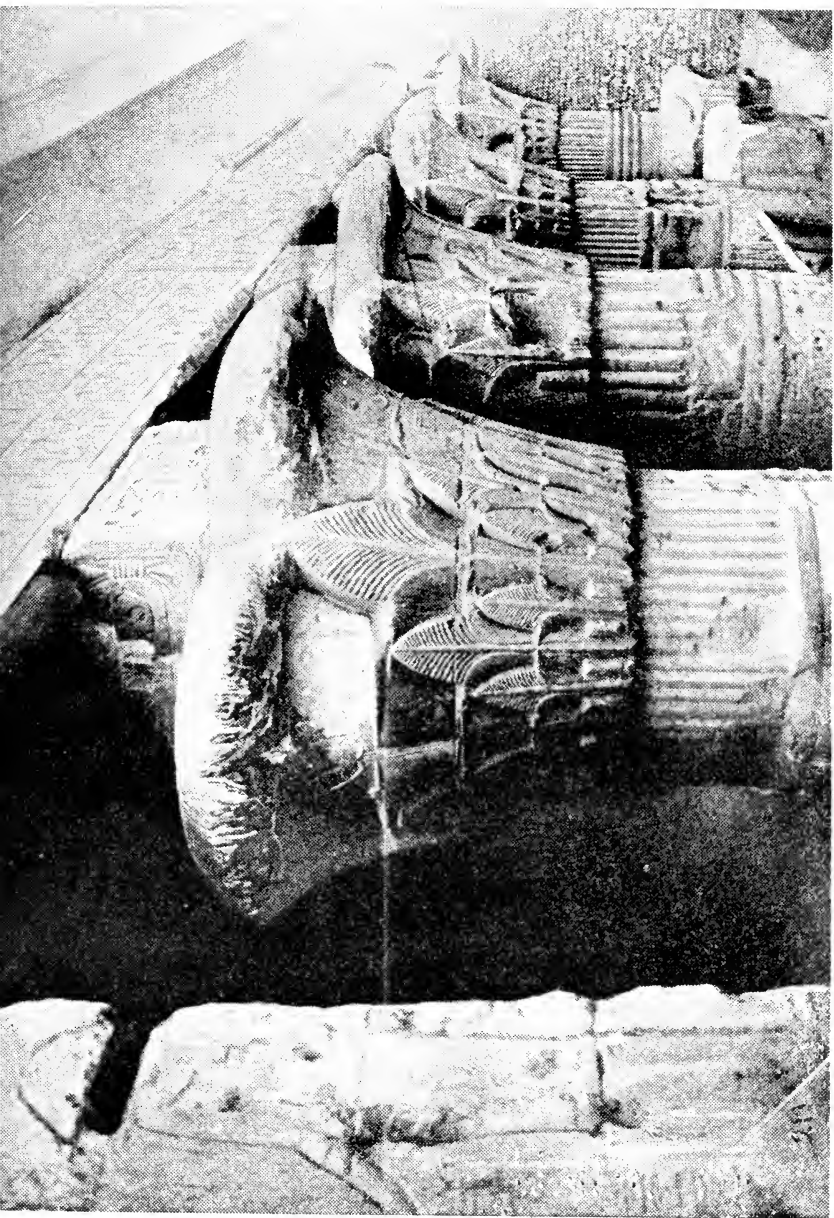
The Nubian servants who waited on us at table in their quaint garb, red fezzes, and red shoes, were quick, alert, silent, and respectful. I wish there were more like them in the world of hotels. The crew, who put down the awnings at night, transforming the boat into a cozy, canvas-tent sort of arrangement, thus protecting us from cold winds, did the work well mornings and evenings, putting them up or down, washing decks, going about noiseless as cats—were astonishing to me. In landing, taking up or putting out the anchor, they had such a musical chant, it was pleasant to listen to them. They call upon "Allah" in all their work. Their chant of "Yalla Yassalim" ("heave away, you're safe") as they tug at the ropes, in soft melodious voices seems to be in keeping with the time, and the river, where everything is harmonious and quiet.

There are no jarring discords, except at landing-places, when some excursion is to be made and dozens of donkey-boys crowd and jabber. It is a change and amuses us. Our dragoman, a large fellow, goes among the crowd and makes his selection, lashing men and beasts unmercifully—beats them, tumbles them over the bank of the river, but all to no purpose. They are up and back like swarms of flies. It gives variety to the voyage, though that is never lacking in this country, which, with all its charms, is odd and unique.

Everything seems to go by contraries here. The people write from right to left. The daughters make provision for their parents. Here, men and beasts live together. I saw men spinning and weaving and attending to the laundry business. The women may not be hewers of wood, for there is no wood to hew, but they certainly attend to drawing or ladling the water from the river.

One of the donkey-boys said: "I am sorry I can't make much money. If I could, my wife would not have to carry water on her head." It did not seem to occur to him that between times he might take a turn at it himself.

The men and boys usually carry the pigskins filled with water to what might be termed the public fountains, which are large jars that answer the purpose. I saw some of these with cups attached, near a Coptic school. The children may drink, but I am



COLUMNS AT DENDERAH, EGYPT.

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sure they never think of washing. I have seen the men wash before praying. What the women and children do I cannot tell.

The children learn to read a little, and write on slates made from pieces of tin cans, but are never so busy or so afraid of their teachers that they will not stop and cry, "Backsheesh."

But this is a country of surprises, there is so much of the old and odd. There are such startling contrasts and grotesque results as nowhere else could be seen outside the fellaheen of Egypt. It is hard to designate or explain unless more time were given than I have to devote.

The growing needs of the day irk not the mind of the peasant. They are content with little knowledge, and their bread, leeks, and lentils. The whole world may turn topsy-turvy, but if the Nile only rises to the desired level, there seems to be nothing else to wish for.

Each day brings changes and something new, as Egypt and dullness are incompatible. It has an ineradicable charm. It is never commonplace as we go on, for there is undying romance on every hand. This river, historical and mysterious, stretches from the Mediterranean Sea to the very heart of Africa, beginning in Victoria Nyanza and flowing three thousand miles till it is lost in the blue sea at Alexandria.

We stop at the sand-drifted temples of Denderah, after passing the fruitful soil, breathing fragrant breezes that come warm and palpitating from the fields, then on and across the dry sands until the temples built on the barren cliffs are reached. What had fruitful lands, telegraph wires, and signs of life and civilization to do with this, the shrine of Hathor, the woman creator, the nurse of Horus? We are here in the haunts of Osiris, of Sesostris, of Cambyzes. Unspeakable mystery of temples! Men who were learned built, planned, and carved these wonderful majestic ruins long before the Infant foretold had been born. All the older arts are here — sculpture, painting, design, wonderful carving, etc. What music has been heard within these grand temples! Mirth, gayety, sorrow, love, and joy have been heard, seen, and felt, before the Pyramids were, or the Sphinx was thought of. The gods held high carnival in the superb temples of Hathor. Much of their life is depicted on the walls, with its tombs and prehistoric tombs back of it. Isis and Horus bind the links of

history of Moses and Him who died for us. Hathor, to whom kings bowed down with offerings and prayers, represented all that was good and beautiful, the eternal youth of Nature, was also the Goddess of Truth.

But we hurry on through these corridors and sanctuaries with the wealth of surface sculpture, elaborate paintings, of zodiacal emblems, winged globes, and the omnipresent wavy lines representing the Nile — the key of life. Lotus, lilies, and scarabii are waveringly intermingled with everything that the ancients cut, carved, or painted. How they loved the lotus plants and blooms!

How they revered the scarab — the little black beetle — as an emblem of creative and preserving power, with its provident nature in laying eggs, inclosing them in a ball of mud and rolling it to some safe, dry spot in the warm sands, where the young might hatch and be protected from harm. Its untiring energy and muscular strength impressed these children of Nature, for in its workings they saw not only creative and preservative power, but it was emblematic of the immortality of the soul.

Among the few bas-reliefs that are perfect was one of Cleopatra. How it has escaped the spoiler's chisel is probably due to the fact that it has but recently been uncovered, being on the external wall. The Persians overthrew the best work of the Pharaohs. The Copts, with chisel and hammer, hacked away the faces of nearly all the figures within reach. The temples of the Ptolomies and Cæsars were mutilated. The Pyramids were stripped and Memphis destroyed by Arabs. In no other country has man admired more and destroyed more than in Egypt. For her the world's greatest temples were built, and Time has not wrought the ruin that men have. They have sacked, plundered, desecrated, and stolen from sanctuaries the dead.

And so from Denderah, and the wind-blown dust of kings and queens, under cloudless, glowing skies we go until we arrive at Luxor. Thebes! Karnak! The tombs of the kings and the Memnonium! I had read so much and dreamed of these places for years that it seemed as though it were all dreams; the wide river; queer lines of palms and waving grain; the far-away terraced mountains, and rock-cut tombs. Then the boat anchors, and there are mighty columns on the bank above us. The white houses of different consuls, with flags and ensigns, greet us

There are some good-looking hotels along the steep, sandy shore. The babel of voices, the hurrying ashore, make us feel we are in touch with the world once more.

It was good to have papers and letters from home at Luxor, to have cards and "Greetings from over the sea." And we were glad and happy to forget the old for a time and read the news from home.

Luxor is now only a modern Arab village, but it occupies the site of one of the oldest parts of the ruins of Thebes, which at one time occupied both sides of the river, extending for miles along the Nile. Here was the great central place of Egyptian art.

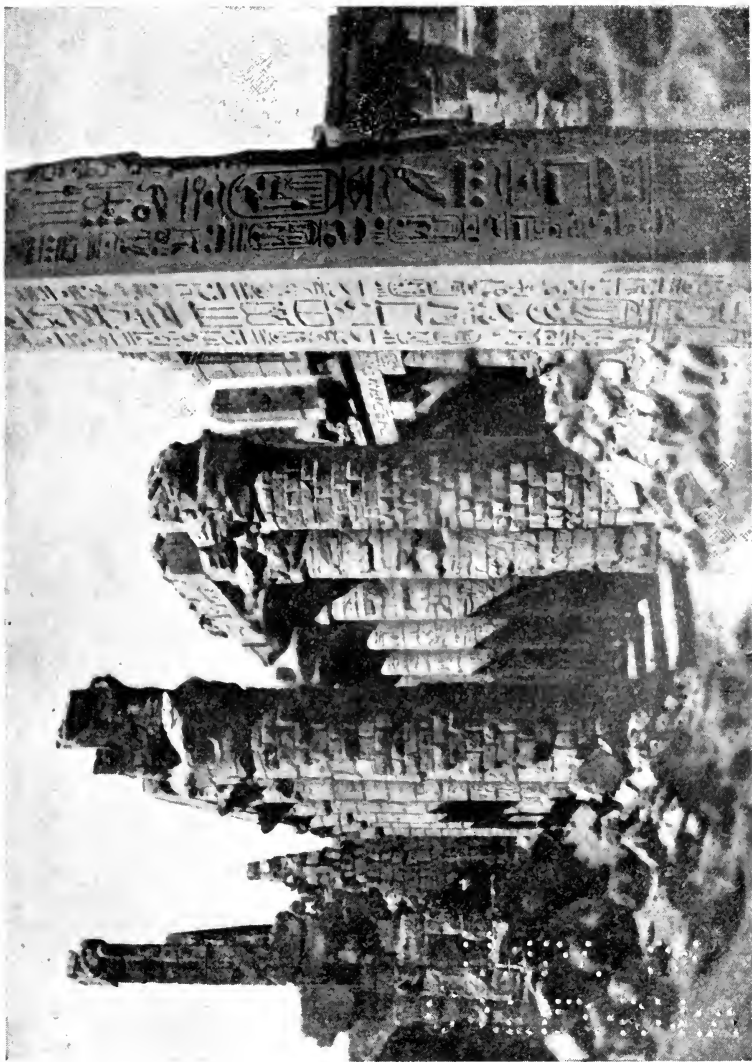
Karnak lies two miles from the town. It is not possible to give a clear idea of the ruin, the largest and most wonderful of all in Egypt, or in the world, for that matter. It has often been said that the work in design and execution is the noblest ever done by human hands. I can only say that the columns here and in the Luxor ruins reminded me of our sequoias in number and immensity. Their height and size can best be understood by the comparison with them in majesty and beauty. These walls and columns are incomparable. We may laugh at some of the absurdities of the past age, but when one stands amid such grand works as these we feel that there were men of giant intellect in those days. The wonder of the work is awe-inspiring, those massive stones, weighing tons and tons, placed on columns and pylons which rise to a height of one hundred feet.

The immense obelisks were raised, lifted, and put in place; and no machinery, wood or iron, used in those days could have done it. It must have been, as our guide said, by piling up sand around the columns and filling in temples until the top was reached. The great blocks that roofed them were easily moved on the sands, which were carried away when all was finished. A large column which fell last year is being put in place now in that manner. The sand is piled around as each section is placed by boys carrying it in baskets on their heads. It was a novel sight to see about three hundred of them chanting "Allah," clapping their hands as they went in line like so many ants, careless, joyous, and working all day for one piastre each, which is sufficient for their slender wants.

We saw these temples by day, under the tremulous beauty of the afternoon's sun, and I saw them, too, in the glory of a night when the moon silvered the columns—massive and awful—resting on the desert sands—these examples of men's creative power and vanity; these blocks of stone and cement, mixed with the sweat and blood of slaves. I saw them again in the solemn moonlight, which flooded the images of their manifold gods, the brightly painted walls, columns, and arches, on the upturned faces of the Sphinx guarding the avenue. The long line of crouching, expectant figures were there, waiting, watching, in weird silence, as they did when the gods and goddesses walked by the river and went boating moonlit nights on the smooth waters that knew the fierce love of Cleopatra's daring soul. The wind sighs through the temples, which are terrible and awful in their fascinating mystery, woven and interwoven with strange hieroglyphics. The mellowed rays strike sculptured faces tenderly and softly, as they did thousands of summers ago, when the mighty rulers gave mirth, life, and soul to these halls, where priests gave offerings to Isis, Osiris, and their son Horus. There was something practical as well as fanciful in their religion; for their gods and goddesses married and bore children.

One day we crossed the river in small boats. The water being too shallow to get close to land, the Arabs waded in and carried us ashore, to where the donkeys were in waiting to carry us to the tombs of the kings. There were great fun and much laughter among us. Our one old maid could scarcely be induced to put her arms around the neck of an Arab in going. In coming back it was different. When she was seated on the arms of the two bronzed athletes she seemed so content that she asked them not to hurry. One young lady went so willingly and quickly to the outstretched arms that she missed the mark and slipped into the water. A trifle or two like that only made it all the merrier.

We were beginning to like the donkey-rides very much, and the long day we had rather dreaded was cool, a sort of haze overspreading the sky. It was fortunate, for the thermometer often rises to one hundred degrees here in January. We went for miles over the most desolate regions yet seen, the donkey-boys, running beside the beasts, careful and watchful in needless ways, but paving the way for the coveted piastres were constantly



RUINS OF KARNAK, EGYPT.



repeating to each other and the donkeys the one sentence "Ooha reglah." I learned the words before I knew the meaning, which is, "Look out for your toes." In a country where the minority alone wear coverings for the feet, it is quite necessary to give the word of caution, and means for men and animals be wary. "Steady reglah" became my words of caution to the poor little donkeys, and they knew and were very careful indeed of their steps. Our route lay through the mountains, the Libyan hills, in which the old kings burrowed like miners for treasures, building vast halls and corridors, and decorating them in the most cheerful manner.

They were fond of life, and wished to carry with them to the grave, if not beyond, as much of the pleasures as possible, so they decorated the walls of their tombs with pictures and sculptures, hoping the mummy might derive some comfort from its surroundings. Others were covered with scenes from the life to come, as they imagined it.

It was strange going down into those great sepulchers, in stifling heat and utter darkness, where were yawning chasms and shafts. A stone thrown into one of these rattled down that black incline hundreds of feet, it seemed; yet it had been explored, and the king who thought he would be safe until the time allotted for the resurrection of the body is now doing duty in some museum.

They believed happiness and peace depended on the preservation of the body, the habitation of the soul, so they dug deep in earth's bosom and made and decorated these vast vaulted chambers. The lives of slaves counted not, if only the kings were saved. There are some twenty-four of these vast, imperishable tombs in the hills, but empty chambers, rifled and plundered sarcophagi, attest the truth that there is a reckoning in this world. They cared not for the lives of millions of slaves who labored on these stupendous tombs. Eternal laws have righted things. They rest not in the vaults awaiting the resurrection expected. The mummies are scattered over the world, the beautifully ornamented tombs are vacant, and their bodies taken away. Everything valuable and that which they most prized have vanished. The tombs are vacant, plundered, and desolate. Have their souls, which are supposed to return after a thousand

years, come here again and again in search of their bodies? Are they still vainly seeking the lost receptacles? Is it their voices, weird and unearthly, which cry out in the calm nights among these desolate sands and long, silent, desecrated corridors? Do they return and keep vigil over the places they loved, to mourn and grieve and weep? So the Arabs believe; and yet, believing, they do not hesitate to desecrate the tombs, or sell detached bits of mummied forms to strangers for a pittance.

All day we wandered from one mighty monument to another. A huge camel had brought provisions, and we lunched at the entrance of some king's tomb of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties. We ate and made merry where these hieroglyphic walls tell the story of the Rameses.

The sunlight slept upon the sands. No breath of wind touched the graceful palm branches, but all was silent and still as we went back down the slopes, past the colossal statues of the Memnonium. The mutilated statues are well known as the Sphinx. One of these was the musical Memnon, for tradition said that strange, sweet sounds came from that grand, solemn figure when the sun's first rays awoke the sleeping world. For three thousand years they have sat as sentries and watched the ebb and flow of the river, the sands that blossomed as by magic when the water came, and grew lifeless as they when the moisture evaporated.

Life is made up of incongruities in Egypt. The next day we were buying scarabs and antiques, looking in quaint bazaars, haggling with the Arabs, who get disheartened when they cannot cheat you, and then will pretend you may make your own price.

We attended some races, which were odd and funny, a change after so many tombs and mummies. There were entered for the races horses, donkeys, camels, and buffaloes, the last being the most comical and unmanageable. They were started at a full run, the riders vaulting on their backs as they sped by. There were many laughable incidents and rough tumbles, but these fellaheen are as active as monkeys and not easily hurt.

From Luxor to Assouan we pass Erment, the ruined temple erected by Cleopatra. Then came Edfou and the mountains of Silsileh, where were the quarries from whence much of the stone was taken for the temples.

On the afternoon of the twelfth day we cast anchor at Elephantine Island, Assouan, and we knew our journey farther south by boat was ended, for we are at the foot of the first cataract and nearly six hundred miles up the river. The excursions from here were varied and full of interest. This place until recently was an important center, to which the products of Abyssinia and Upper Egypt were brought by caravans for transmission to Lower Egypt, as it also was the principal market for merchandise from the Soudan.

We rode to the quarries, where is a huge obelisk nearly finished, which would have been the largest ever cut. We saw the little grooves in which they inserted wood, wetting it until it swelled and split the rock.

We went on to Philæ, the island which is above the first cataract. Here is the most beautiful scenery on the river Nile. Here is the unrivaled Temple of Isis, among the many covering the island. We lunched in the temple called Pharoah's Bed. Then we drifted from thoughts of the past to the present.

I saw one of the striking sights of the voyage—nude men and boys shooting the rapids on logs of wood. These Nubians dive and ride at the risk of their lives for a few piastres. Our donkeys were sent back over the six miles of desert. We got in a boat manned by twelve men and went down those rapids also. It was very exciting and a trifle dangerous, as the boat was crowded. The waves dashed in once, drenching us, but there was no further harm. We floated down the stream, away from the Holy Island, that was to the ancients what Mecca is to the pilgrims of to-day.

The mysteries of Isis and Osiris gave way at last, for a day came when Christianity conquered and the Cross was triumphant. But there are no prayers there now. A few dim crosses stand besides the old hieroglyphics. The gods are avenged, for nothing but desolation reigns in these broken walls and vaulted chambers. Christianity, faltering in Egypt, is unknown in Nubia. The melancholy beauty of the surroundings, the pathos of the deserted temples, appeal to the traveler. Besides these, none other go there to muse over the changes the cycles of years have brought.

We visited the great dam which, when finished, will bring untold benefit to the country. The work will cost millions of dol-

lars, but the river will be curbed and the water measured out as desired.

We leave and go swiftly by islands and glistening boulders of red porphyry. I see the sun glint on Philæ's mystic temples. We leave the land of the Bisharins and Nubians. The mountains gleam, rugged and purple, against the opal-tinted sky. The wonderful afterglow, which is so beautiful on the Nile, fades into cold gray shades. Then we reach the boat and Assouan. The two days there were very interesting.

The people were of another type than in Egypt. The Nubians are black or mahogany shades, wear rings in the top part of the ear, and often in the nose also. Then there were the Bisharins, who are the most fantastic race of people I have ever seen; brown, with glistening eyes and teeth, hair long and bushy. Some daubed their locks with castor oil. They use it abundantly, then put a sort of red earth on, tipping it with some white material. They were about the boat, selling strange, villainous arms and implements of war, many of them from the Soudan, that set some of our relic-hunters wild.

Assouan, is like all the towns, a difference in the manufactures only. There are the same throng of insistent sellers, and the bazaars are much the same. There are some fine hotels, and remnants of Roman quays. There is a dilapidated gateway of Alexander, and a much-defaced statue of the Pharaoh — about all there is left of him anywhere, since his disappearance in the Red Sea.

Then we turned our faces and boat northward to the blue sea, some 800 miles away. We sailed for days past lakes and villages, porphyry mountains and quarries of all kinds, groves and gardens, mosques and temples, down the gleaming river that knew Cæsar, Anthony, and Napoleon, changed but little since they saw and knew them. We are now enjoying Memphis, Heliopolis, the Pyramids, and palms. We have come back from a land of bewildering dreams, where we have wandered for twenty-two days, one of the strangest yet most satisfactory journeys of my life.

It is hard to wake up, but rather pleasant to be in Cairo again, to return to something familiar; to the splendors of modern Egypt; to drive on the lovely Shoobra road; to see the gardens and

billowy masses of red and yellow bloom waving over high walls; the closely barred windows of the harems; the unceasing flow of strange life around us.

I leave this land of the lotus, of silent, trackless deserts, and all the solemn monuments of a past. The waters of the river that will shine in memory as it glints by Thebes, Karnak, Denderah, dream-places on the measureless desert. The recollections of the old river will be sweet to me as the draught of water "the exile drinks in his dreams." I know the Pyramids, the tall palms, silent tents, and tethered camels will shine like stars in my memory, and will, in days to come, draw me as the moon does the sea, irresistibly to this strange soul-inspiring and restful land.

PALESTINE.

AND it came to pass that we arose early one morning and took our way out of the land of Egypt. Leaving Cairo and the dim, distant Pyramids, we went through rich, fertile lands until we reached Ismalia and the Suez Canal, where we saw great ships going slowly eastward along that wonderful strip of water. Then, when the day was ended, we reached Port Said, alleged to be the dirtiest and wickedest city of its size. I was hurried through it with scarcely a glance at the dimly lighted streets — and was on board a boat almost before I knew how it was done. It was a novel experience for me, for I had been used to planning and looking out for all details of traveling so long, that it was odd, but comforting, to know that for days to come I was to have no thought, care, or worry.

A dragoman is an absolute necessity in the Orient, and I was very fortunate in securing one of the very best for my trip through the Holy Land and Syria. Thoroughly educated, intelligent, and watchful, I found him ever on the alert, and ready to anticipate every wish. No anxious thoughts disturbed my slumbers that night as the steamer went on over the quiet Mediterranean.

At the morning's dawn we anchored at Jaffa, or ancient Joppa. Fortunately for us, the sea was quiet and smooth, as it often happens that the water is so rough that passengers cannot land. We were tossed from the ship into strong arms, placed in small boats, then trusty rowers took us through some jagged, ugly looking rocks where the surf broke heavily. An opening or two admits the small boats through the dangerous reef into Jonah's



JONAH'S BAY AT JAFFA.

Bay, where Jonah had his adventure with the whale, which, for the first and last time in fish history, became sick, and refused to retain contraband goods.

A rock among the reefs is shown as the identical one on which Andromeda was chained. Perseus and the sea-monster—how the old myths come vividly to my mind, possible and plausible, as I looked up at the old walled city.

Joppa was in the days of Solomon as it now is, a port for Jerusalem. As far back as the building of the Temple, timbers were sent here from Lebanon by the King of Tyre. Old as it is, there is much that is not mythical about this ancient city. The

Romans were in evidence here — Cestius destroyed it, and after a rehearing, Vespasian took a turn at it. The Crusaders and Richard Cœur-de-Lion were all interested in various ways. Napoleon also swerved from his outlined path of duty in warring with the world generally, and in his great and generous way had the plague-stricken patients poisoned. Not mine the right, however, to question anything, either stories or traditions.

There is but little of interest in Jaffa, though the situation is fine. It is high above the sea and almost smothered in groves of orange trees. We were shown the house of Simon the tanner; the remains of the ancient walls of Joppa, and the sepulcher and house of Dorcas. From a tower we had a fine view of the plain of Sharon, with Carmel on the north, the hills of Judea to the east, and the plain extending along the seaboard between Jaffa and Cæsarea, in green, fertile, and undulating lines, lovely and refreshing after so much desert life in Egypt.

We left in the afternoon, on the one daily train going from Jaffa to Jerusalem, passing Ramleh and Lydda, the ancient Leod. There were leagues of plain. Fragrant, wandering winds came into the car windows from the blossoming almond trees. Among the fields of barley and clover in ravines or on rocky slopes were sheets of flame-colored anemones, or rose of Sharon blossoms, making great splashes of color under a warm sun and glowing deep-blue sky.

From the historical plain of Sharon we went up over the bare, rocky hills of Judea, creeping slowly along over a region that would be monotonous were it not for the fascinating mystery of these hills, for it is arid, rocky, devoid of grass or shrubbery of any sort, except now and then a few wild olive trees grow in the ravines. Every mile seemed only to increase the interest. We saw Samson's cave, high up on a cliff, where the first female barber did her historical act. Bitter where so many thousands were slain. Philip's fountain and plain of Rephaim, where David and the Philistines met, came next, and then came Jerusalem.

I am sure no one could definitely analyze the feelings or sensations produced when the Holy City bursts upon the vision. Before I had time to think clearly or give a second glance at the rounded domes and towers, we were at the station, amid a babel of voices — rushing and shouting men; a conglomeration of color,

languages, and races, strangely crossing and recrossing in vivid confusion that seemed incongruous, for somehow I had not associated the Holy City with modern trains, stations, or the sonorous whistle of a deep-toned engine from Pennsylvania. I had pictured smooth roads and great white camels, deserts and lonely mountains. But we had crossed fertile plains, climbed the hills in the most comfortable of coaches, on a narrow-gauge road coming in by the Jaffa gate in the most prosaic style.

Few places in this world, I fancy, are as one imagines. Yet, while so unlike my mental pictures, I can safely say that in no wise was I disappointed in all of Palestine. There was not the monotony I expected in the country. The changing, motley throngs of people; the shepherds guarding their flocks, ragged and picturesque, in sheepskin coats, playing plaintive melodies on reed instruments, were attractive. The long lines of camels bearing great burdens could always be seen on the roads, as were the equally overburdened donkeys, slowly and carefully treading the dangerous paths. These were mixed and intermingled with pilgrims, who come from the whole wide world to visit Jerusalem. Here, too, are women carrying water, as in Egypt, some with jars, others filling great skins, carrying fully as heavy loads as do men and boys. The interest never flags, as there is something new and strange at every turn.

In visiting Jerusalem, most of us find how deficient we are in Biblical lore. While I had read and devoured books of travel, and had not entirely forgotten early lessons and pages memorized, when my dragoman pointed out places and prefaced each with, "Of course you know when this happened," and what chapter and verse, ranging from Exodus to Revelation my meager knowledge of Biblical lore was mortifying. It was necessary to gain confidence in myself somehow, so when a learned gentleman from Boston asked me which guide-book I considered the best for Jerusalem, I told him the only one worth having, but the least known to the average traveler, was the Bible, he bowed in deference to my seeming knowledge, and we went our ways, both satisfied.

There is much that must be taken for granted. One cares not to question too closely, but must have large faith, indeed, to believe all that is seen and told in visiting the various shrines.

We know that traditions are connected with every old stone, arch, tomb, and wall of this city. It is something to be permitted to walk the narrow, crooked, dirty streets and miserable alleys; to see the marvelous walls and gates; the importunate beggars and piteous lepers pleading by the highways; the strange commingling of nations, — Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Europeans, Russian and Moslem pilgrims, and others coming to this one place to muse on Calvary, to tread the Street of Pain, and rest on the Mount of Olives.

So much has been enacted within these walls, that it is different from any other place on earth. There are such sacred associations mixed and interwoven with every hill, with every turn of the streets — a wall, arch, or tower — all are connected with scenes that have left an indelible mark on the history of the world. For do not these hills, these walls, speak of a past stretching back into dim, awe-inspiring days, days without question the most sacred in all the world's history?

The Holy City is not a pleasure resort, and few come for that purpose, I imagine. There are no places of amusement here. There are no street-cars or clanging bells. No newsboys breezily announcing the latest news are heard in the streets. There are no newspapers. An attempt at one in Hebrew is tried tri-yearly. One hears instead the Muezzin calling from the towers, in the cool mornings and quiet evenings, the faithful to prayers. "God is the greatest of all," is heard, and from another tower comes the answer, "Surely our Prophet Mohammed is the Apostle of God." And "There is no God but God," comes through the still air to me, as I sit upon the housetop and ponder.

I think of all the sects, from the whole wide world, who come and worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher; of the factions meeting under the same roof, yet hating each other with an intensity that is evidenced in the fact that to no one order can the keys of the church be intrusted. They are in the keeping of Moslem guards, who sit within the sacred entrance, smoking, and jesting around their charcoal fires. To their good nature, and the amount of backsheesh given, one must trust if desiring admission.

Only once out of three visits were we admitted. We were grateful, however, for the one day in the holy place. The roof

of the church covers so much of interest that one needs days instead of hours. First of all, after entering, was the Stone of Anointment, where the body of Christ was said to have been laid. I saw pilgrims prostrating themselves, and kissing the yellow slab, and an endless procession it seemed; saw the spot where Mary stood watching Christ on the cross; saw a piece of the stone the angel rolled away, and the sepulcher, where the holy fire issues on Easter day. There, too, is the supposed rod of Moses, and the pillar to which Christ was bound and scourged. The prison where he was held, and the holes where the three crosses stood, are shown. There, too, were chapels for all sects, and altars innumerable. Among so much that is wonderful, is seen the spot marking the center of the world, and the place where the earth was taken from that went into the making of the first man, Adam.

One must possess faith that passes understanding to believe all these things, which are told in this church. Yet the place is sacred from associations; it is something to see the stone where



MOUNT CALVARY, JERUSALEM.

the angel stood, and the rent rock. The exact locations of various places may not be accurate, but we know these hills and level spots are sacred. We know that He walked the streets; that here He died.

Above the grotto where Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations is a place which was more impressive to me than any other in Jerusalem, called "Gordon's Calvary." The place where He suffered, was buried, and rose again must ever be of supreme interest to all believers. It seem to me, the only possible place for the tragedy enacted is here. The church that is built over the supposed place, in the heart of the crowded city, a city that was much larger then than now, could not have been outside the walls at that time. On this lonely Calvary one might well imagine the thousands who watched the Crucifixion; through the gates came those who loved Him, following the form bearing the cross along the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha. Here, the tragedy, the most pathetic and sorrowful ever witnessed by mortals, began in the glare of sunshine, and ended in darkness. The sun was dimmed, and supernatural night enveloped the place, and with the end, even the earth shook and moved, while Pharisee and Sadducee and the world of revilers fled. One sees as in visions the concourse of people, the high officials, priests, the rabble, and the terror after it was finished. Now all is quiet; a few graves cover the flat top of the hill.

From the garden and tomb at the foot of Calvary I saw a man come up,—a man who had been used to the rough edges of life, weary and travel-stained; but in his face a look one could not forget. The sunshine had left a glow upon it, the storms, and grit, and dirt of life had seamed the worn face, but the blue of the sky shone in the eyes looking upward; even though tears filled them, they were not dim. He knelt and kissed the dust lovingly and tenderly. To such as he, surely the promise to the faithful will hold forever.

In no city is there so much to impress the traveler as here. In no other place would one care to go through such dirty streets. But who would miss the Pool of Bethesda, or the Ecce Homo Arch, remembering the never-to-be-forgotten words of the Roman, who said, "Behold the man!" or the room of Zion, where was held the last, sad supper; or the tomb of David; and house of Caiaphas, where Peter denied his Christ?

All interest, however, is not centered in the city limits. I shall not soon forget one day, when we drove through the Jaffa Gate, out past the Pool of Siloam and Hill of Evil Council, on over the road where went the three wise men. We saw the well where the star appeared to them which led them along the charmed way; saw the rock which bears the print of Elijah's body, where he slept after fleeing from Jezebel; there was Rachel's tomb, pools of Solomon, and sealed fountain. We went on to Bethlehem, where is the Church of the Nativity, the manger, altars, grottoes; each with something relating to the Christ-child. It seemed out of keeping with our ideas of the stable, the manger, and wise men, to find the place lined with heavy, highly colored brocaded silks.

So much here is supposititious and unreal, it was a relief to go down a sloping hill, where, amid gnarled, distorted olive trees, we were shown the shepherd's field, where the shepherds, then as now, watched their flocks by night. The country, we fancy, is but little changed since the angel said unto them of old, "I bring you good tidings of great joy."

There is much one can believe but slightly altered in the country surrounding Jerusalem. So I felt while on the Mount of Olives, at Gethsemane, and the Virgin's tomb. The stone where Christ ascended may be mythical. But, looking from the slope across to Jerusalem, I could well imagine the scene but little changed since the time when "He beheld the city and wept over it." The valleys of Kidron and Hinnom lie below. Over to the left is the leper settlement. There are desolate-looking cemeteries on the slopes. There is the tomb of Absalom, which the Jews pelt with stones, and Siloam, and the well where Mary washed the swaddling-clothes of her child.

To the east winds the road over the hills where we went to Jericho, on past Bethany, where Mary and Martha lived. There is a flight of slippery steps leading down to a gloomy chamber called the tomb of Lazarus. There is little else of importance in Bethany now.

We drive on over bare hills covered with stones and scant herbage until we reached the House of the Good Samaritan; it is an inn now. We rested and had luncheon.

While there I saw a large crowd—over five hundred Russian

pilgrims, who had come from their far-off homes to the Holy City, and were on their way to the Jordan, carrying nothing except a little hard bread and dried fruit. They had no covering save the clothing worn. The men and women were in most cases beyond the middle age, yet sturdy, hopeful, and happy. We had seen one of their number carried on a stretcher on the shoulders of four of the company, a day before—an old woman who had died in Jerusalem. They carried her to the nearest cemetery, placing the poor, worn old frame within a shallow grave. No coffin, not even a board, was placed in the grave; a faded handkerchief shielded the face; her worn garments, all she possessed, were her only covering. Yet I learned this is what they desire—to come to the walled city to die, and rest in sacred soil.

We saw, on the way, the cave where Elijah was fed by the ravens. From the hill country of Judea I looked across the level valley where the Jordan ran, and beyond the winding, silvery stream were the beautiful, blue Moab mountains. There were Gilead, and the Wilderness of the Temptation,—where Christ was tempted; there Elijah was translated.



THE DEAD SEA.

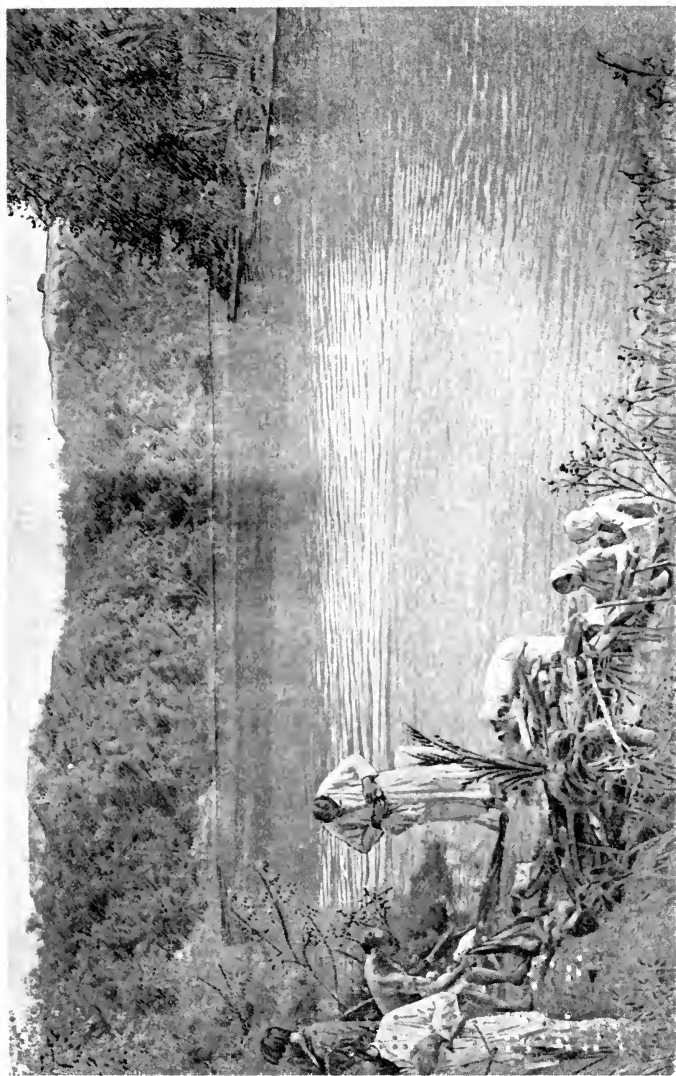
We tarried a while on the brink of the Jordan, and rowed upon its swift-flowing stream after we had come back from a long journey to the Dead Sea, which is better named than any one could imagine who has not seen its desolate shores. Along the whole shore I saw no thing of life. In the long miles before reaching it, nothing but a stunted shrub grew in the valley's alkaline earth. The water was clear and placid, but more salt and far more bitter than the waters of Salt Lake.

We, like other pilgrims, rested beside the quiet Jordan until we could tarry no longer, for the sun was sinking over Judea, and shooting rays of tremulous light through scattering clouds, and then sank in a delicate, soft, yellow atmosphere, restful and peaceful. It harmonized with the surroundings, and left an impression fixed imperishably in the memory.

I was not allowed further time for meditation, as the sheik whom the government had sent with us for protection and the dragoman hurriedly placed me in the carriage, and the driver hastened the horses back toward Jericho. There are many wandering Bedouins in this region. So parties must have guards who come to visit the Dead Sea. Our sheik, with gun, sword, and pistol, in regular Bedouin costume, on a magnificent Arab horse, accompanied us from Jerusalem, and was with us the entire trip. I was not alarmed, though our horses were worn out and the night dark, for clouds obstructed the moon long before we reached our welcome hotel at Jericho.

This town, around which marched the children of Israel long ago, is of little importance now. It is not the Jericho of thirty centuries past. A few palms, some filthy huts, a modern hotel or two, a tower called the house of Zaccheus, and clusters of Bedouin tents are about all there is of the magnificent city the slavish Antony gave to Cleopatra. Here, too, Herod died. I look around and think of the desolation here. It is almost as lifeless and dreary as that Dead Sea over and beyond, upon which the dear Christ looked as he went for the last time to Jerusalem and bore his burden up Calvary's slopes.

The Bedouins interested me greatly. They seem to care but little for the wants of to-day or to-morrow. They are a strange, contradictory race. Murder and plunder they delight in, yet an act of kindness they will never forget. They respect the laws



RIVER JORDAN AND PILGRIMS.

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governing their ideas of hospitality, but do not hesitate to rob, plunder, and murder any one to whom they are not obligated. They have scanty food and clothing, but their evident happy and contented tent life make them objects of interest.

I learned something of the habits of those who wander in the far-off deserts. The Arab teaches his horse to drink sparingly, and when put on green pasturage does not give the animal any water. In preparing for long trips, a horse is given water but once in twenty-four hours. Dates and camel's milk are supposed to be the most strengthening food, and the desert-bred horses are taught to take both. Men who seem to have but scant clothing or food, judging from appearances, I often saw riding the most magnificent horses. My dragoman told me of certain sheiks possessing beautiful steeds whose genealogy extends back for two thousand years. What are some of the mushroom nobility of Europe in comparison to the long line of ancestry these horses have?

We visited some of the tents—idlers, as they are taking but



LITTLE BACKSHEESH.

little heed of anything that savors of work. They thronged around us, curious, but not importunate, beggars. On our way to Elijah's fountain we passed some tents where children were playing. One little bronzed Cupid, with no more clothing than the angels wear, ran to meet me, crying "Backsheesh." She got her backsheesh, and I a good kodak picture, which I deem

a "running" success. Some old familiar lines came to me as we drove away:—

"In realms where I revel, no waters are found,
And the green garb of nature is not on the ground."

If there was not much water there, and no sign of grass, this little unclothed cherub of the desert was not troubled. Judging from her looks, her manna was abundant. Happy "Little Backsheesh." So I christen and envy you your freedom from the follies and pastimes of clothed Christianity.

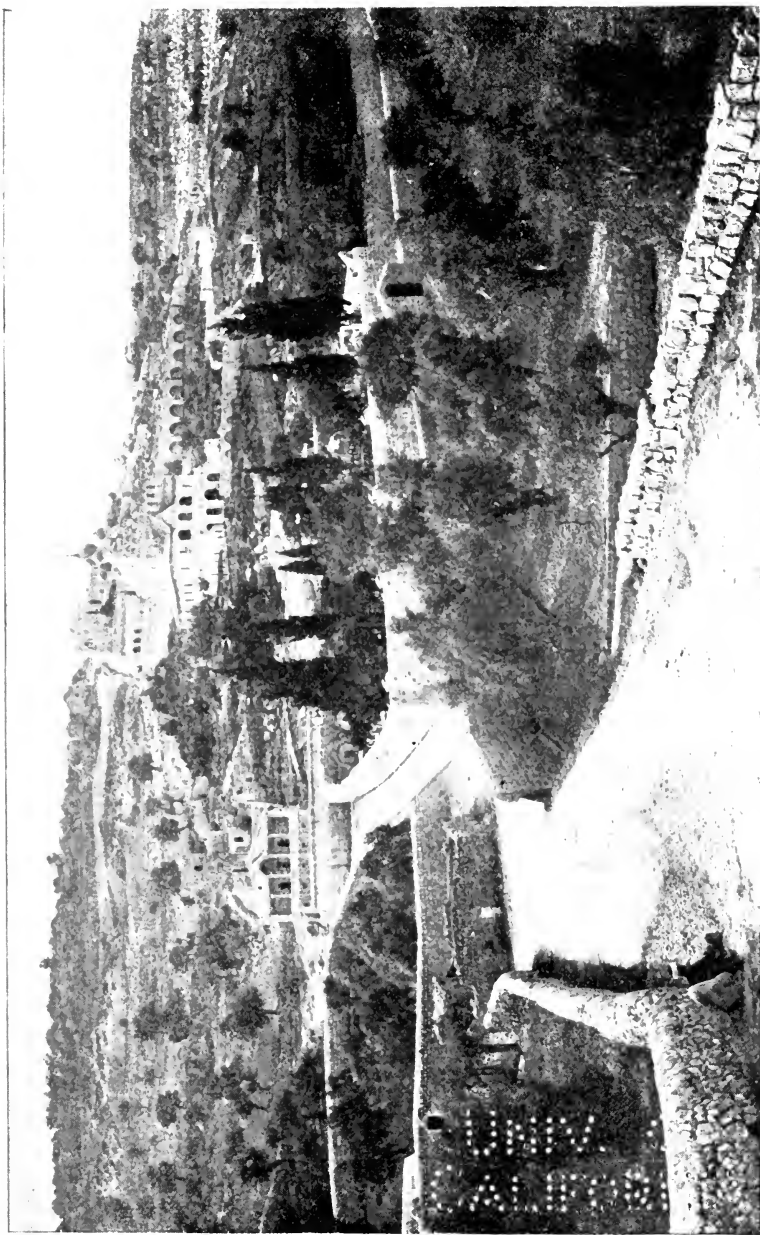
The one place in all of Palestine that I had most desired to see—the Garden of Gethsemane—I found disappointing. Who has not thought of that garden, and of the agony endured under the trees? I saw only a small patch of less than an acre, inclosed by a high stone wall. We entered, and inside the outer wall was another inclosure of sharp iron pickets eight or ten feet high, interlaced with a wire netting, inside of which we were not allowed to enter. Peering through, I saw some straight, stiff paths bordered by shrubs, square beds of flowers growing between a dozen or more old olive trees, and a few spear-like cypress trees. A number of badly executed scenes from the crucifixion are placed on the walls, which we are allowed to view. The ragged old custodian would not allow me inside the iron fence. In vain I pleaded to stand for a moment under one of the old trees; he went inside, brought me a few flowers, and a tiny branch of an olive tree, for which I paid him. The gate was slammed in my face, the lock clicked, and I, rebellious and disappointed, turned away; it was not Gethsemane to me.

Elsewhere in Jerusalem I found much that is guarded and spoiled to the traveler. No matter how sacred the place or with what reverent feelings one looks upon this spot or shrine, the eternal haggling over admission, or payment demanded for services not rendered, is jarring and repulsive.

Outside the Garden is the rock on which the disciples slept, and a small piece of column is shown, marking the spot where Judas betrayed his Master.

In returning to the city I saw men kissing each other as in the olden days. Let us hope it is for love and affection only.

The strange, moving throngs never weary me. There are Syrians, draped in their long camel's hair cloaks, bare-legged and



GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

slipshod, and the green-turbaned men who boast the blood of the Prophet. The embroidered yellow turbans show those who have made the Mecca pilgrimage. The Armenian and Greek priests we soon know, and also the Jew with small corkscrew curls in front of each ear.

The hard-worked, barefooted Arab women, Moslems, and women of Bethany are all veiled, carefully hiding their faces, and as carefully pulling up their skirts to show a dozen inches or so of hose, strikes the Gentile as peculiar to this singular country.

On a Friday we went down a long, narrow street, through alleys, until a high stone wall was reached, made of huge blocks of stone, with straggling weeds and tufted grasses growing out of rents in this old wall, that has stood for hundreds of years. I knew without the dragoman saying it, that we were in the wailing-place of the Jews. A long line of women, mostly old, were leaning against the wall, some reading, some kissing and pressing their cheeks lovingly against the cold gray stones, lamenting and weeping passionately, sobs shaking the poor, worn frames. There was no hypocrisy, no restraint; it was earnest, and one of the most pathetic sights I have ever witnessed. One in the throng would say, "For the palace that lies desolate"; then the reply, "We sit in solitude and mourn"; again, "For the walls that are overthrown"; "For the priests who have stumbled"—with ever the same reply. They sit and stand until the sun goes down, and, still sorrowing, they go away with bowed heads and longing hearts, waiting for the time to come when Jerusalem shall be restored and they shall be comforted. It was one of the most touching spectacles I have ever beheld. It was so genuine, so simple, that it moved the onlookers to tears.

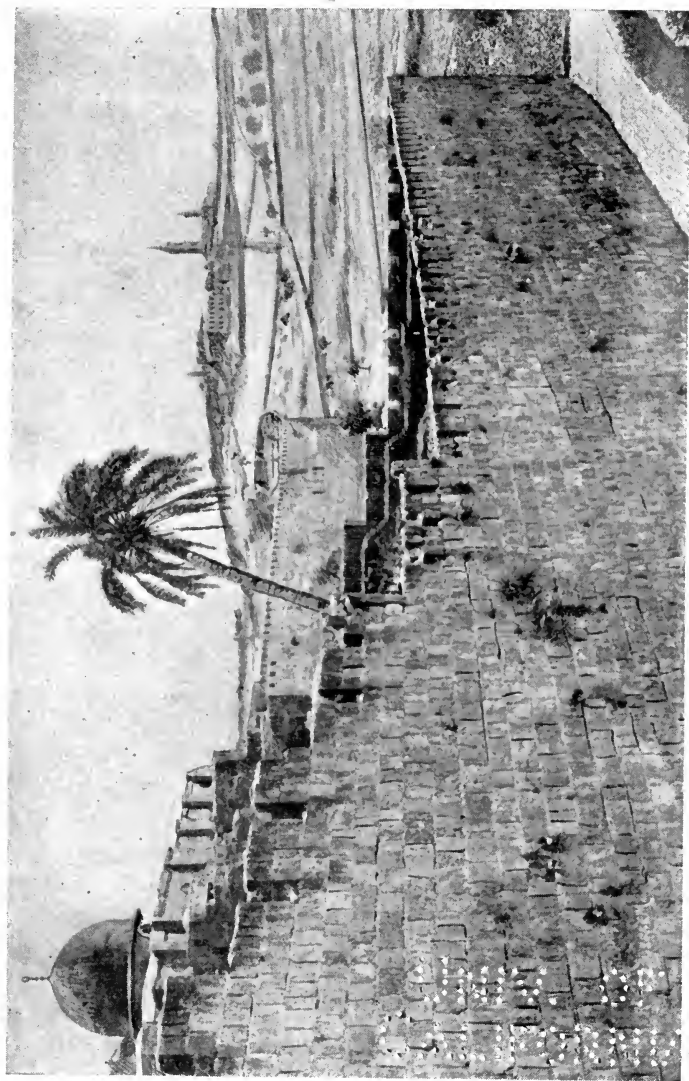
Another place where all is quiet and peaceful, which we thoroughly enjoyed, was the Mosque of Omar. Here, also, we had armed officials go with us, for it is only within the past twenty years that Christians were ever allowed to enter this mosque that covers the Holy of Holies. The decorations, arches, pillars, walls, and vast dome are gorgeous. So are the priceless rugs that came from the Sultan's loom. There we went with shoes put on over ours, for no one is allowed to enter otherwise. This is on the site of Solomon's Temple. Here is the great rock where sacrifices were made. Abraham was on the point of slaying Isaac here. It is regarded as the central point of the world.

The Ark of the Covenant stood here. The old Moslem who took us under his arm and eye, so to speak—for we were never out of reach of either—told us that this rock came from Paradise; that the rock was tired of earth when Mohammed took his last leap heavenward, and rose like a rubber ball to follow him. He showed us the prints of the angel Gabriel's fingers, where he pushed the rock back, and showed us, also, the cavern where David, Solomon, Abraham, and others prayed. There is a deep impression on the roof of the cavern, left by Mohammed's head. He was taller, evidently, than the others, so the rock kindly made way for his head. There was an air of quiet about the place that was pleasing. They observe order, and the crowds go not there.

I could not exhaust the marvels of this wondrously beautiful place, so leave it for others. It costs quite a little sum to see all the beauties and mysteries of the place. They have a certain stone, and all believers who touch it are sure of heaven. The unbelievers may make sure by putting up backsheesh. One young man gave the money; then afterwards refused us all an interest in the affair unless we formed a joint-stock company.

“ The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm ;
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.”

A calm that entered my soul, tender, touching, and filling the heart, flooding the eyes, on one moonlit night, when we drove out of the city to the Mount of Olives and sat upon the hill overlooking Jerusalem. The walls and city, minarets and towers, were bathed in the soft light of the full moon. In the dim distance the waters of the Dead Sea glimmered, and the mountains of Moab and lonely Nebo loomed faint, shadowy, and phantom-like. Down below was Gethsemane, with the pale light on the olive trees; a picture sad, yet lovely—so full of suggestions, so beautiful in the calm, still night, that it seemed as though some of the radiance and glory of old had descended upon it. Across the valley the city sat enthroned on the hills. The shadows were upon the walls and under arches. There were faint calls from the watchers on the far-off towers. The sound will linger in the ears and till the eyes grow dim in death will the vision of that last night recur, for Olivet and Gethsemane are engraven like cameos upon the heart.



OLD WALL IN JERUSALEM.

SYRIA.

FROM Jerusalem I go to Jaffa and thence to Beirut by steamer, being but one night on the vessel. Going on deck in the early morning, the beautiful city greets me from slopes above the glorious Mediterranean. I know of no town more picturesquely situated than Beirut. This chief port of Syria and Lebanon has a population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and is progressive. There are twenty printing-offices here—one in Jerusalem. It is the center of the Oriental book trade in Syria, and shows more progress than any city on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, for it has really begun to educate the females—a thing heretofore considered entirely unnecessary.

It is also noted for silk-worm culture. We visited some places where spinning and weaving were carried on quite extensively. We saw, *en route* to Damascus, large tracts planted with mulberry trees, grown exclusively for the silk-worms.

There were immense olive groves, and the oil and olives are said to be very fine and of a superior quality. However, we found no olives suited to our taste. They either do not know how to extract the bitter, or they like it. The green olives taste like a dose of quinine, and the ripe olives are soft, mushy, and unpalatable. They make an excellent quality of soap from olive oil, just as they manufacture butter out of the fat tails of the sheep.

I at first did not realize the value of the fat-tailed sheep we saw in such great herds through Palestine and Syria, thinking it odd they raised such sheep in hilly regions—for in climbing the slopes they seemed weighed down with the fatty attachments. We knew later that not only was the meat excellent, but the tails are largely used in making butter and oil for cooking. The poorer classes know no other kind of butter. The people need not stint themselves on the butter question, as the tails of this variety of sheep weigh often from seventy to eighty pounds each. I saw none so large that they needed the board or sled which in some sections are said to be attached to the sheep to carry their tails, but possibly the "heavyweights" were housed up until the rainy season was over.

We went through the Syrian Protestant College. The buildings are very imposing, and we admired the music-room, which seats four hundred. The floors, vaulted roof, arches, etc., were entirely of pine and redwood from America. The professor who took us through was enthusiastic, and said the success of the college was not to be calculated; that, morally and intellectually, Syria was benefited by it beyond the telling.

Our trip over Lebanon by the ordinary and cogwheel road to Damascus, — nine hours' time — a little less than one hundred miles — cannot be beaten, save by the Jaffa-Jerusalem railroad. It is good in one respect, for there is a fine opportunity to study scenery from the heights of Lebanon, which dabbles its feet in the glorious green blue sea in serrated ridges and terraced patches of trees or vines.

This railway, even if desperately slow and tedious, is one of the most charming and attractive features. It clammers over steep grades, like the mountain goats. The surveyors of that road must have been used to steep grades, concluding an engine might go where a sheep or goat could. So it is built, and is a success, or has been for some four or more years.

There are valleys and entrancing views of mountains and rushing water. And then in regal beauty there bursts upon the vision an apocalypse of threefold beauty—the peaks of Mount Hermon, rearing his three snowy fingers nine thousand feet in the blue-gray atmosphere. It was the white-haired or snow mountain mentioned in the Bible, and is a landmark of Palestine and Syria also.

From the top of Lebanon, the hallowed mountain, the grand panoramic view of the sea, yellow sands, reddish-brown hills, and acres of many-hued flowers, is most beautiful. Fruit and orange trees are in bloom, filling the air with delicious odors.

I was much interested in the picturesque folk—the wonderful make-up of the Bedouins, the gayly decorated Arabian horses, the long lines of camels and donkeys, always carrying such heavy burdens.

I never saw but one camel who was not growling and swearing in true camel style. Theirs is simply a life of toil, of heavy burdens, and it is small wonder they show no affection or fondness for their keepers. This one camel was chosen from among his

fellows to conduct a bride with her household goods to her new home. She, clad in a bright silk gown, heavily veiled, rode astride a moth-eaten donkey, the groom leading it, while the camel pranced and towered above the trio had as near a smile on his face as a camel could conjure up. He seemed the only jovial one of the party.

That the country is fruitful and requires but little coaxing to bring forth abundant crops is evidenced by the mere scratching of the surface in plowing, which is done by cattle not much larger or heavier than donkeys. The plows, crooked wooden affairs, were so light, one man always carried the plow and yoke on his shoulders in crossing the fields. Still, there was a charm in the ingenuity displayed in their various industrial pursuits; for their implements are certainly crude and novel.

The day was waning when the dragoman announced that Damascus and dinner were near. We entered the city through walls made of huge blocks of mud and gravel pressed into shape and sun-dried. Most of the houses of the poorer classes have walls and roofs constructed of the same material. How they stand the severe rains is a mystery. I noticed rollers on most roofs, which are used after rains to keep the earth and straw compact. The town seems crumbling to pieces. It is supposed to be the oldest city in the world, so has a right to crumble.

The weather was rainy and disagreeable during most of our stay. We went out, however, regardless of dripping days, through tortuous streets that required better driving than I thought the coachman capable of, for they have not had carriages many years. The streets are so narrow that there is hardly room for a vehicle. The street called "Straight" is covered, and runs the entire length of the city. Here are the bazaars where are the beautiful silks and genuine Persian carpets; the quaint garments worn by the Bedouins and peasants; the spices and saddle markets with all the rich trappings that would drive an old vaquero mad, and are the delight of the Bedouins and Arabs.

I saw a party of these Bedouins starting out for a jaunt over the Syrian desert. Their Arab steeds were covered with heavily embroidered trappings, the men equally gorgeous in long robes and cloth wound about the head and face, only the vicious eyes show-

ing, and carrying long lances. They did some fancy riding that would have shamed our Apache warriors. I was told they were off for the desert, and were bent on some thieving and murderous expedition.

We saw the house of Ananias, and the place where St. Paul was let down from the walls in a basket, and the Mosque, splendid in mosaic, wood and marble carving. From the top of one tower, two hundred and fifty feet above the city, we had a fine view of the rich, fertile valley, looking like a sea in emerald beauty, rimmed in by distant hills. Far beyond the green line stretched the endless desert. The domes and minarets add to the appearance of the city, but are far short of what I expected to see.

The groves of poplars, which are about the only forest trees here, surround the city, growing tall and straight. They seem like solid phalanxes of soldiers crowding against an enemy. They are pushed into one vast conglomerate mass, except at one point, where a long line of straggling houses have broken through, running quite a distance among the trees.

We saw the tomb of Saladin, and the wreath the German Emperor placed upon it, who is thoroughly disliked and censured for it by the Christians here.

I saw a procession starting for Mecca with richly decorated palanquins strapped on camels, wherein were seated the pilgrims, and other camels, laden with provisions, water, etc., for the long journey. The men were singing, and beating drums. It was quite a caravan, yet there was but one family. The great expense is not considered, however, in this case, for the man was very wealthy, and the trip to Mecca is the one thing to be desired among the followers of the prophet Mohammed.

We visited the spot where thousands of Christians were buried after the massacre of 1860, and other places of minor importance.

Most amusing was the life around me, watching the Arabs in the *cafés*, playing cards, puffing narghilas with stems five or six feet in length, amid laughter, smoke, and the droning of wheezy songs they sing, or call singing. It is only a series of grunts and discordant sounds. Notes they have not. The dancing-girls are ungraceful and odd to our eyes, yet we soon grow accustomed to the strange life, manners, and costumes of the people.

I was taken to some houses, sort of show-places for tourists, going through muddy, ill-smelling, alley-like streets, very much worse than our ideas of alleys. However, once inside the walls, the change is so great that it is bewildering. The wealth and luxury in costly marbles, artistic decoration, gorgeous Oriental hangings, priceless rugs, marvelous effects in wood-carvings and stained glass, gave me a better idea of Oriental life than could be gained from churches, mosques, and bazaars.

I was entertained one evening in true Oriental style at the home of a wealthy family, celebrating the engagement of the eldest daughter, a coffee-tinted girl with glorious eyes. We sat in an apartment on a sort of raised platform covered with rugs. There were divans and cushions, also taburet tables laden with candies, cigarettes, coffee and cakes, with the men and women sitting cross-legged on the floors.

There was music, too,—a violin and an “oud,” which might be the grandfather of all mandolins, accompanied by the queerest singing in the world, and even more disagreeable than Chinese music. The mother of the girl sat in the lower part of the room, near a splashing fountain, and smoked her narghila in peace. The father, in long embroidered robes, did likewise, drinking arak made from the juice of grapes, and flavored with aniseed, offering drink and pipe in turn to his guests. We refused, but satisfied his generous instincts by the quantity of coffee and sweets consumed. We were pleased with the evening’s entertainment and the “At home” in Damascus.

Leaving the old city, we went to Mnullaka by rail, then a four hours’ drive over a warm, sunny plain, destitute of trees, the slopes covered with vineyards, the level plains used only for pasturage, until we came to Baalbek.

Of this famous city and ruins history tells us but little. But to those who love to dip into hoary antiquity there is a charm and fascination about the quaint old city that is huddled up in compact masses of lime and mortar built houses, flat-roofed and covered with mud and stones. There are great temples of Jupiter and the sun. There is nothing in all Syria to equal the beauty of these old ruins, rising grandly in the midst of the town. There is nothing now to indicate why such stupendous temples should have been erected in this desolate valley. While they

have not the grandeur, beauty of bas-relief painting or [antiquity of Egypt, they are wonderful in their decayed magnificence.

I saw in the temple of Jupiter a bit of sculpture which aroused me. Being the natal day of the "Father of our country," as well as my own, I was particularly interested in the emblem. An eagle soaring aloft, holding in his talons the thunderbolts of Jove, reminded me of the fact that our glorious bird of freedom was only an idea stolen, after all, from this. Did the old Romans have their spread-eagle speeches in these temples dedicated to Baal and Jupiter, or were they used for baser purposes?

There are no veiled prophets or Romans to answer questions now. All is quiet, only I hear a "low, humming, mournful sound, of priests within their shrines at prayer." Is it a sound wafted up from the cloisters below, or an echo from the dead past, or the winds moaning among those huge columns which rise to the height of seventy feet, rows upon rows, in beauty and sublimity?

There are great stones in one of the walls. One is sixty-four feet long, and is said to weigh nine hundred tons. Others nearly as large are in a wall now twenty-four feet from the ground. What builders and architects they had in those old days!

From the top of the Acropolis I had a most enchanting view of the wide valley covered with waving grass. Above the green were the sloping hills in various shades, colored with oxide of iron. Higher up, the tops were dazzling white with a new fall of snow. In the far distance were the cedars of Lebanon; in another direction lay Mount Hermon. I saw the sun go down, throwing soft, strange shadows from the broken arches and columns on the flower-besprinkled sod so far below. The city lay misty and blue at the foot of the sloping hill, while the golden light rested lovingly on the Temple of the Sun. It seemed to me then most natural and reasonable that these buildings should have been erected for the worship of the life-giving, glorious orb now leaving us in the land of shadows.

The winds changed suddenly as the sun disappeared, to chilly and cold, causing the blood to become almost frapped in my veins before I left the temples erected to the worship of nature's god. In my hotel I rested until the night melted away, and the sun once again came up, and shone warm and bright upon Mount Lebanon, and blessing us later in the valley below.

I recall the scenes of the drive, the freshening winds, the effect of sun and shadows on the hills, and the play of light upon the river rippling along. The air grew warm. A summer slumber rested upon the valley, rimmed in by snow-topped mountains. It was a spectacle of transcendent beauty. I carried away with me from Baalbek memories of the sublime ruins, in some respects unsurpassed by any in the world, lying in the Syrian plain between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon.

A vision of the cedars—of these Ezekiel wrote, "All the trees in Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied" them, and my mind flies back to that great ocean lapping the borders of my own fair Golden State. I see a point of land whereon grow cedars. None others are like them, beautiful and grand, standing in gnarled, somber, and weird magnificence like those of Lebanon. Those at Cypress Point, Monterey County, possess a fascination for me none others ever have. Grand and majestic in their isolation, they are of themselves apart, and harbor no aliens.

From Beirut to Constantinople we loitered along the Syrian coast for eight days. At first the weather was fine. The numerous stoppages were pleasant, we going ashore while the boat took on or discharged freight.

Tripoli, Alexandretta, Mersina, and Smyrna! What ravishing recollections spring up of these cities, the lovely snow-capped mountains, and the fruitful valleys. The south wind had come, the almond, apple, and orange blossoms, and all kinds of tender flowers that grow to the very borders of the warm Ægean Sea, mingled their fragrance, and wafted me sweet odors. There were gardens upon the terraced hills and vineyards, the vines lacing and interlacing in spider-web designs—a perfect network of beauty, fragrant and rich upon those fertile slopes which line the bays and coast line of Asia.

There were picturesque islands and promontories, more beautiful in the Gulf of Smyrna, "The crown of Ionia," than elsewhere along the route. I recall Rhodes, the old town of the Crusaders, and Samos, the country of Pythagoras.

The whole route as far as Salonica was under crags and glittering snow-peaks, forest-clad hills, wind-blown and rugged, yet making perfect pictures against the azure sky. The matchless tints of the water, the depth and intensity of the blue, the

brightly tinted shores, and the sweet, sunny atmosphere were nowhere equaled. All through Palestine and Syria it was like a song of Solomon.

From Salonica on the sea played pranks, and our songs were changed. Lamentations were in order until we reached the Dardanelles. I am not sure that I would have had the energy to kick had I been thrown in the water. Fortunately, we had no more rough water. Byron was probably in better spirits than we when he swam over this strait. It does not seem far enough across to have been made so much of, and the attempt of Leander. But history is often made up of trifles.

TURKEY.

THROUGH the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora it was smooth and enjoyable until we reached Constantinople. The Sea of Marmora, Golden Horn, Bosphorus, seraglios, mosques, palaces, domes, and minarets were in bewildering array, dazzling and confusing! What a jumble and medley of emotions and scenes!

We were transferred to small boats and taken through the line of officials who demanded our passports, looked through a portion of our luggage, and captured a Bible and a few unimportant books. They are almost as strict here as in Russia. One gentleman told me afterwards he had several books, one on Constantinople he prized highly, taken from him. They were not returned to him. We got ours partly from the fact that the Sultan was not mentioned in the Bible.

I was met by a special agent, who guided us out of the mass of the dark-visaged, red-fezzed rabble to our hotel overlooking the city and the Golden Horn. From the terraced roof I afterwards had a more impressive view than from the deck of the steamer.

It is hard to tell what constitutes the great charm of Constantinople. There is water everywhere, sparkling blue and dimpling in the sun. There are Marmora and the Archipelago beyond the Dardanelles leading to the Grecian seas, and the tortu-

ous Bosphorus filled with boats of every sort, stretching in narrow perspective until it reaches the Black Sea.

In the very heart of the city the Golden Horn disputes possession, ruffling up in anger, or quietly kissing the shores lined with mosques, acres of marble seraglios, and palaces of the wealthy. There are Stamboul, Scutari, St. Sophia, the Seven Towers, Pera, and the famous Galata Bridge is always crowded and very rickety when one is on it, but bringing in daily a very, very large sum to enrich the Sultan, who is too parsimonious to repair it. There are forests of minarets, enormous composite heaps, graceful domes, delicate spires, gilded roofs, palm trees and black-looking groups of cypresses amidst columns and statues joined in among ordinary dwelling-houses, crowding down to the water's edge, where are vast quays and broad landing-places, at which ride vessels from the whole wide world, while thick as insects on the water are the trim, fancy caiques and pleasure craft of all kinds literally swarming on the Bosphorus.

Almost our first thought in starting out was to visit St. Sophia, the church that has been a sort of theatre wherein the greatest and most solemn, as well as most horrible, scenes the world has known have been enacted—coronations, nuptials, and baptisms, through the line of Byzantine emperors, from Constantine down until the Byzantine Empire ended. The Crusaders gave thanks, and Scythians, Bulgarians, and Greeks forgot their quarrels. Belisarius hung his trophies here, and Mahomet II. rode in after that memorable massacre, and, urging his horse over the thousands of piled-up dead, placed his bloody hand upon the wall and struck a column with his sword to end the harvest of death. More than twenty feet from the floor is the print of the hand on the wall, showing the depth of the dead bodies. Awful and terrible it must have been.

Yet the place is so sacred to these "impossible Turks" that we can only enter by special permission, and a judicious application of money—that which conquers all prejudices—the volapuk that speaks throughout the entire world, all-powerful and unquestioned. Our clean shoes were covered with dirty old slippers, and we must go sliding about in these ancient goatskins or go barefooted. That the Moslems, filthy and repulsive, lie about, or do acrobatic feats, falling prone upon their faces while they

call upon Allah, or swing back and forth reciting the Koran until one is dizzy looking at them, is no matter. They are of Mahomet's flock and go unquestioned.

I shall not attempt a description of this church. That I was grievously disappointed is of small moment. It is plain, ponderous, and unlovely. There is but little now to convey an idea of its former glories. I am only sorry that Baalbek, Athens, and scores of other places were reft of their fairest treasures to beautify this place, for nearly all have disappeared. It is sacred to the Turk, who has been industrious in one line only; that is, in the liberal use of whitewash and some gilt and tawdry paintings, thus obliterating every vestige of Christianity.

We saw the ancient Hippodrome and mausoleum of Mahomet II. The sarcophagus was covered with a magnificent cover of embroidered velvet. A curious custom struck me in the number of beautiful cashmere shawls folded and placed across the covering, each representing the gift of a favorite wife.

Other mosques were visited. Some were beautiful in architecture and tilings. Bagdad and Persian carpets were on the floors, so priceless it seemed a shame to see the grimy, barefooted, dirty people on them. But they were Moslems, and looked with no kindly eyes upon us, so we agreed to let them alone, and went to more congenial places.

I remember a trip to the Galata Bridge, where the past and present, civilization and barbarism, the Christian and Moslem, meet, jostle, and crowd the old structure to overflowing. From this bridge we went on a small boat up the Golden Horn; Stamboul on the one side, Pera and Galata on the other, palaces, kiosks, mosques, houses, and trees thickly lining the shores for miles, and crowning the hills which rise in gentle slopes, making the scene indescribably beautiful and lasting the whole distance to the Sweet Waters of Asia.

We walked from a landing to the top of a high hill commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, then went down through a cemetery. Such desolation in the tossed, tumbled-down state of gravestones and general decay I had never seen.

It was my misfortune to see several funerals. The bodies were carried upon the shoulders of men, some coffined, some not. An open grave near the path, with a skull damp with earth, arrested

my attention. Looking into the grave, I saw a broken coffin and the rest of the partly decomposed body in it. The workmen were busy with the contents. I lingered not, but a few steps farther met a funeral procession carrying the body of a woman. We saw them pause at the grave, and I do not know positively—for our dragoman said it was safer for us to keep away—but I saw them put the body in that horrible grave, carrying away the stretcher upon which the corpse rested. So they must have put the body in that broken coffin. It was strange and horrible.

These people do not believe in taking the life of a beast, and will let an animal which is wounded suffer untold agonies for days or weeks, but will never kill it. Yet, as soon as life is gone they seem to have but little respect even for their dearest.

The tombstones are unique affairs. Those of the men are designated by the fez or turban as they wore it in life. One can tell by this feature whether a dervish, theologian, or ordinary mortal is beneath. Whenever a woman is deemed worthy a stone, if she has borne children the number is designated in gilt roses. If there were no children, there is no golden rose for her.

These veiled women seem to have a rather hard time of it in many ways. It was odd to see the curtained places on the boats and cars, where they must hide themselves when going about, but amusing to know that the men and boys who sold sweets were never barred out.

We were, by special courtesy of the Sultan, allowed to see the Treasury, wherein are stored the millions, it seems, of jewels and costly ornaments of all imaginable kinds, garniture for men, trappings for horses, etc.

The royal palace was thrown open for us, as there were about three hundred Americans in Constantinople when we were. We were special guests also at the Selamlık.

From the windows overlooking the road, and almost over the Mosque, we saw the Sultan when he comes every Friday, according to the rules of his religion, where he shows himself to his people, or rather a few of the faithful. And it takes something like five thousand soldiers to protect him when he holds this levee, or rather show, when he goes to church so escorted once a week.

There were special guards on foot, grand officers and troops on grander Arabian horses in solid ranks; lancers, flags, artillerymen, soldiers in dark uniforms, and the everlasting red fez; horsemen in green and silver; Albanians in embroidered jackets; bands everywhere. There were soldiers stepping proudly along, but in their every pace showing the drilling by German officers. They pass and repass, forming lines compact and solid.

And then along the avenue came first the veiled women of the harem, who remained in their carriages. After them, in an open landau, came the Sultan, a far more pleasant-looking man than I expected, who had none of the terror depicted on his face I had heard was always there. No soul save the officials were allowed within the lines. He entered the Mosque, but kept us only a short time before he reappeared.

He drove back in another vehicle alone, his attachés and ministers crowding thickly around the phaeton and assisting the magnificent white horses with their precious burden. It was all quite theatrical, the fine scenic effect heightened by a snowstorm which came down heavily all day long. It was rather late, for it was the 9th of March, but it added to the *ensemble*.

In the mean time we were served with tea, bread, butter, and cigarettes, and though they told us we, as a nation, were well liked by the Sultan, we paid a dollar each to see the Treasury, and some odd francs for this day's pageant. He lost nothing. We had more than evened up for the bread and tea.

We enjoyed the taste of winter after Egypt. But, for the thousands of miserable dogs that curse the city, it was not beautiful to them—no home save the streets; owned by no one; fed something by the city, only that they may not devour people. These sacred beasts lie six and eight in a bunch, and never moving. People walk around them, or get in the mud of the streets rather than displace one. They cannot be killed, as that is against the rule. So they remain a disgrace to the city. Utterly degraded, they know and feel it. There is no glad bark or wag of tail; no frisky, happy ones, except when they are too young to know the depths of misery to which they are doomed. Each dog is a prisoner, being condemned by dog laws to his own street. Woe betide him if he ventures in another dog's territory.

The streets of Constantinople are horrible, dirty, filthy, ill-

paved, with scarcely a sidewalk to speak of, full of ruts and holes, that make life a burden to drive, and fully as unpleasant to walk on. In no instance did I see any attempt to repair them. They are not pleasant recollections.

I saw the Seven Towers, which was once a state prison, but now utterly dilapidated, with its terrible dens, and the "well of blood," down into whose depths I peered with horror; there were caves also where victims died lingering deaths; places where others were guillotined, and where many sultans ended their lives. There is a court where the heads of victims had been piled up until they reached the battlements.

It was in this region that Medea spread her poisons, scenting the air, which seems to linger yet over the towers and dark old Seraglio. And, like Jason on his expedition, we left the Sultan's domain, not in search of the golden fleece, or wool of Colchis, but the golden sunshine and sunny isles of Greece beckon us, and we go toward the shores of history and song.

GREECE.

FROM the Bosphorus and Black Sea, with its biting winds and storm-tossed waters, across the Sea of Marmora, through the Dardanelles to the Ægean Sea, among the fairy islands of the Grecian Archipelago, we steamed for the better part of two days. Then our boat landed us at Piræus. We ignored railroads and electric cars and took a carriage, driving along the road where the famous long wall once ran, until we reached Athens. There is but little of importance between the two places, but we had a good view of the country.

We arrived at our hotel before a personally conducted party came, who were enjoying the tour by a continual warfare. Hotels, steamers, their conductor—all came in turn for condemnation. When through with these, they fought among themselves about rooms, seats at table, and in carriages. It was amusing to listen, but would have been dreadful to be in it, or one of them. Why people ever elect to cross the Atlantic in that manner passes my

understanding. Once the arrangements are made, no matter how disagreeable people or things may be, they as a rule must stand by the contract. There was not one of the twenty-five who looked happy or contented, not one but could have traveled better and with less expense if they only had the courage to try it. And I should advise those who have not the courage to remain at home, rather than travel as these people did, and they were no exception to the rule.

It would be hard to find a more decided change than we found in the distance traveled between Constantinople and Greece. In Athens we found good streets, broad, well-paved, and sprinkled.]

It was a surprise and pleasure, even if we could not read Greek, to hear the newsboys crying out the latest news, with stacks of newspapers, and running about in the old familiar way. It was something I had not heard for months.

There were bizarre figures, mosques, bazaars, avalanches of chatter and confusion, the mingling and bewildering rippling effects of colors and of strange throngs.

The red fez is not here. The veiled women, useless bundles of clothes in rainbow colors and high-heeled slippers, are not in Athens. Instead of covered faces and uncovered ankles, I saw honest sun-kissed women and maidens, brown, but with the rich, warm blood showing under the tan. Honest eyes looked into ours. Pleasant smiles and greetings came from the poorest, while mirth-loving children, gathering flowers, threw their dainty, fragrant bouquets into the carriage as I drove along the sacred road where laurel-crowned hosts once marched from Athens to Eleusis.

There was much of the modern that pleased us in Athens, an unexpected mixture of ancient and modern times. After a hasty view of the city, we went first to the Stadium, where the Athenian festivities were held in the heroic days.

We were more interested in the place because it was here, in 1896, that the famous Olympian games were revived. And here, too, on their own soil, in their revered Stadium, now restored, it was that our countrymen beat the Greeks in every contest, if I remember rightly, save the long-distance run from Marathon.

The temple built to Jupiter Olympus is near, but little is left except some magnificent columns. There are the monument of

Lycarethus, the theater of Dionysius, the Odeon of Herodes Atticus, the prison of Socrates, Nymph's Hill, the Pnyx, all clustering around the Acropolis, once the pride of Greece and envy of the whole world.

This marvelous ruin crowns the summit of a steep, rocky hill, rising abruptly from the city, which clusters around it. What it was in its glistening glory, when finished in the fifth century B.C., would be hard to imagine. The old Pelasgi, of whom but few traces remain, are said to have founded this place. One is lost in wonder at the skill of those old Greek artificers, who under Pericles finished the Parthenon, and dedicated it to Minerva. Even in ruins it is magnificent. Its simplicity and fine lines, found only in Greek temples, excite admiration, as do the beautiful Doric and Ionic columns.

One cannot but have a sort of reverence for those builders who raised these incomparable temples. They were devout in the worship of their gods and goddesses. Time and money they counted not, so they erected these temples, and to strength and solidity they added grace and dignity. What marvels of sculpture blossomed into beauty and life seemingly from the hand of Phidias! Bits here and there heaped and scattered over the hill, even if there were not so much left of temples, show the unrivaled art of antiquity. Here is the temple of the Wingless Victory, and the statues of the Amazon-like maidens of the Erechtheum are about all the figures that have escaped the despoiler's hand. The last were dedicated to Minerva and Neptune.

According to tradition, Minerva won the guardianship by causing an olive tree to grow. Neptune struck the earth with his trident and a horse sprang into life. Why Neptune wanted a horse, I know not, but the two seem to thrive and are alike useful in Greece, up to date, for the automobile has not to my knowledge found favor in Greece.

The view from the summit of the Acropolis is almost unparalleled, I fancy — the fair plain below, farther on Lycabettus Hill, to the east the mountains of Hymettus-Pentelicon, and Parnes in the distance. There, too, was Ægina's rock and rugged isles, the glorious azure gulf, Bay of Eleusis, with the island of Salamis, Attica, and Marathon in the distance. I could not attempt what Byron gave to the world in the "Corsair."

There were ruins of aerial temples heaped high against the moon, intensified and made more beautiful by the surroundings; beautiful under the glowing sun, but mellowed and softened under the moon's rays. Theirs was a blind worship, but it must have been beautiful in its way.



MARS HILL, WHERE ST. PAUL PREACHED TO THE ATHENIANS.

I looked across to Mars Hill, only a stone's-throw distant, where Paul preached to the Athenians. The motive was the sin, but St. Paul, iconoclastic as were others in the infancy of Christianity, apostrophized the beautifully sculptured gods in the Acropolis, and the poor gods were broken and defaced even as in Egypt so much destroyed that it seems a pity. He was not an illiterate man, and the world would be richer had he hurled the thunderbolts of his wrath against the blind worship.

Across from the Areopagus I stood where Demosthenes delivered his eloquent speeches to the wondering people. Near here was the legendary camp of the Amazons, while they were attacking

the stronghold of Theseus. And here Xerxes with his archers sent fiery darts into the citadel during the Persian war.

What stirring memories and scenes came to me as I stood on the bleak, wind-swept hill. The eloquent words of Demosthenes thundered across to Mars Hill, where in softer and sweeter tones Paul told the Athenians the beautiful story of the one true God.

These memories are mingled with the sounds of fierce struggles of warring hosts; the swish of fiery arrows into the wooden walls; the downfall of greatness; Socrates in his prison in some poor cave in the hillside near, but facing the Acropolis. He and old Epaminondas accepted the reverses of the times. One thinks of their courage and fortitude in picturing them among the rank and file of common soldiers.

Our great men are different now. If by chance one acquires some honors in a battle or two, the highest position the country can give is asked. Ours is a brave nation, but I have not heard of one of our exalted heroes putting off the insignia of office, like Epaminondas shouldering his arms and marching courageously with the men who do the work.

In the Ceramicus, or ancient cemetery, repose, among many monuments of the dead, Pericles. Farther away I saw a hill that recalled the memory of *Ædipus*, the blind King of Thebes. There Sophocles received inspiration to write his play. There, too, was the Academy of Plato. No rich vegetation or sacred groves cover the hill now, as then, but the view of Athens and the ruins of the Acropolis can never fail to command admiration.

Every foot of land in this vicinity has its history. The dead past does not bury its dead. They survive here. The gorgeous, solemn ruins tell of a wondrous past, stranger than the imagination can picture. In the dreamy mystery of the lives of those giants in intellect, the heroes, gods, and goddesses, in sculpture and in temples, relive.

I sat in a wondrously beautiful carved marble chair in the theatre of Dionysius, where high revel was held years and years ago. The seats were Pentelic marble. Some lovely broken bits of sculptured figures and bas-reliefs seem as if from the sculptor's hand. Yet this theater was finished over three hundred years before Christ. Here Sophocles, Aristides, and other celebrities enacted tragedies and comedies. Here they had their sweet illu-

sions of love, of friendship, of noble ambitions, and high, trusty, deep faiths. All have passed away. And in contemplating the glories of ancient Greece, in contrast to the life of the country at the present time, I should—were I an inhabitant of the place—prefer the days of Pericles.

No wonder the people are degenerate, when, instead of war-like Amazons and superb warriors, we see the Grecian soldier an airy sort of creature in braided jacket and short, full skirts that would put a ballet-dancer to shame, with white hose, low slippers, and huge tassels on the toes. Fancy Leonidas in that costume. Spartan heroism would have failed, I am sure, at the exuberant fullness of skirt and poverty of length. They have no sort of cousinship with charity—they cover so little. I thought it a pity the white-robed priest of ancient times had no voice in the affairs of to-day; some of the customs and costumes might well be destroyed on the sacrificial altars. As a whole, however, there is nothing objectionable—only absurd and comical.

If the people are changed and somewhat different to one's ideas of Grecian manners and costumes, the country with its diversity of scenery cannot be disappointing.

There are hills and ravines, trees and vines, fertile bits of land, and magnificent views of the plain and bay of Marathon. Here is the Attic plain, with fair Athens in the center. The commanding peak, Lycabettus, on one side; Hymettus, with its range upon range, on the other, while far away are the snowy summits of Parnassus.

Of all excursions made I enjoyed most that to Eleusis, over the sacred road along which the great annual procession of the Eleusian Mysteries passed in ancient times, where children carried flowers, and priestesses led the sacrificial bulls to the temples. It is a fine road, leading from the city, lined with great pepper trees, arched and meeting overhead, winding among vineyards and gnarled old olive trees, until we passed the Cephissus River, a mere thread of water running through the valley.

We passed, *en route*, a modern lunatic asylum, more ornamental than useful, judging from the appearance of closed shutters. It looked like a summer hotel out of season, and closed for lack of customers.

We went on through a series of foothills, rather bare, past the

hill of the Daphne, where the ancient sacred park of laurel grew. I thought of Apollo and his laurel in hot pursuit of Daphne. From the top of a hill I had an unrivaled view of fair Piræus, the Bay of Salamis, and Eleusis, the latter more celebrated than Athens, owing to its venerable shrines.

We crossed the fertile plain where the goddess Ceres once guided the plow and taught the arts of agriculture. Women were practical in those days, if they were goddesses. And as a proof of the unchanging faith and stability of women, they are still following her teachings. For women were digging ditches for irrigation, plowing in the fields, crushing rock for repairing the roads, and doing all sorts of manual labor. Yet I saw no one in short skirts or tassel-bedecked slippers.

At Eleusis are the ruins of the great Propylea, where priests once offered sacrifices and women sang and danced in honor of the goddess Demeter or Ceres. The magnitude of the ruins is astonishing. What masses of beautiful marble columns, whole quarries of walls and ornamental portions, heaped up enough to build a town.

In Italy and Egypt every ruin or place worth it has been despoiled to decorate some other place. It is different here. Nothing has been molested, so the places are beautiful in their ruins.

Here are seen the black rocks where the goddess wept like any mortal over her sheaves of wheat, I suppose because Pluto set the style of eloping with her daughter Proserpine. In this temple, whose origin is lost in mystery, Ceres established the mysteries in honor of different gods. The Persians and Goths finished the destruction of these grand temples.

The sun shines on the long-unused floors, and green mosses and wild, frail flowers grow in spaces and rifts of the broken and defaced sanctuaries. Light, beauty, and color are everywhere—sunny atmosphere, blossoming trees, ethereal loveliness of transparent opaline tints on the horizon and reflected beauty of the hills in the sapphire bay that is without a ripple.

There is an unchanging charm of the islands, and rhythm of the sea laving the tomb of Themistocles. The gleaming coastline and dazzling snow-clad mountain ranges, I fancy, are much the same as when those old pagans held high revel. These temples have echoed to all phases of life. The beautiful, the terrible,

the shameful and sublime, good and bad, these stones have witnessed. No voice from the past breaks the silence, and quietly I sat and feasted my eyes upon a scene almost unrivaled. Yet a vein of sadness came with the restful and quiet air of the place. For in all the solid rank and file of dead years gone there is no voice from that far-off time to breathe one whisper. No restless heart comes to tell aught of the gulf between them and me.

The day grew old all too soon, and as the way was long, we went along the rim of the sea, feeling that the quiet, warm spring day was in harmony with the mystical old road, and rather regretted that we were leaving.

Here were the sanctuaries of the gods—of Pan and Apollo. Pan was honored here for the scare he gave the Persians at Marathon. Apollo—if I remember—in a cave in the vicinity had his little surprise party, wherein a daughter of Erectheus figured as co-respondent in the surprise business. It was after this celebrated party that the Ionians were known in the world. These people seem to have set the fashion in most things, the world imitating ever since.

We went back in the dusk of the evening, with the glow still in the western skies, and the great full moon shining on the tall spectral temples. And the day was done.

There is little of interest in modern Athens, though the streets are fine, as are the parks and public buildings.

There seems to be little ceremony observed by the rulers. I saw the queen get in her carriage at the Palace with as little attention as any ordinary lady going out for a drive. A lady accompanied her. There was a coachman in dark livery, and one footman only—no especial mark of any sort whereby people might know royalty was out for an airing.

We had enjoyed a few days of warm spring weather, which was doubly alluring after so much rain and snow in Constantinople. But there was a heavy rain the morning we left Athens. The country needed it badly, for there had been but little for some time, and the small patches of grain looked shriveled and yellow. They have none too much at any time.

Nowhere have I seen such deep trenches for irrigation as here for the vineyards and olive trees. There seem to be few trees of any other sort, and they are all irrigated. The ditches are dug

so deep one can scarcely see the vines. The water is near the surface and is brought up by boxes attached to endless chains. The pumps are usually run by cattle or horses, though in several instances I saw women turning the wheel.

We found good cars and good railroads in Greece, as were the hotels. In fact, one might enjoy a lengthy stay in Athens and have comforts as well as scenery — something not always to be had in traveling. Besides being reasonable, they are a pleasant race of people to meet.

I was thoroughly delighted with my sojourn there, and looked regretfully back at Athens and the lovely plain, the old Acropolis, and the rugged hills which are ferruginous in character and gave such harmonious blending of tints, reds, purples, and ochers.

The blossoms were bending their heads under the falling rain, and gloomy looked the fields, where only yesterday the butterflies and bees, early as it is in the springtime, were staggering in delight among the yellow mustard blooms, purple irises, and violets. The birds were almost bursting their throats in the joy of it and were hurrying to tell each other that it was springtime in Greece, and the time for telling it had come.

We had a fleeting glimpse of Salamis and Eleusis. A rainbow showered its colors over the only old Pelasgian tomb and above the temples, symbolical of past glories in the gorgeous colorings. There were clouds and shifting mists, with white spray from sapphire waves scudding across the sea, ever-changing, a succession of glorious views all the way to Corinth.

Along the gulf of Ægina we went, crossing the canal at Corinth that clasps hands with the Ionian and Ægean seas, which is so short and straight that we saw the two seas, or gulfs, as we crossed it.

From Corinth we went to Patras, where we embarked for Brindisi.

There seems but little in the way of agriculture except vineyards. People must live on grapes and olives, with scenery for dessert.

From Patras we sailed away in the teeth of a storm from the land of delicious memories — the Grecian Archipelago, Mount Ida, fair Olympus, Salonica, Isle of Milo, and all the historical spots of which Sappho is credited with loving and remembering in her

songs. Others have said more and to better purpose. But the impression is abroad in the world that she was the prima donna of the times. She doubtless received the majority of ballots, so we will not dispute the will of the people.

Should any one within the "sound of my pen" decide on a voyage between Athens and any port westward, and take passage on a Greek boat, remember they were warned in time. I demurred in the beginning, but was assured that the boat was new, large, and roomy. It was all of that, it is true, but for comfort and convenience there was not the slightest evidence.

We were unfortunate enough to encounter again the aforesaid warring, personally conducted party. After our affairs were settled—and it took all my knowledge of Greek and French, interspersed with poor English, to make the male stewardess understand that I was alone. A gentleman who chanced to be from America was assigned the same room with me. In vain I told the officials we were not one family. Then the Harvard man tried in his best Greek to make them understand that we had met by chance; it was embarrassing and amusing also. There was a lack of accommodation, and stupidity and greed understood nothing. Possession was not nine points of the law that night. My luggage once in the room, the key turned, it was the full rounded ten and no mistake.

The young man and several other first-class passengers had to go to the second-class quarters, and they said it was terrible. Some of the women wept. One had hysterics. The men had wordy fights. I was comforted and let the war wage. None of that conducted party should enter my retreat. There were enough of disturbing influences making themselves felt, and I had sufficient to bear; my downy bed consisted of a thin mattress placed on boards, the pillows were hard as packed cotton could make them.

There were only about three people out of some forty passengers who were up the next morning. I had been on the Atlantic, the English Channel, and North Sea when I thought it was rough, but never knew just what pranks a boat could be up to, or how a thing without legs could imitate a "bronco" so well; kick and plunge her back up like a porpoise, head down, heels up. When tired of that, she would roll over, first on one side,

then on the other — anything, it seemed, to get rid of her cargo. Talk of sickness! The wails and moans all that night and the following day were something to be remembered, and there was nothing delicious about the recollection either. I noticed between acts that the men were more emphatic and vigorous in their expressions than the women. It was more serious than we knew, for we were too ill to know or care very much.

We were late reaching Corfu, where we learned that the sea had been so rough that but little headway could be made. The captain said that during the day there were two hours at one time when the boat did not make ten feet! It was good for us to find quiet waters. It was to me —

“What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds blown out to sea.”

When once again on deck, I breathed the sweet, fresh air, and ate, after a fast of twenty-four hours.

It was a pleasure to look upon Corfu, and the fortresses glowing in the fading light. As night came on the sea grew calm, and rest and sleep came to us after the storm. The old Greeks believed the gods steered their vessels into port. Maybe there is something in the blind faith. In all the terrible rough and stormy seas encountered, it seemed that more than Greek knowledge or skill kept the ship from foundering. Their gods, or ours, guided us into smooth seas, and safely to land.

ITALY REVISITED.

ITALY was doubly dear to me when we landed at Brindisi and I took my course toward Rome. After months in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, and Greece, it was delightful to be again in Rome, and, although my stay was brief, every moment was pleasant. The city was filled with pilgrims from all parts of the world, coming for the Easter celebrations. I went for a last farewell to St. Peter's; heard again the sweet, soft music, and saw many familiar places.

During my stay in Rome I met the Princess Aldrobrandini,

who graciously gave me her card, with special permission to visit her lovely villa at Frascati. She was very kind to me, and told of the loss of an only son. Her palace in the city, her beautiful house and grounds in the country, were as nothing to her now. Through the kindness of a friend I met Hall Caine and other charming people on my last day in Rome.

Pleasant remembrances are mine, sorrowful too, as I leave the dear old city, going westward to the sea, and along the coast through the lovely scenery of the Italian Riviera. In the distance was Corsica. Nearer lay the island of Elba, recalling memories of Napoleon on that lonely, bare, desolate dot in the blue sea. Past historical places we went, interesting alike to the literary inclined, the artist, or those devoted to agriculture. There, on some cliffs, Byron penned his inspirations. There was color and brightness everywhere. The hills were green, and covered with blossoms. People were busy with herds, or cultivating the soil. There were flashes of the glorious sea foaming on jagged rocks.

We went past Leghorn, and stopped at Pisa, with its lovely buildings—the Duomo, Baptistery, and famous Leaning Tower. Unchanged, bright, and fairy-like it stands, as I saw it years ago, and, breathless, stood upon its sloping summit. Here is where Galileo was born, and here hangs the great bronze lamp in the Cathedral, which gave him the idea of the pendulum. The peaceful Campo Santa, “a group of buildings without parallel,” is also here, with its shiploads of earth brought from Mount Calvary. Aside from these, are charming views of hills, pine forests, swift-flowing river, and vistas of plain, with stately rows of tall poplar trees.

After Pisa, we came to Lereci, where the body of Shelley was found. He was drowned while sailing up the coast from Leghorn. Here he was cremated. Byron and Leigh Hunt were among the others present. Strangely enough, though the body was consumed, the heart was intact, and was afterwards buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

The sea looked calm and beautiful, but I knew how terrible it could be at times. There were the Apennines, the gleaming Carrara Mountains, the charming Gulf of Spezia, where was once the town of Luna, called the first city of Etruria by Pliny.

After leaving the Gulf of Spezia we entered a succession of tunnels with only an occasional glimpse of daylight until Genoa was reached. It is called *Genova la Superba*, and well deserves the name, for the situation is superb. Its magnificent palaces, churches, and fine buildings loom up grandly above the bay. Tier above tier the bright buildings stand above the blue waters, commanding from every point almost incomparable views. Its importance may be best understood commercially when it is known that nearly twelve thousand vessels call at its port yearly. At the Dardanelles and as far as the Black Sea I had seen old Genoese forts, telling of the advantage the Crusades were to Genoa, helping her to become not only mistress of the Western Sea, but a power in the East. Her days of intrigue and warfare are over now, and peaceful and prosperous are her people.

Men are not crucified, as one was here in the fifteenth century, for he had "uttered words which men may not utter." Our senators are not treated so now, but we nor they are hampered by Doges, and it makes a difference.

Dickens, Leigh Hunt, and others have told the world of this city, so we leave it and the many objects of interest.

We speed along the coast, finding the same tiresome tunnels, certainly no more attractive as we go west.

Here is the old town of San Remo, almost smothered in palms and the misty gray of the olives; it is an odd, old tumble-down Italian town, a mass of arches, churches, narrow and stone-walled streets. On the top of a hill is the hospital for lepers, for the disease lingers around this old place. San Remo has for some centuries furnished the palms used every Easter in St. Peter's in Rome.

There is a story told that in raising the Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's, the Pope had given orders that any one who spoke during the operation should be put to death. Through some miscalculation the ropes holding the enormous obelisk stretched, and it was about to topple over, when a sea captain, knowing what was needed, and being used to giving orders, cried out, "Throw water on the ropes." It was done, and the Pope, realizing the courage and good sense of the man, gave to the captain what he desired—that his town should ever after furnish the palms for Easter. Everywhere throughout the town I saw

quantities of palm leaves tied up, much as we see celery, that they might be bleached for that purpose.

The chief charm of the Riviera is the unique situation of the villages. While there are valleys with beautiful streams running through them, the older towns built before the railroad was known had a fashion of settling upon crags and hills, with ever a tall church brooding over the clustering houses like a hen sheltering her little ones under her wing. Perhaps they cared more for the view than for water.

We pass Bordighera, also noted for its palms, and a place Queen Victoria visits occasionally. Then we are in Ventimiglia. Our luggage receives but little attention from the custom-house officials. We re-enter the train, and Italy is a thing of the past.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH RIVIERA is a replica of the Italian; a sameness of old decaying villas, palaces, and churches, mixed with luxurious modern residences. Picturesque old walls and ruined forts crown the heights jutting out into the sea. We go past villages, lighthouses, and shipping. Chains and ranges of mountains, glistening with snow, almost cast their shadows over the fields of oranges and lemons, which remind me very much of our glorious northern California, where the orange, palm, and pine kiss hands to our snow-clad Sierras, and fear not the snow banners and cold blasts as they nestle in the warm valleys. Beautiful streams come from the snow peaks, as with us, bringing an abundance of water.

Here are radiantly beautiful valleys and rugged precipices; the peach trees are just beginning to show the pink blossoms, and vines, in bacchanalian, reckless fashion, leap from walls, flaunt from trees, are now showing buds bursting into leaves. There are broad roads winding in capricious turnings over the sides of the mountains, and towns full of legends, ideal and beautiful in situation. Machicolated towers stand on the sheer scarp of hill-sides overlooking the sea. There are vistas of frowning gorges

backed by the towering Alps on the one side, and equally interesting views of the sea on the other. One needs to be cross-eyed, and have a neck like an owl, to see all as the train speeds by.

A short run and we are in Monaco. Many people, I fancy, know Monaco only as the great gambling-place of Europe. While its fame has spread over the world, its vices are the usual theme, and well deserved, of course. Little, in a way, being two by three miles in area, this tiny capital's influence and power are beyond imagining. Nature has done so much, and but little else is needed in this region. Greek civilization first took root upon the rock of Monaco. Romans and Saracens came after. It was finally given back by Napoleon I. to the Grimaldi. They restored their fortunes by the most cruel persecutions and extortions from the people. They were starved, their lands confiscated, and the prince ruled with a rod of iron. No such extortion is now enforced by the present lord. He is ruler over a few streets, where are clustered the houses of his two thousand subjects. There is no tax on provisions, and the owners of boats know they may pass the pirate haunts of old in safety. The world is somewhat different now.

The new town above the dazzling bay is infested by pirates of another type. Men and women, clothed in all the beautiful creations of the day, which Solomon in all his glory could not have equaled, fill the exquisite gambling-rooms of Monte Carlo, and take good care of the idle ruler and his subjects of Monaco, who is faithful to the traditions of his house, that the rents fill his coffers. The people are not forced to gamble. They go, the most willing victims in the world, and, while the few win, the many lose. Those who win boast of it; the losers we hear nothing of. As a snare to catch the wanderer, everything beautiful in art and adornment is there.

The Casino is a superb building on a point high above the sea. Vines and semi-tropical plants cover the sheer wall. Above the railway station, and back of the building, the gardens are located. They are well planned, the paths are bordered with odoriferous flowers and shrubs, overshadowed by trees semi-tropical in character. There are hotels and restaurants, a music kiosk, where bands world-famed send forth strains of enthralling music.

Here are luxurious reading-rooms, and, in fact, every variety in the way of pleasure is given to attract those who are easily snared. There is no expense, and nothing is asked of those who wander through the grounds or into the Casino.

There is a certain formula demanded. One presents a visiting-card and you are ticketed and passed in. No minor is allowed in the Casino, they say, yet I saw girls and boys not over eighteen around the tables.

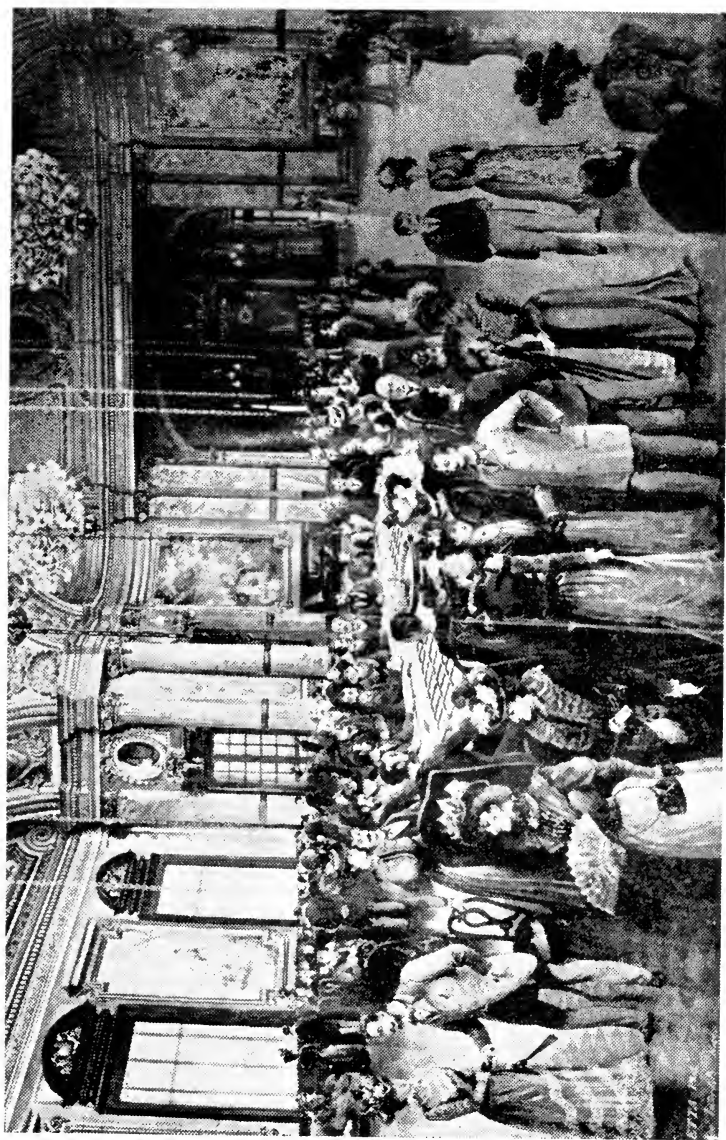
Were I an artist I should wish to study faces at Monte Carlo, as they cluster around the tables. Hope, joy, dogged determination and despair—all show the intense strain of those who play long or often.

The frequenters can easily be picked out. One often hears of men killing themselves. What becomes of the women who lose, I wonder. Except in a few instances, I saw women betting as heavily as men. Those putting the most money on the red or black, or on the numbers and mysterious lines, were not young women, as a rule, but were old, poorly dressed, yet often overloaded with jewelry, with swollen eyes and frowsy hair. Hands that handled gold and fingers from which flashed exquisite jewels, seemed sadly in need of soap and water.

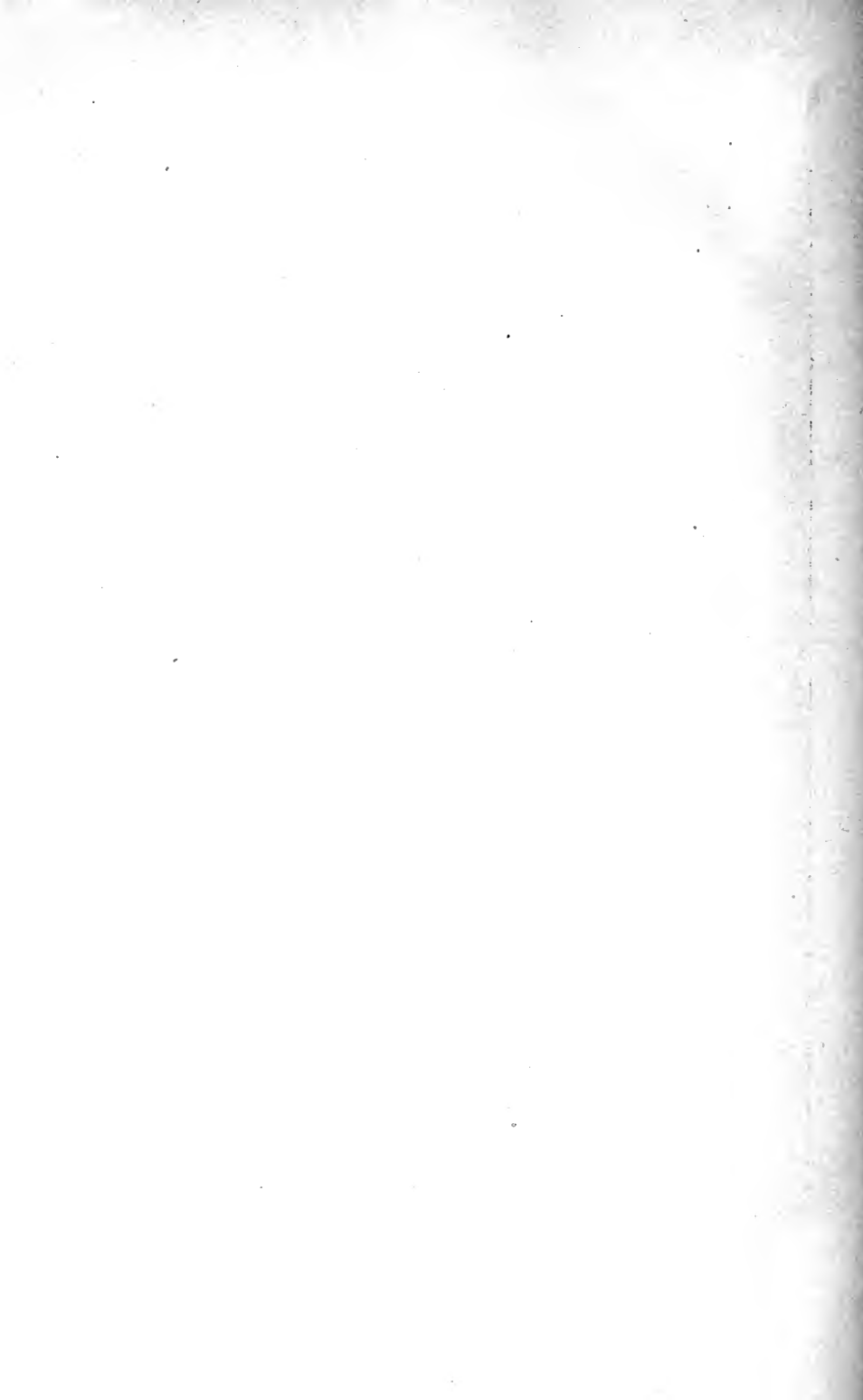
As a foil to these, wandering among the throngs or playing in an idle, desultory way, were women in the most ravishing toilettes—the very latest from Paris, costly laces, furs, and dainty gowns. Women robed as one sees them at balls and receptions, stand beside those who wear the unpretentious garments denoting the traveler.

The Casino itself is a splendid structure. The decorations of the principal façade facing the sea, its two square towers and rounded dome placed above the theater, are magnificent. On the balcony and in the arches are placed sculptured groups by Sarah Bernhardt and Gustave Doré, and other subjects represent Industry, Painting, etc. It seems odd that Industry should have a niche here.

And yet the croupiers around the tables are a hard-worked lot. They seem to know instinctively how much belongs to the bank and what is to be counted out to the winners. It is all in the practice, I suppose. Bright and quick as they are and must be, they have their lessons in practice every morning, before the crowds come to play in the afternoons and evenings.



GAMBLING-ROOM AT MONACO.



Whether seen by day or after the Casino is lighted, it is gorgeously beautiful, with decorated panels, bas-reliefs, sculpture, painting and galleries. The Ionic columns, vases, and candelabras, are all superb. The building truly is one of the sights of Europe. I do not wish to attempt an accurate description. I find in most cases that accurate knowledge of such things is needless, and life is less burdensome if details are avoided.

I only know the salons where the croupiers rake in the money are entrancingly beautiful. I know, too, that the air in those rooms is vile; that people who sit around the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables inhaling the refuse of each others' breath are hastening the day when they will not need either fresh or foul air. But whether the end is reached in that way or by the shorter one by pistol or poison, the quicker the end, the better, perhaps.

Besides, there is never a lack of people. They swarm like flies around the tables. It is their delight, and the droning, unceasing *faites le jeu* is the music they crave. So, if people are happy or miserable, if they win or lose, it is as they desire. It is useless to waste pity on them.

I had heard so much of the warm climate of the Riviera, I was astonished to find it as cold there on the 1st of April as in midwinter with us in California. One day at Mentone it rained heavily in the town and valleys. After the storm was over we saw the mountains, and low down on the hills over which we had driven in the morning, were covered with new-fallen snow. When the sun shone it was warm and pleasant. We had but little sun, and the cloudy days were as chilly as our foggy days in winter.

There was one glorious day I shall remember — a drive over the famous Corniche road from Nice to Mentone. Nowhere in the distance of twenty-four miles could there be a greater variety of scenery or more glorious views. Starting from Nice and crossing the river Paillon, which usually has about enough water for laundry purposes, and where most of the washing of the entire city is done in this stream by women, who kneel and scrub the clothes on a flat stone, the road ascends in tortuous windings up and up. Over a broad and perfectly smooth road our horses toiled, startled often by the whirr and flash of automobiles speeding by in reckless fashion. The maritime Alps were in the dis-

tance, rough and rugged peaks nearer. Beautiful Eza was perched on an almost isolated point high above the sea. There were a grand succession of bays, peninsulas, picturesque forts, and curious old houses clustering on the hills; bastions and fortifications dating from the Roman period, but adding to the charming panorama. It was the one ideal day, and one that was worth all the rest. Palms, orange, and fruit trees grow near the shore. The olive and prickly pear are like those on our western slopes. The magnificent houses of the wealthy crowd each other along the whole distance, and always facing south.

And there was the sea, with the ever-changing, exquisite blues and transparent greens flecked with sun-splashes or darkened by floating cloud shadows. One of the most attractive scenes of the day was a fleet of fourteen French war-vessels steaming into the quiet bay of Villefranche.

We passed Turbia, which the lovers of Tennyson will recall, returning from Mentone by the lower road, which runs just above the sea the entire distance back to Nice.

I was disappointed in the latter place; it is one mass of white houses with red-tiled roofs, its wide promenade lined with immense hotels. The older part is uninteresting. The tree-lined streets, gay shops, and suburbs are attractive. The Promenade des Anglais, stretching along the shore, is the best part of the town. Aimies and its great hotels are among the interesting suburbs. So is the town of Grasse, which people visit; where there are the acres of flowers grown from which the delicious perfumes are extracted.

Nice and Cannes may be lovely and warm to people from Russia and other cold regions, but we found them neither warm nor sunny. But this has been an unusual spring, so I ought not to judge them by the few days spent there.

Nice and Monaco, it has been said, are for the extremely wealthy or the working people. Those who have to count pounds and shillings are not wanted. It costs something for dainties there. I priced some strawberries. They were one dollar and a half per pound, and other things were in proportion in this warm, sunny France we read of.

Not possessing the desired millions, and yet not belonging to the class who toil and do the traditional spinning act, we took

our way westward, still along the wonderful coast line, until we reached Marseilles. After so much that was grand in the way of scenery, I hardly expected to enjoy the harbor and fine streets of Marseilles as I did. There are fine buildings and churches, and a huge mosque reminds me of Cairo. The white coast and lovely island of the Chateau d'If can here be seen. The hillsides are covered with villas.

There is one unparalleled street, where grow six rows of immense trees, making a fine promenade for people, with convenient seats for the idlers. There is room for heavy wagons on either side, with accommodations for tram cars, and a place for lighter vehicles in the center. This is one of the most charming streets I have ever seen in the heart of any city.

Patiently, and yet willingly, I again resumed my journey, and after a day's ride, that lengthened to fourteen hours, on a fast express train, I arrived in Paris, where, amid the seething, jabbering crowd, I saw once again the familiar face of my traveling companion.

April, capricious and uncertain, is now near the end. There are many trees beginning to bud, while others show tender green leaves. A few warm days have wrought a great change. It has been charming, and the warm weather will doubtless come speedily. Already I find myself pitying people who will visit the Exposition in the hot months.

Of course, the crowds are not here yet, but the influx of visitors, the unmistakable American, English, and German element, are in evidence, and help swell the throngs on the already overcrowded thoroughfares.

In the shops and on the streets I see a desire to cater to Americans. Our flag is conspicuous, and floats everywhere with the tri-color of France. The English flag is not seen, except over tea-rooms and buildings where are many of the Queen's subjects. Germany is not much in evidence, either, but the old-time feuds seem forgotten in the intense hatred here of the English people.

The desire to please Americans is so conspicuous the veneering won't hold; it is the money we bring that interests them, and the person who possesses a grain of common sense knows what it is all worth. These people are without conscience when it comes to money matters; that is, in their transactions with strangers.

There are already a good many cases of "getting even" for outrageous prices. Women think of these things, and are revengeful. I heard of a few ladies who had been overcharged and cheated until they could endure no more. They ordered handsome dresses, and had them sent to their hotel on the day after they had left Paris for home. This was very reprehensible, but human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, and can stand only so much. The wailings of the shop-keepers on such occasions are interesting, and were to me, I confess, very satisfactory.

When the days are cool, it is something dreadful to go into the larger magazines, such as the Louvre, or Bon Marché, where the thousands struggle and fight for places at the tables or shelves — well-arranged counters, with stools, are unknown. One may stand half fainting, grasping for breath, in the foul air. The crowd of excited people taxes one's strength, and a desire to get out into the fresh air usually wins. I would not endure much of it, for while it is fascinating to shop in Paris, I respect the laws of health, and am perfectly willing to give up the world and the d—, dear, delightful fashions of the gay city — but I draw a line at the flesh at present, so keep out of them as much as possible.

After an article is purchased one cannot wait in placid content for the change. No clerk is so trusted here. He takes you and your purchase to the cashier; everything is copied; your address, name, and age is required; then you may receive the change, if there is any, and if you are shrewd you may find out much is counterfeit before leaving the store. In Italy they were easy to distinguish; all the short-necked men on the coins were good; those who looked as though their necks had been "pulled" were bad. Here they are varied and ingenious in their counterfeits, but in this world of shams one gets accustomed to being on the alert; so the wary need not be deceived very often.

I have visited all the leading shops in Paris — Doucet, Pasquier, Worth, Virot, and others; have seen their wonderfully beautiful robes; sat while their charming models, arrayed in the bewildering conceptions, paced back and forth before mirrors which reflected the faultless forms and robes. Many of these dream-like garments are almost worth their weight in gold, and only those who have an unlimited amount of money can afford

to order recklessly in any of these places. There is much that is tempting in the way of artistic decorations and dainty articles of wear. The shop windows are filled with articles so tempting, the average woman finds it impossible to resist, especially if she is a stranger here, though the prices are higher for novelties than in New York or San Francisco.

Prices jump according to the appearance of the person. One rainy day we went into a shop, asked the price of a small fur boa. It was sixty-five dollars. A few days later, with a change of hat and wraps—they did not remember us—and the same article was eighty dollars. They tell all sorts of stories about strikes among working men, and advanced wages, which are not true. Excuses and subterfuges hurt them not. These people do not become brain-weary in trying to remember their lies, and in many instances it is laughable and absurd. But this is their opportunity, and those who come must make the best of it.

Prices at hotels, and, in fact, nearly everywhere, and for everything, advance after the 1st of May. In many hotels the rates were almost doubled after the farce of opening the Exposition on the 15th of April, 1900.

When the President went to the grounds, escorted by soldiers with drawn swords and pistols, to officially announce the opening, which was only a bluff, very little was in order. There were unfinished buildings, mud, and *débris* everywhere; and the few finished were empty. There was confusion and disorder everywhere—but the great Exposition of 1900 was opened, and the President escaped unhurt.

While France takes the lead in many things, it is woefully behind in others. For example, in this city of two million inhabitants there are no hotels heated by steam or hot air, yet it is exceedingly cold in winter. It has been cold enough for a fire nearly every day since my arrival. For a fire I had an armful of wood. Each armful cost fifty cents, and an extra charge for kindling. The matter of hot and cold water baths, and such comforts as we find in our small hotels, are beyond the reach of the ordinary traveler.

But the whole world comes to Paris. It is alluring, and everything is here to make one happy—art, music, and drama. There is life in its best, or worst, phases—elevating or debasing,

and the visitors can be pleased in whatever direction their tastes may run.

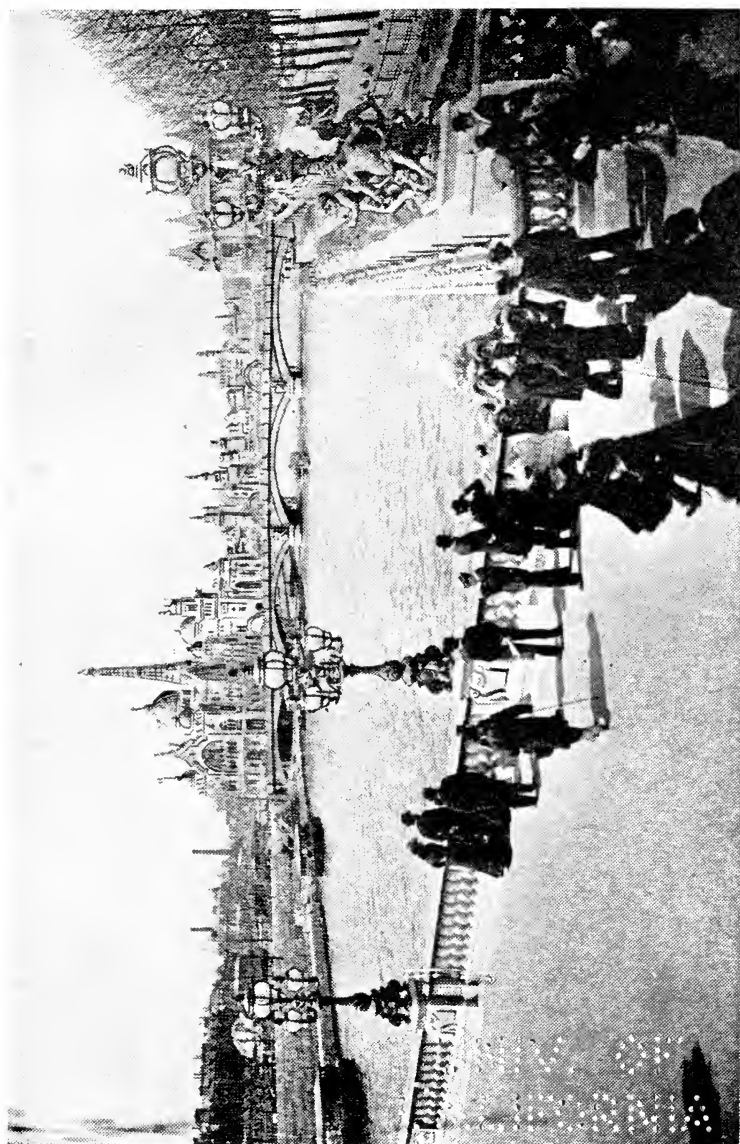
In the matter of newspapers there are more illustrated papers than in the whole of the United States. The number of papers published daily in Paris is, I learn, something like two thousand eight hundred.

One must not complain of trivial affairs when there is so much that is good and beautiful. Traveling is an education in every sense. There are some disagreeable things cropping up always, but the end justifies the work and trouble.

It is worth a great deal to be in the crowds thronging the beautiful streets, yet pedestrians have a hard time. There are no rules, golden or otherwise, observed here. Self-preservation is the only law known. No one looks out for any one else. One must fight for place on the sidewalks, so crowded that it is hard to get along, for a good two thirds of the larger avenues and streets are taken up with tables and chairs three and four deep in front of the numerous *cafés*, where people, especially men, are always seen drinking, smoking, or idly watching the passing crowds. There are so many idlers, one often wonders at the number. They do not rush through life as we do.

About midday one may walk the main streets and cross them in safety, for they observe the noontime, and are not hurried in eating or drinking. Later there is always a crush to get through the line of omnibuses, cabs, automobiles, wagons, and carriages that tear through the streets. One must wait at corners until the shrill whistle of the policeman is heard, which happens every minute or so. Then the great, sinuous, seething mass of vehicles stop, like magic, long enough to permit pedestrians to cross in safety. In smaller streets there is always more or less risk, for the drivers are reckless, and cabs, electric and steam cars, fill the streets.

The great omnibuses, with three or four powerful horses, bear down on one with the terrifying force of an engine. They may be stopped *en route*, if not *complet*, as is usually the case, for they are not allowed to crowd omnibuses, cars, or boats here. One pays for a seat, and gets it. At the stations or starting-points it is necessary to procure a ticket at the bureau. The conductors of omnibuses and tram cars call out the numbers. If



VIEW ON SEINE.

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one knows the numbers in French, and is quick, it is possible to get a seat; otherwise you must wait until the next one comes.

When the crowd is here and a few of the sixty-five millions expected, I can well imagine what transportation will mean. Even now the cabmen will scarcely engage by the hour. One day we were refused by nearly a dozen before one would agree to drive us to the Bois de Boulogne. Then he had his revenge, for the horse walked a greater part of the afternoon. It did not matter, for we were interested at every turn, especially in the Champs Elysée, teeming with life, the never-ending line of cabs, splendid teams, private carriages, and automobiles, all filled with beautifully dressed women, where one sees the latest in gowns, hats, and parasols.

In place of dainty, sweet-faced children, one sees in cabs, and peering through the windows of elegant private carriages, or resting cozily in unmotherly arms, the shaggy head and form of the everlasting French poodle. A believer in the transmigration of souls might well yearn to be a French poodle when rid of the weary earthly shell; but for hades itself, it would only be necessary to be encased in the form of a degraded, forlorn dog in Constantinople.

It is too early yet to enjoy the beautiful woods in the Bois, yet one day that was like spring—warm, bright, and beautiful—we went by boat down the Seine, having a fine view of the Exposition buildings, magnificent bridges, and Eiffel Tower. As we passed down to St. Cloud, the trees were beginning to show tender green leaves, being further advanced than in the city. The grass was filled with tiny blossoms, and the dear, delightful fragrance of springtime filled the air. There are exquisite views of the river and city, which, seen from the terrace, are surpassingly beautiful.

St. Cloud is restful, after the noise and bustle of Paris. This large, beautiful park Napoleon loved so well is where the bands play in summer, and fountains and cascades rush and ripple in all the fascinating gush and murmur of water among jagged rocks. There are quiet wooded paths, and thousands throng the charming walks. Here, as well as in the Bois de Boulogne, art has aided, not defaced, nature. One can lose himself apparently in the wildest of woods if quiet is desired, or wander along the

broad roads, where chatter and laugh the pleasure-loving crowd. Marie Antoinette once lived here. Bonaparte caused himself to be proclaimed First Consul here. Blucher's headquarters were established, and from here Charles X. issued the proclamation abolishing the freedom of the press, which caused the revolution of July, 1830. The Germans occupied St. Cloud during the siege of 1870, at which time it was almost destroyed. It was for a long time neglected, but has been restored to a great extent, and is now one of the most popular suburbs of Paris.

We visited Sèvres and saw the manufacturing of the china which is incomparable in delicacy, tinting, and finish, but which is so expensive on the ground where it is made that it takes one's breath away.

When lonesome I go to the headquarters of the California Commission, where an air of quiet elegance broods over the grand reception-rooms, which are beautifully furnished. It is restful and homelike, too, and the genial Commissioners welcome me so cordially, it is like something seen in dreams. The familiar faces and paintings of remembered places are pleasant, and a taste of our fruits, nuts, and wine is delicious, and a comforting thought comes to me that even now fruit is ripening which will await my home-coming.

A good story illustrating the hospitality of the Commissioners was told me by one of them. A reporter representing an illustrated paper, who, it seems, thoroughly understood the freedom of the press, which has fully recovered from the blow of 1830, and is utterly unlicensed now, called on them, and frankly told them his scheme, which was to blackmail the whole outfit unless he was well paid for letting them alone. He was treated nicely, given a bottle of wine made from the real juice of grapes; then was told to go and do his deadliest, and to do it quickly, or he would be kicked down the stairs. He has not been heard from since.

The people are astonished at the products of our country, especially the French people, who rarely travel, and are firm in their convictions that nothing worth having or enjoying exists outside of France, ignoring the fact that no one country possesses all that is desirable.

Our people, who are not slow in adapting ways and means that

are beneficial, might well pattern after Paris; particularly in the methods of street-cleaning a few items might be of great benefit to us. In the matter, only, of trees lining the streets, which make them so delightful; a tree is never cut down here. If one dies, another full grown is put in the place of it, and an iron grating surrounds each tree. The pavements do not suffer; neither do the people who walk or sit under the welcome shade.

The Louvre has taken up much of our time. This immense building and the Tuileries, together, cover about forty-eight acres, and form one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, besides being the most important public building in Paris. It is filled with art treasures, and is so vast in extent that it is appalling to one whose time is limited. An idea of its magnitude may be had when one realizes that it takes two hours to walk through all the rooms without stopping. The collection dates from the time of the French monarchs of the Renaissance in the sixteenth century. It has always been a source of pride, but the Louvre is indebted to the Revolution for the immense collection, as it was then the various treasures distributed throughout royal palaces, churches, and suppressed monasteries were collected and centralized here. The valuable art treasures are being constantly added to, for nearly every art lover bequeaths his treasures to the Louvre, which is undoubtedly the most extensive and valuable collection on the Continent.

When tired of sculpture and painting—for, however beautiful, there is nothing more wearying—we go out and wander through the gardens, said to be the especial paradise for children, and surely they are lovely and delightful for everybody.

From these gardens an extensive view is obtained of the Place de la Concorde, the obelisk, the Arc de Triomphe dimly seen through the avenue of trees, the magnificent arch over the main entrance of the Exposition, and the beautiful buildings lining the Seine. I look up at the Louvre, which has echoed to music, laughter, and all that pomp and power could give or bring into their lives of enjoyment, as well as treachery and deceit, while memory reverts to the factious wars, the dreadful revolutions, and terror of the rulers, when the mobs were victorious, and royalty lay prostrate in the dust, and the vicissitudes of the many rulers, ending in the departure of Eugénie after the battle of Sedan.

I think of the time when she left this massive palace, a wanderer; and a vision of the small villa I saw near Monaco, embowered in palms and vines, overhanging the Mediterranean, comes



ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

to me, and I wonder if she, with her glorious eyes looking sadly over the waters and the smiling hills, ever turns them, yearning and hungering for Paris.

The busy crowds leave but little time for reflection; and if by chance one is seated for a moment in a chair, a female comes with a rattle of coins and collects a couple of pennies for the privilege, and will usually scowl if you do not add a donation for herself. They are not backward here in asking for their *pour-boire*.

Tipping is not left to one's generosity or judgment; there is a

fixed tariff for hotels, *cafés*, cabs, in fact, at every turn one must be ready with coppers. I have been several times in one of the largest banking houses in Paris, and when a servant in uniform brought the money I desired, he waited each time to be paid for carrying it from one room to another. At the hotels one is usually informed as to the amount to be given each servant. Often they need it badly, for while the hotels charge up to and often beyond the line of endurance, they expect the guests to pay their servants. One waiter told me his master paid him twenty francs per month, or four dollars in our money, yet he must always wear the regulation dress suit and immaculate linen. Housemaids are paid in proportion, yet always look neat. How it is managed is a mystery.

Yet a rigid economy in every detail accomplishes much. I learn that the waiters in *cafés* and hotels are entitled to the bits of meat left on the plates of guests. These pieces are collected and sold to smaller places, where they are arranged in a tasteful manner, and resold to customers who buy food ready cooked. A student told us that when he first came to Paris he stopped with a French family, that he might learn the language quickly, but he could not endure their methods. The husband and wife divided one egg between them and would take the bones from his plate and eat the bits he had left, even while he was at the table. Ingersoll once said, "Give me a country where the rich are extravagant and the poor are economical." France is the ideal country in this respect, I think.

We have made several excursions from the city while waiting for the Exposition to be in shape for enjoyment. We have seen Malmaison, where Josephine resided after her divorce, and where she died five years later. The place is wonderfully beautiful, but nature had no balm for her wounds. I wondered if Napoleon enjoyed this retreat after Waterloo! Even if so, the Prussians caused a change, for he quitted the place at their approach. In the small town of Renil is a little church where rests the Empress Josephine and her daughter, Queen Hortense. We see, too, the ponderous machinery which sends the water to St. Cloud and Versailles for their beautiful fountains. The picturesque aqueduct on the hill above Marley, looking like the old Roman lines, was constructed under Louis XIV., to convey the water now raised by the hydraulic machine below to Versailles.

We drove through the park and woods of San Germain, once the favorite residence of the early kings of France. It is charming and attractive enough to please even the most unappreciative. Louis XIV. was born here, and here the exiled King James II. died. The Forest of San Germain, consisting of about eleven thousand acres, is beautifully situated above the Seine, whose tortuous windings may be traced as it flows through Paris, twelve miles distant. From the terrace above the river one has magnificent views of the valley, the densely populated villages on the river, the forests, and well-tilled fields. In the woods the ground was carpeted with flowers, and the sun shone through a green mist of budding leaves and blossoms overhead.

There was a constant buzz and chuck-chuck of the rushing automobiles, which raise such clouds of dust that people avoid the roads frequented by them. The cyclists are out in full force. One sees very few in Paris, as a special license must be obtained for the city. The bicycle girl does not present the dainty appearance of our girls. They wear sloppy looking bloomers, more often than otherwise low shoes, with something like a yard and a half of shapeless legs, showing straight, calveless, and unbeautiful as an ostrich's; but they enjoy life.

Every one who can walk, drive, or ride goes out of the city, and enjoys the parks and woods. There is no city in the world that has such facilities for enjoying life as Paris, whether within the city's limits or in the various suburbs.

Most of the forests of San Germain, as in many other parks, are left in a natural state, only there are paths for pedestrians, and roads for riding and driving. Nature, pure and artless, is found in the miles of forests, parks, and places where the people go. There history, romance, and legend may be found, attractive and instructive, where the wearying cares of life may be cast aside and humanity forget for a day, and be glad as are the sweet-voiced birds singing so blithely among the fields and hidden recesses of the woods.

Expositions are like babies, interesting for a while, but wearying when one has too much of them. I will leave all details of description to those who enjoy it. Having seen several, there is a sameness in the general display of all. I should like to give an idea, but a pen dipped in ink cannot aid.

Some things here deserve special notice. The gorgeous decorations of bunting and artistic effects for which the French are famous. The vistas are certainly beautiful and imposing-looking from the Palace of the Trocadero, the Champ de Mars and Chateau d'Eau. There are multi-colored kiosks, pavilions, architecture of all nations—waving flags and striking effects in color scheme. Of mural paintings, the frescoes and allegorical designs are beyond anything I saw at Chicago. The Hotel des Invalides at the end of the esplanade, wherein is the tomb of Napoleon, the Champs Elysée, the Seine in curves with its magnificent bridges—make up a total that is worth much to see. Still there is nothing here that equals the great Court of Honor at Chicago. In some of the ornamental and fairy-like palaces bordering the Seine, they equal or excel, but the general effect cannot compare with the White City. The Salon of Honor and Salles des Fetes are the locale of the American electrical exhibits. We were special guests of the United States Commission at the opening exercises of the United States Pavilion. We scarcely realized how many Americans were in Paris until we saw the crowds which charged into the building and filled the whole of the rotunda. From the first gallery we heard the speeches, listened to Sousa's incomparable music and looked down upon a better-dressed and finer-looking crowd of people than I had seen since we left America. The building is fine, but so hemmed in by others that it makes a poor showing. Italy and little Monaco have buildings with ample grounds and show to far greater advantage than do ours.

Our country is not represented as it should be. There is nothing in the United States building. It is bare and unattractive. Other countries have their pavilions filled with articles that are worth looking at—worth remembering. Ours is a sort of conversation hall, nothing more—nothing to attract or arrest the attention of people who are not specially interested. There is nothing that I have discovered here that Americans can look at with pride or pleasure.

In the Swiss village that has taken over two years to build it is quite different. One falls in love with the people and the country so faithfully represented, and wanders through streets whose houses have been transported from Switzerland. There are real mountains with trees and grassy slopes, waterfalls and quiet

pools. Goats clamber about. There are stables and stalls, where are kept cows which furnish fresh milk, and cheese-making is shown. In fact, life in all its phases goes on in this small village. The work and various industries of the country may be seen and understood by those not familiar with Swiss methods. Far up on the crags of the mountains were miniature chalets. Near a waterfall I heard again the Alpine horn, and the jodel from an answering peak. It was all real, as when I listened to them last year. No one can visit that village without a desire to see the country from which they come. The very idea is alluring.

I turn from thoughts of the Exposition to Versailles, which we visited on the first Sunday in May. Anything worth seeing in France must be seen on a Sunday, or not at all. This day is set apart every year as the one gala day when all the fountains play. As it costs ten thousand francs for the grand display, it is worth seeing. We went, of course, to the historical old place that knew the zenith and the decadence of Louis XIV.; saw the grand palace that knew the disreputable Pompadour and Du Barri. The fetes given here were offset in their splendor by the terrors of the vicious Parisian mobs, augmented, influenced, and urged on by the presence of thousands of women. Napoleon and the Bourbons neglected this palace after it was sacked under Louis XVI., and Louis Philippe restored the building. The King of Prussia used this palace as a military hospital, and here he was saluted as German Emperor. After McMahon directed the struggle against the outbreak of the Commune, the seat of government was removed to Paris, and this old palace, for some twenty-odd years, has known peaceful, quiet times, after war's fierce struggles.

Happy people wander through those vast historical rooms. The number and immensity of the chambers and galleries try one's endurance, even for a hasty survey. The superbly decorated halls, statues, and paintings are replete with interest. The walls of parti-colored marbles and bronze bas-reliefs are historical and allegorical. The ceilings are by Le Brun. The *Gallerie des Batailles*, which is 132 yards in length, gives an idea of the magnitude of the building. Here are the furniture by Buhl, of gilded bronze and tortoise shell, mural decorations, rich hangings, and carvings of the bed in the room where Louis XIV. died.

The room of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, from which she rushed in terror when the mob broke into the palace on that memorable night in October in 1789, and the chambers of the gay Du Barri, and the door admitting her to the chamber of Louis XV., were shown us.

There is something of historical interest attached to every nook and corner of the palace, which, since the sixteenth century, has been mixed and intermingled with the history of the French court until the seventies. The history of its foundation, of the lives sacrificed, and fabulous sums expended in building the palace and laying out the grounds, is like a story of the Arabian Nights. The place is charming and fairy-like.

Even now the gardens are a delight to all lovers of nature, though nature in them was subjected to laws of symmetry, geometrical rules, and architectural designs. From them the palace is seen to good advantage. The façade, which is over a quarter of a mile in length, is grand in its immensity.

At the extreme end of the park is the Grand Trianon erected for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV., a one-story villa in the midst of lovely grounds. When it was finished, Louis told his fair one that he had created a paradise for her, and asked if there was any one thing lacking she could suggest. She, thinking it impossible, said a sleigh ride under the green trees and swaying vines was the only thing lacking. The impossible to her was possible to her admirer, for, on the following day, she had her sleigh ride over miles of snowy salt and sugar spread on roads that led through green forests.

What recollections come to one while passing from one historical room to another. In one of the handsomely furnished rooms is a table, which is made of a single piece of oak, and measures nine feet across, which they are very proud of. What was of more importance to me were the exquisite vases of malachite, and Sèvres porcelain, and state carriages used by Napoleon First at his coronation, and the historical sledges.

We enjoyed the Petit Trianon, loved by Marie Antoinette. Here were the quaint, lovely old gardens, beautiful trees and lakes, and the small cottages where the court ladies played at peasant life. From these my mind flies to Paris, and the dreadful guillotine, where poor Marie Antoinette's life ended at the Place de la Concorde.

We drove through the beautiful park until the time came—the crowning feature of the day—when the fountains play. The display lasts for about twenty minutes only. Great crowds come and wander at will, as they are free to all. The effect was the more wonderful for being artificial, and reminded me in a small degree of some of the geysers in Yellowstone Park. Thousands of people witnessed the gushing, foaming water, which seemed to come from hundreds of unseen sources.

There were picturesque groupings under the great trees, or loitering and wandering in shaded paths, resting on grassy knolls, enjoying the warm, fragrant, delightful spring day, which showered blossoms from the trees with every gust of wind.

I have had, with the exception of a few days, nothing but one continual spring since the first of January, when I arrived in Egypt. Buds and blossoms, tender young leaves, grass and growing grain have greeted me everywhere. Yet one never tires of the awakening life that comes with the thrushes and swallows. In Syria, Asia, and Greece it was the same through the weeks and months, until now old mother earth is warming up under the glowing sun in France; and the soft winds—the trumpet of a prophecy—tell that spring has come.

Paris is as charming as her environs. The streets are incomparable, as are the parks, gardens, and glittering fountains, the Champs Elysée, and bewildering array of buildings lining the Seine. There are never-ending vistas of river, bridges above the swift water, where countless boats rush and flash by in the sun and under dark arches; there are untold thousands of people who loiter along the boulevards and avenues, who sit at *cafés* and restaurants, eating and drinking. All sorts of vehicles, horses, and automobiles rush by. There is so much to see and enjoy at every turn, that the Exposition is not of great importance to the travelers, though the buildings cannot fail to attract the attention, even if one has not the energy to inspect the inside of them.

At the Luxembourg the paintings in the galleries were not fascinating to me. "The Reign of Terror" or "Kiss of Judas" was not of much importance either. Outside in the air a dream of perfume kissing my brow was sweeter than ghost-haunted halls. There was calm in the sensuous mystery of the place and the breezes from lilacs and rhododendrons seemed filled with whis-

perings of past years of love, of death, as though perturbed spirits were haunting these gardens, the trysting-places of days of yore.

The Cluny Museum, with its mediæval curiosities and quaint carvings, and the Madelaine and Notre Dame churches, have claimed some of our time.

Once again I stood under the dome in the Hotel des Invalides and saw the blue mist streaming through the stained glass windows far above me, and looked down upon the sarcophagus of Napoleon. I saw the tattered flags and thought of the battle scenes of his conquests; thought of the plains of Moscow, where I wandered last summer; of Austerlitz, Marengo, Egypt, and the Pyramids, and desert sands, and Russia's frozen blasts, which scattered his army like leaves in an autumn storm. I thought, too, how this man pushed from his heart the only woman who ever loved him, to aid him in his ambition—of his methods and vicious disposition, his warring instincts, which left the bodies of Frenchmen rotting over half the world. Great in many ways, yet, with all, he stooped to the common level and declared that all calamities and contentions were due to the arts of women.

He rests by the Seine, but his restless spirit seems to pervade the multitude. A mad ambition possesses these boastful people. The future will tell whether it will be augmented and maintained. My prophecy will be that they will have but little pity from the world when they are binding their sheaves of regret. In the galleries here and at Versailles the people crowd around pictures of battles, of conquests depicting the struggles in Europe and from China to Mexico where Frenchmen have fought and stained the earth with their blood. Nowhere have I seen any reminder of Leipsic or Waterloo to indicate to these people what might be in store for them. Pride is a fearsome thing. It is even now drowning sense and discretion. Another disaster fully as bitter as the lesson the Germans gave may await these people. As they sow, so let them reap.

These people are erratic; it is a country of perturbed brains; a *soufflé* atmosphere pervades the masses. The people, vain and selfish, rate their customs, country, and language as *par excellence*. Anything outside their borders is not to the ordinary Frenchman worthy a thought. They are not aware that it is a country of farces. The niceties of conventional forms are rigidly

observed; they are exacting in matters of honor; they will fight duels, not to the death, but at the point of a sterilized sword. If only a drop of blood is drawn, rules have been followed, though honor and sword are alike usually untarnished. As a rule, they enjoy life, and are not given to the hurry and go-ahead we are accustomed to. The fire department rush to fires in automobiles; the undertakers solicit orders in the same swift way. A fire or prospect of a funeral are about the only things which seem to demand a rushing business.

We have seen "Salambo" at the Grand Opera House. The immense building covers over three acres of ground. The interior is beautiful, the decorations elegant and harmonious, but the boxes are badly arranged and the ventilation bad. The long waits between acts, when the people leave their seats to promenade in the halls, foyer, balconies, and stairways, breathing fresh air, are restful.

There is one charming custom here. Women leave their seats and go out in the halls, resting and chatting with their escorts. If liquid refreshments are needed, the women share in the pleasure. No man ever excuses himself to go out and "see another man" in France. In all the theaters refreshments are served in the buildings. In some there are large halls where bands play between acts, while the people promenade or sit at tables, eating, drinking, and watching the promenaders.

Among them one sees a goodly number of women dressed in all the gorgeousness of the lilies of the field which Solomon could not imitate. These sirens, who rigidly follow the rule which enables them to perceive morality and virtue, and how to avoid the same, understand fully the arts of dress, and make beautiful pictures dressed in the latest dreams the best houses of Paris can furnish. Young and beautiful, they flit through the best theaters, like veritable butterflies. That the slums and morgue lie further on does not worry these fairy-like creatures. They have their brief hour and apparently enjoy their chosen paths.

From the top of the Eiffel Tower, one thousand feet above the city, we gazed down as one looks upon a map. The streets seemed mere threads, and the houses small and toy-like, accentuated by tall towers looking like exclamation points through the dense city. A grand panorama of country, green and beautiful, showed

a splendid background on every side, the Seine curving like some great, glistening serpent through it. Comparatively few of the thousands who daily come to admire this wonderful structure make the ascent, but while it almost takes one's breath away, it is worth it.

We have seen the vast concourse of people who attend the races, where the horses run on the greensward as they do in England. Here the gay life of the Parisians, their moods and manner of enjoying themselves, can be observed and appreciated. Among the crowd of beautifully dressed women one can distinguish the "models" which the best houses dress up and send out as an advertisement. That many of the "creations" are more fit for receptions and evening wear does not count. It is the proper thing to do, and is a very attractive mode of advertising.

We have seen for the last time some of our favorite paintings and pieces of sculpture, the Venus of Milo and others that appeal to one. Letting the trivial and insignificant go, it is good to revel in the land of art, of harmony, forgetful of the meagerness of wisdom and poverty of soul and jarring discords one encounters in the active life of the outside world. Beautiful recollections will remain of paintings on the walls of the Louvre, where life seemed a poem, with rhythm and meter perfect. In the world of paintings it is so easy to remember the beautiful and tender, restful things, just as it is in the world one can find much of good and much of evil. It is according to the seeker.

We have wandered through the dim aisles of Pere Le Chaise Cemetery and have seen the tomb of Abelard and Héloïse. After life's sorrows, they rest side by side, under the green canopy of waving trees. Flowers are blooming, carefully watched and guarded. The warm atmosphere seemed to breathe of love. It seemed a fitting place, and more desirable than the vaults in the gloomy Pantheon, where rest Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Victor Hugo.

In the warm light of the evening's sun we go from the cemetery, pause upon the banks of the Seine, and listen to the bells from the towers of Notre Dame, ringing out clear and melodious. Sorrowing tones strike the heart; others with a touch of gladness, too; tones that give strength and assurance, reaching down into the desolate chambers of that horror, under the shadow of the

great spire—the Morgue—where so many, many are taken dripping from the river, to lie, with set, open eyes, while the pressing, unsavory, curious crowd push and thrust each other aside through days and nights to gaze on the gruesome forms who are waiting, waiting through clamorous days and noisy nights for some one to claim, to take them out of that dreadful place and hide the poor blotched faces from the rabble. Poor indeed are the dead who after days find no tender recognition from friends or relations to take them to a quiet spot to rest after life's fierce struggle. But whether the lone grave or public ditch, this city is not disturbed. The same scenes are enacted year by year. The bells ring on—and we, too, go on.

But the days go by, and we take our last look at the Exposition by day, and at night also. We see the Place de la Concorde, and Champs Elysée, which look like fairyland, with the myriads of colored lights glowing amid the foliage, or in festoons from tree to tree. There are kiosks, *cafés*, and beautiful buildings. We go through the streets, some brilliant with life and lights, an animated mass of humanity, each living his little comedy or tragedy of life.

Up at Montemarte, I saw the great arms of the Moulin Rouge, turning and throwing crimson flashes of light, which pierced the gloom of the streets, beckoning and inviting the passer-by into the sin-haunted halls. It sends one adrift upon the vast sea of thought, which is saddening, for the conviction comes over one that vice flourishes in there, while virtue starves in the alleys within its sight and hearing.

A little trip down the river, and one more glance at the life in the country. We hear the music of the larks; look upon old walls covered with mosses and trailing vines; see the flood of sunshine inundating the land; see the horses go slowly along under the great trees lining the roads, where bees and insects hum among the fragrant blossoms. The washerwomen are busy by the running streams. Youths and maidens are loitering along quiet paths. Up in the azure sky are some circling swallows. A little child, laughing, holds up her tiny hands, entreating them to come to her. A flash of wings, and they are off and lost in the mists of the setting sun. It is our last day, and we, too, like the birds, are ready to sail westward to home and

friends. May our ship sail peacefully over sun-kissed seas to our own fair land, and we, like the birds, find rest after our travels are ended.

My husband had come to France to escort me home. After wandering for over a year, it was strange, but comforting, to have one to take the burden of travel from me, which we shifted, eagerly, gladly, to him.

ENGLAND ONCE MORE.

It scarcely seemed like our own language, the Queen's English, that greeted our ears when we arrived in England from France. I had traveled so long among foreign people, hearing strange languages, that it was like a dear, familiar friend seen after years of absence, the same, yet not entirely so; there was such a misfit of h's, the "'otels," "'ansoms," and "homnibuses" upon which we clambered up the spiral staircases to the "houtside" because we could see so much better than on the "hinside"; this was not strictly according to our mode of traveling at home, but we were still on the farther side of the Atlantic, and conventionalities, rules, and social forms must await our home-coming.

I thoroughly enjoyed the omnibus rides in London, as one could see better than when in a carriage or hansom cab. It was comforting to read the names in good plain English, especially streets one has known from our earliest recollections. There was a fascination in them, the names recalling forgotten hours spent with Dickens,—hours of reading through a blurred vision, scenes which now rise before me, realistic and enduring, for London streets and names are not subject to varying moods; they are sure and steadfast. Bayswater Road, Oxford, Holborn, Cheapside, Bishopsgate streets were all seen once more.

The parks and gardens were looking superb. We took long trips in the country, now at its best, for June is at hand, and the fields in England can scarcely be equaled, as they were one mass of bloom and tender verdure, sweet and fresh with frequent showers, sparkling under the sun's warm rays. There are such

beautiful effects in the low-lying, well modulated hills enveloped in a soft blue haze, and valleys and bosky-places, with clustering trees which encircle the castle of some titled person, or perhaps one of the dear old red farm-houses one often sees almost smothered in its dark and light patches of green foliage. There are gables and chimney-tops of castles or abbeys which add to the landscape, and leave an ineffable impression upon me. In whatever direction one may glance, history adds to the charm — touching, emphasizing, and refining. The hand of time has added to the historical value of this old country, upon which one loves to look and revel in with a peculiar tenderness. It is like an exquisitely modulated poem, rhythm and meter perfect; no startling effects, but a country of irresistible charm.

HOMeward BOUND.

AND now the weather-vane of my life has ceased its shifting moods. It points straight toward the sunset route, and the wind blows strong and fresh, for we have left England, embarking at Liverpool. We are on the great, stanch ship *Oceanic*, and are speeding toward the New and away from the Old World.

The voyage on this, the largest of all ocean steamers, was delightful. While the *Oceanic* is a larger boat than the *St. Paul*, it is not any more comfortable or luxuriantly furnished. There is not the social life on these large steamers that is found on smaller vessels. There are roomy decks, cozy nooks, immense libraries, where people sit, read, write, or play games. There are music and dancing in the evenings, concerts and varied entertainments to while away the time, as the great ocean greyhound plowed through the sparkling waters. The passengers were animated, and a different expression was on the faces of most of the people from that I noticed on the outward journey. This was the home-coming for the greater portion of the passengers, and satisfaction showed on their countenances. There was no rough weather at all, and the time passed rapidly, for we made the three thousand miles in less than six days.

How can I describe the joy that filled my heart when the shores of my own country first greeted my eyes through the gray atmosphere of the sea, or what emotions took possession of me while sailing up the stream. I saw the grand Statue of Liberty, the great city, and thousands of flags waving in the fresh morning's breeze. No one who has not wandered away from home and friends can understand the pleasure of being once more among their own. I simply drank deep breaths of calm, sweet, gladness, and gazed about me so eagerly that my "seeing machinery" was out of order and needed a rest. I was trying to see everything at once, and was in danger of having curvature of vision, and a chance of never having a good, straight stare again.

Almost as good as being under the flag of freedom was the joy of being once more in a car, where everything necessary for convenience and comfort were around me. I could almost have fallen on the neck of the colored porter, and wept with delight at having one at hand to meet my every demand, to arrange for comfort and rest, for the journey of three thousand miles westward was to be a poem, as every shining, glinting, steel-threaded mile was over a land rich and prosperous.

Often as I have made the journey from ocean to ocean, I never before fully realized the vast extent, the beauty, and greatness of this, my native land, as we passed from the more densely populated Eastern States to the well-tilled prairie lands of the Middle West. What is language to the deaf mute, or the glorious sunshine or pale moonbeams to the blind? Every state is a gem in color-scheme and variety, every mile of plain or cloud-wreathed peak needs pages of description, so it is useless for me to try to make any one who has not seen comprehend its glories. But the wheels whirr and rush me on to the great deserts, where the winds, strong from the alkaline plains, come hot and unpleasant.

Across the Humboldt, with its miles of sagebrush stretching to bare, bleak hills, and that Salt Sea, lying quiet and as death-like as that other sea over against the Moab Mountains. A little farther, and the Sierras show white and fair. The sound of many waters come to my ears as we climbed the eastern ridges. Then the loved Sierra's crest is reached. The blood rushes through my veins and the heart is glad. My eyes ache with the strained effort to encompass the whole beautiful land, my land! that is

fragrant with odors of spruce and pine, wafted down to the clover fields, where butterflies dance and bees drone, while birds sing among the flower-laden boughs of the orange groves.

From the Sierra's slopes I gaze upon boundless verdant plains. I see the dim coast-line, where breaks the foamy brine of the fair Pacific, which sings upon the golden shores through days and swooning, balmy nights of an eternal summer.

I see a land where are fruits and flowers, luscious, fragrant, and sweet as Eden's best, a land where the sun loves to linger, and where the warm, rich glow steals into the heart, making existence — here where the winds chant melodies glorious and grand —

“Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.”

The winds touch my brow softly, like a benediction, blessing the wanderer, and while the head and knees are bent the heart sends forth a voiceless prayer of thanks, for California the beautiful is mine once more.

RETROSPECTION.

My wanderings are ended. For nearly a year and a half I traveled, a stranger in strange lands. There were pains and deprivations which are already slipping away from my mind, for the satisfaction derived from visiting foreign countries more than compensates for all inconveniences endured.

In travel there is much learning, as the world in which we move gives us scant time for living the lives nearly all of us desire. Environs fret and disturb us. The joy of being able for a time to change the routine, and let life break out in ripples pleasing, helpful, and healthful before the dull quiet of age or death claims us, is worth a great deal to any one. Many at times when not in harmony with their environments have felt the sense, at least, of the following: —

“O God, I'd rather be
A pagan, cradled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses of that which would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his many-wreathed horn.”

Often my heart hungered for home and familiar scenes — for remembered mountain retreats, where tessellated shadows of vines lay upon the ground, and the pine boughs sighed in the breeze, and for the valleys where wandering winds caught the faint sweetness from the tremulous, fluttering fields of mustard blooms. The beauty and sweetness, the fragrance, of thousands of wild flowers, accentuated by the odors from the magnolia, lemon, and orange groves, and the great fields of alfalfa, where the bees staggered with their delicious cargoes of honey, until, drunken with delight, they hummed themselves to sleep amid the waxy blossoms of the loquat trees. The leagues and leagues of poppies that paved the plains with gold until they were spilt into the Pacific's laughing waves. All these came to me when far away like faint sweet music — an echo — a breath from paradise, and were overwhelming and overpowering.

There were moments when I wondered if it was worth the time and trouble wandering alone among strangers, but the satisfaction that was mine when the home-hurts died away made me brave.

The marvels that greeted me, the picturesque beauty of strange lands, the memory of moon-tranced nights and sunlit days, the matchless Mediterranean, the Ægean seas and Grecian isles; Egypt, and the sad, softened, reverences of sacred spots in Jerusalem and the Holy Land, will ever be glowing lamps in memory's chambers.

Scenes come to me from the far Norseland; I see the glaciers, torrents, and snow-fields, where herds of reindeer are silhouetted against the shining peaks. A vision of lonely, cringing wolves gliding like evil spirits over the Russian steppes, and the wail of the jackal comes to me from the Judean Hills, weird and fearsome, as I heard it in the gloom of night as we slowly toiled along the road to Jericho. The ripple of the river Jordan losing itself in that sea whose waters are symbolical of death.

I revel in the pastoral beauties of England and Ireland, and hear the bagpipes in the Trosachs, or nod in mind with the storks in quaint old Holland. The incomparable beauty of the fiords, the sublime mountains, and faint, thrilling music of the Alpine horns come to me like visions not altogether of the earth, that touch my heart, and are sweet in the recalling.

In no country visited was I disappointed. Humble, common-

place, or sublime, there was charming variety everywhere. Then there was the joy of freedom from cares and exactions of society's rules. Simply doing what pleased me, going whither I desired, asking nothing, expecting nothing, except seeing and enjoying.

I have stood in temples which date back to a past so remote that the mind fails to grasp, with feelings which could not be analyzed; have mused on the banks of that mysterious, old river Nile, where the baby Moses was found in the rushes; thinking of the boy, then the man who led the Israelites in their wanderings for forty years. I dream of the Rameses, the plagues, Pharaoh, and the Red Sea. I call up scene after scene, and images come to me. Again I stand in the presence of the Sphinx, and see—

“Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the quivering mountains play.”

My pictures are animated, rich, solemn, grand, and gorgeous; they are quiet, too, and restful, and framed for me alone; some faint and shadowy, others stand out in bold relief.

Of all the mind loves most to linger on that is sweet with the recalling, none are dearer than pictures of Venice. I lean from my windows upon the Riva and see the long black gondolas with odd-shaped prows reared above the placid waters, skimming swan-like across the Grand Canal. I dream hours away in those same boats, out on the lagoons, or peer curiously at palaces, weather-stained, blotched, and broken with damp and mold, as we glide around corners and through narrow canals, or out on the sea, quivering and sparkling with an infinite variety of shades. Strange mystery of waters! There is a fascination that appeals, that endears, one to Venice that is inexplicable, unaccountable; one loves the place without knowing why. Again the vision of San Giorgio Maggiore gleams like a lovely pink cameo in its setting of pale green waters, subdued and softened in the tender mixture of colors which makes the old city charming. Pale pinks and greens mistily blended enwrap the old buildings in a shimmer of haze that covers with a fairy-like veil places that otherwise might seem obtrusive or harsh. It is the gray bloom of age tinged with a suspicion of rose—a little warmth infused into the lethargy that has possession of this sleepy, drowsy old Queen of the Adriatic—that takes control of most, I fancy,

who have visited Venice; a something which has enthralled me, sweet in the recalling, like the faint far-off echo of bird-notes coming soft and tender from unseen places, or a chance wind that brings a perfume which calls up days spent in a tangle of bloom, but whose hours are fixed in the heart like unchanging stars, and are like sunbeams tangled in a mist of rain clouds. And, too, are sweet as God's own harmony from out the fragrant woods, that comes from the whispering winds and murmuring waters, that is known and felt in the ebbing and flowing of the immense Sea of Thought, making it restful, soothing, and helpful.

So do memories of places come back, for in spirit I shall ever



IBRAHEM, MY DRAGOMAN.

revisit lands my eager, willing feet once trod. Surely it is worth something to have wandered in lands where the world's greatest have lived and left their traces. The sound, ripe fruit of contentment is mine—for traveling has ever been more than anything else—a passion so great that it seems to me life beyond the grave will not be full or complete unless it be that Eternity means wandering from one fair world to another. Yet hopeful and trustful that all will be well, I say reverently, with the poor Arab, "God is good; he understands."

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